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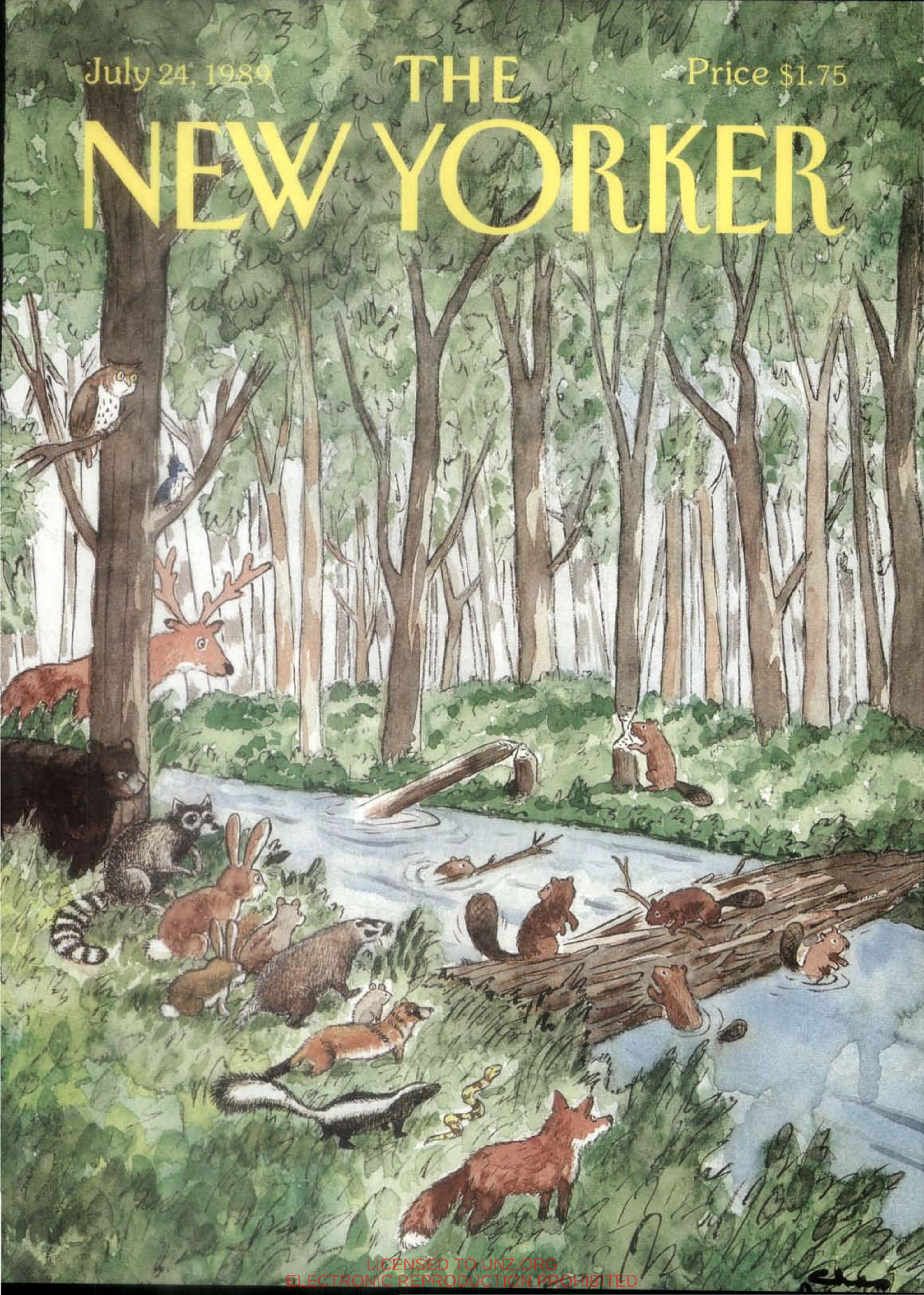

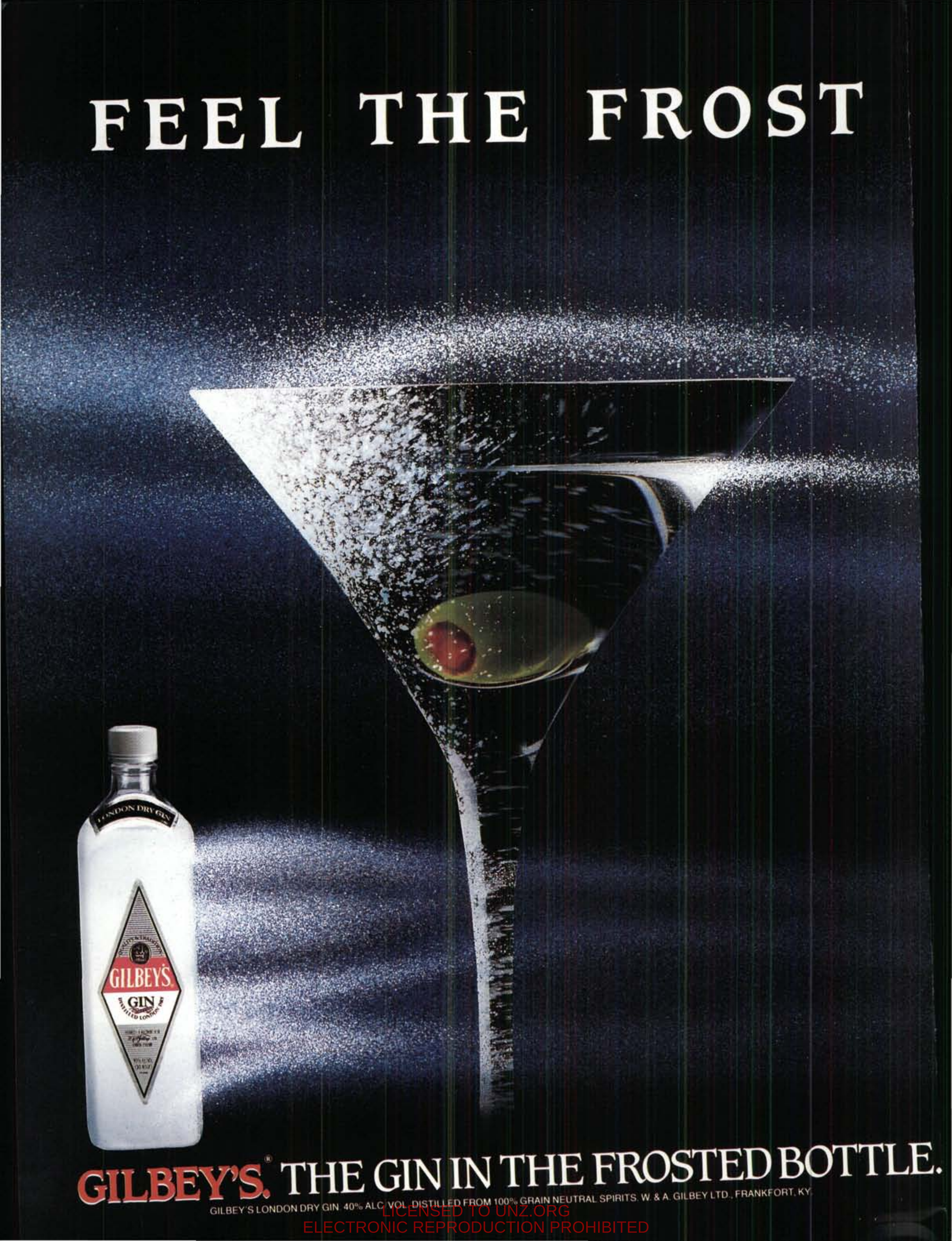
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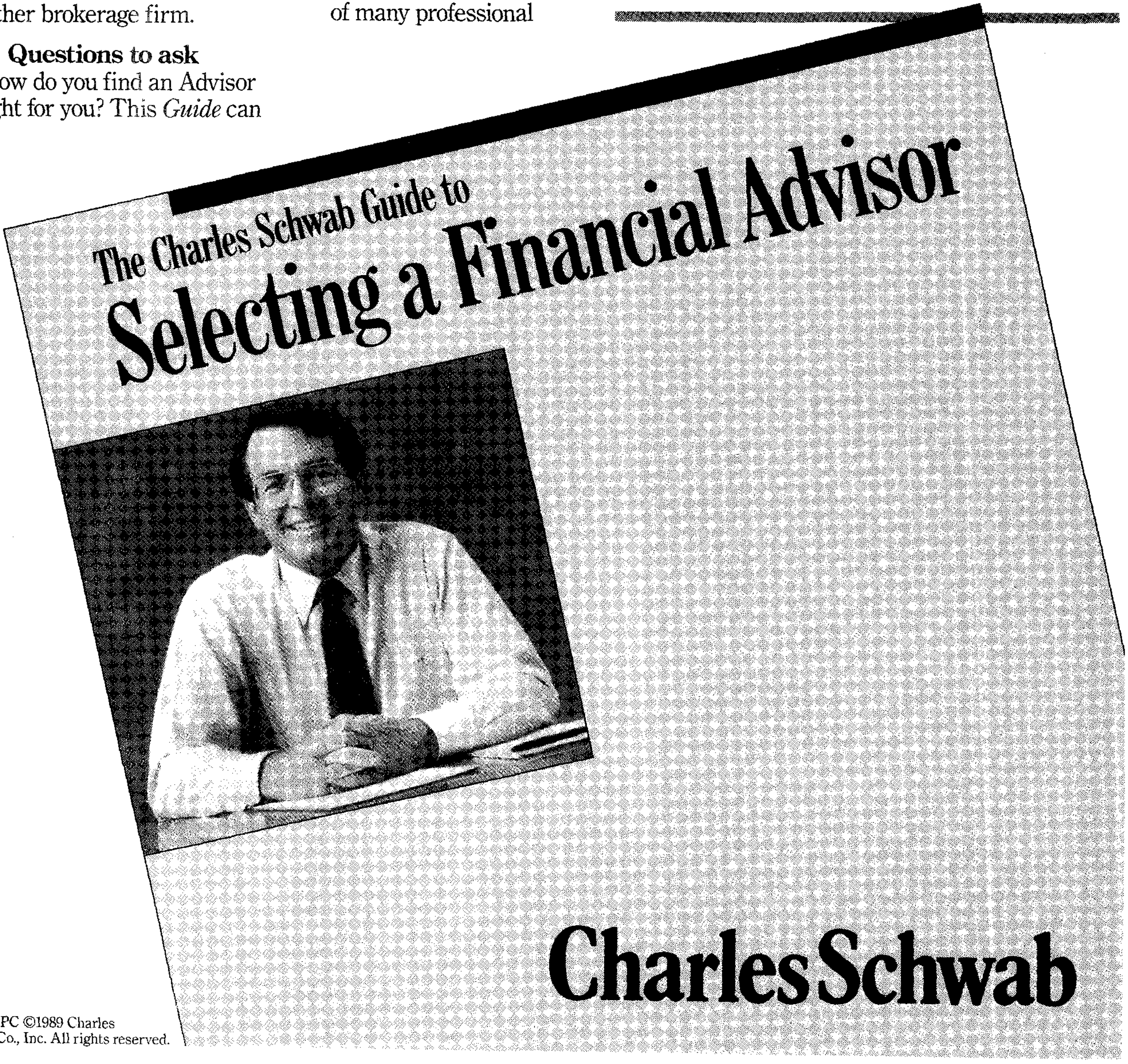

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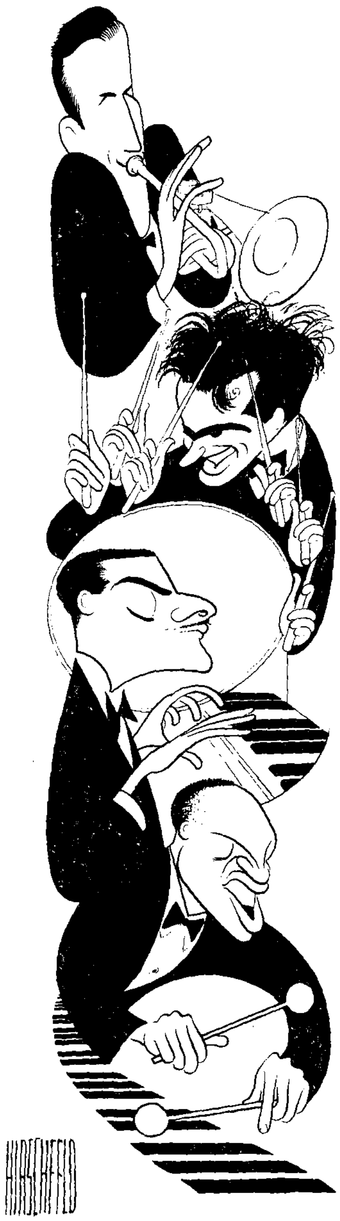

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

JUST past the Brooklyn Bridge, on the middle deck of the ship the Spirit of New York, somebody at our table figured out that the live entertainment didn't sound so bad if you stuffed little bits of napkin in your ears. We'd been frightened out of our skin at the start of the voyage by a pulsing bass line—a harbinger of the chorus of "Anchors Aweigh" that seemed intended to welcome us on board. This had given way to loud, obtrusive pop music (canned), which, in turn, had given way to loud, obtrusive pop music (live). Now a female vocalist was caterwauling an imitation of Madonna, while the bandleader—between songs—reproached the members of the audience who were disappearing in droves to the observation deck, ostensibly for the view, but really, we thought, to get away from the music. It was all a little like being trapped in a taxi with a belligerent driver who won't turn down the radio.

The Spirit of New York cruise, which leaves twice a day from Pier 9 (and three times a day on Friday and Saturday), travels around Manhattan and offers a show with brunch or lunch or dinner. We took the cruise because we'd understood from a newspaper ad that singing waiters and waitresses would perform a musical revue. Since most people who wait tables in New York are out-of-work performers, we thought this sounded like a very promising idea, and that we'd find bright, talented young people offering original material. It's a pity that the entertainment isn't classier. The bright, talented young people are there—less on the middle deck, where we were seated, than on the main deck, where the band is funkier and more spirited—but the material they've been given to perform (a Broadway medley, followed by a sequence of patriotic songs) seems more expressive of the Spirit of Las Vegas.

For those who are dead set on taking a Spirit of New York cruise, we recommend the "moonlight" edition, which goes from midnight to 2:30 A.M. Fridays and Saturdays, and includes neither dinner nor a show.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and ticket information.)

THE LADY IN QUESTION—A comedy written by and starring Charles Busch and set in Germany during the Second World War. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. Previews through July 24. Opens July 25 at 6:45. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

MANDY PATINKIN IN CONCERT: DRESS CASUAL—A four-week engagement by Mr. Patinkin begins July 25 and will run through Aug. 19. With Paul Ford on piano. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

SHENANDOAH—John Cullum reprises his original role in a revival of the 1975 musical, which was based on James Lee Barrett's 1965 film of the same name. Score by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and book by James Lee Barrett, Philip Rose (who once again directs), and Mr. Udell. Previews begin July 24. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

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23	24	25	26			

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—At Summerfare in Purchase. See the listing under Arts Festivals, page 13.

NEW THIS SEASON

ARISTOCRATS—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher James, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother. With Holland Taylor, Burt Edwards, and Richard Backus. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Final performances of the Riverside Shakespeare Company's free open-air production of the Edmond Rostand classic. (July 19 at 6:30, Long Meadow, Prospect Park, Brooklyn; July 20 at 6:30, Thompson Hill Park, Queens; July 21 at 6:30 and July 22 at 5:30, New York Botanical Garden, the Bronx; and July 23 at 6:30, Carl Schurz Park, Manhattan.)

THE HEIDI CHRONICLES—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen and Boyd Gaines. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A HOT MINUTE—A musical revue, conceived by Melanie Mintz, about backup singers and their aspirations toward the big time. With Vivian Cherry, Pattie Darcy, Jon Fiore, Annie Golden, and John-Martin Green. The show runs one night a week, on Thursdays at 8 and 11. (Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. 228-6300.)

I COULD GO ON LIP-SYNCHING!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

LARGELY NEW YORK—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a sendup of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of modern city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

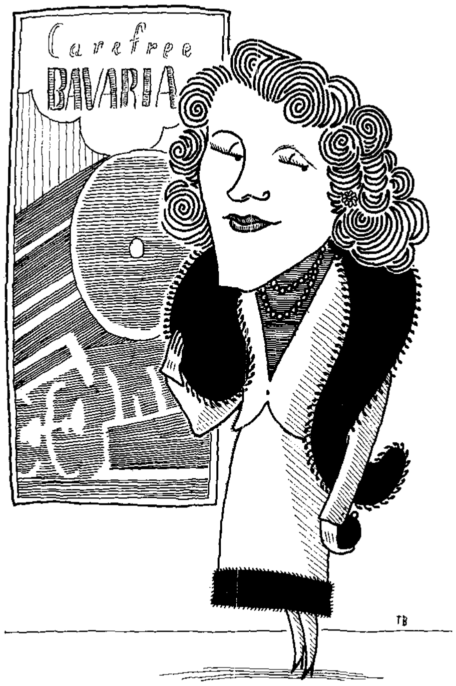
LAUGHING MATTERS—This comedy revue by the team of Wallem and Tolan is so consistently unfunny that it borders on the offensive. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 564-8038.)

LEND ME A TENOR—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, and Ron Holgate are in the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting George M. Cohan's **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY,** with some additional music and lyrics by Todd Ellison. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Aug. 6.)

LOVE LETTERS—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. July 23-24, Jason Robards and Elaine Stritch. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

ONLY KIDDING!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)



Charles Busch in
"The Lady in Question"

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by James Murtaugh and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

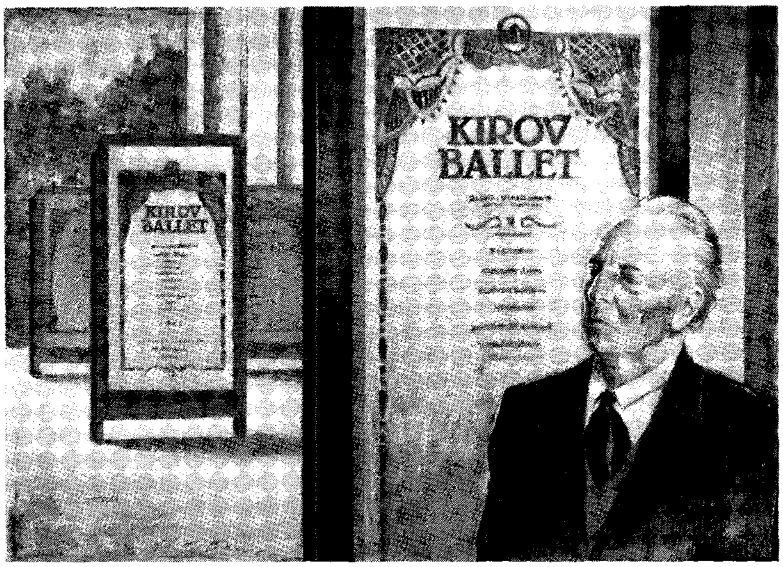
Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. Directed by Simon Callow. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Twelfth Night—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. The large cast includes John Amos, Stephen Collins, Jeff Goldblum, Gregory Hines, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Michelle Pfeiffer, Fisher Stevens, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Harold Guskin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Closes July 23. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Dorothy Kiara, David B. McDonald, and Jeff Lyons. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. The cast includes Nancy Dussault and Chip Zien. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. With James Brennan and Judy Blazer. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—it you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress (Suzy Hunt), her assistant (Dorrie Joiner), and four steady customers. (Bette Henritze, Anna Minot, Rosemary Prinz, and Cynthia Vance). (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



Balanchine

DANCE

IN its tenth and final year, Summerfare, at the SUNY Purchase campus, is taking attractive risks in programming, as if this performing-arts festival had a future. One of the risks is the commissioning of an improvisatory dance work entitled "Suspect Terrain," to be performed July 20-23 and July 27-30. The title comes from John McPhee: "If a piece of country is possibly exotic and possibly not—if it is so enigmatic that no one can say whether it has come from near or far —it is known as suspect terrain." In this case, the enigma is how one can, in any sense, repeat a dance improvisation. The practitioners who plan to riddle this out are all experienced improvisers. The dancers are Steve Paxton (Mr. Contact Improvisation himself), Laurie Booth, Polly Motley, and Dana Reitz, who conceived the project. The lighting designer is Jennifer Tipton, who has managed both to be commercially successful and to retain her association with dance experiments. The composer is Hans Peter Kuhn, who, in the manner of Merce Cunningham's house composers, manipulates sound personally at each performance.

"Suspect Terrain" seems different from other improvisation projects that come to mind—Grand Union, for example—because of its earnest and concentrated preparation. The colleagues convened for two weeks at Bennington College in March to begin developing material and rapport, and for the past five weeks they have been working together on a daily basis at the black-box theatre in Purchase where they will appear. They want the idea of improvisation to be taken seriously. "Improvisation can have a bad rep in this field," Ms. Reitz told us during a recent phone conversation. "But this is not just 'do what you feel like.' The process of working gives you a lot of information, not about a core group of steps, per se, but rather about our various manners of working. We want the dynamics of our dancing to be real, not some fake story. That's what's taking all the time."

IN TOWN

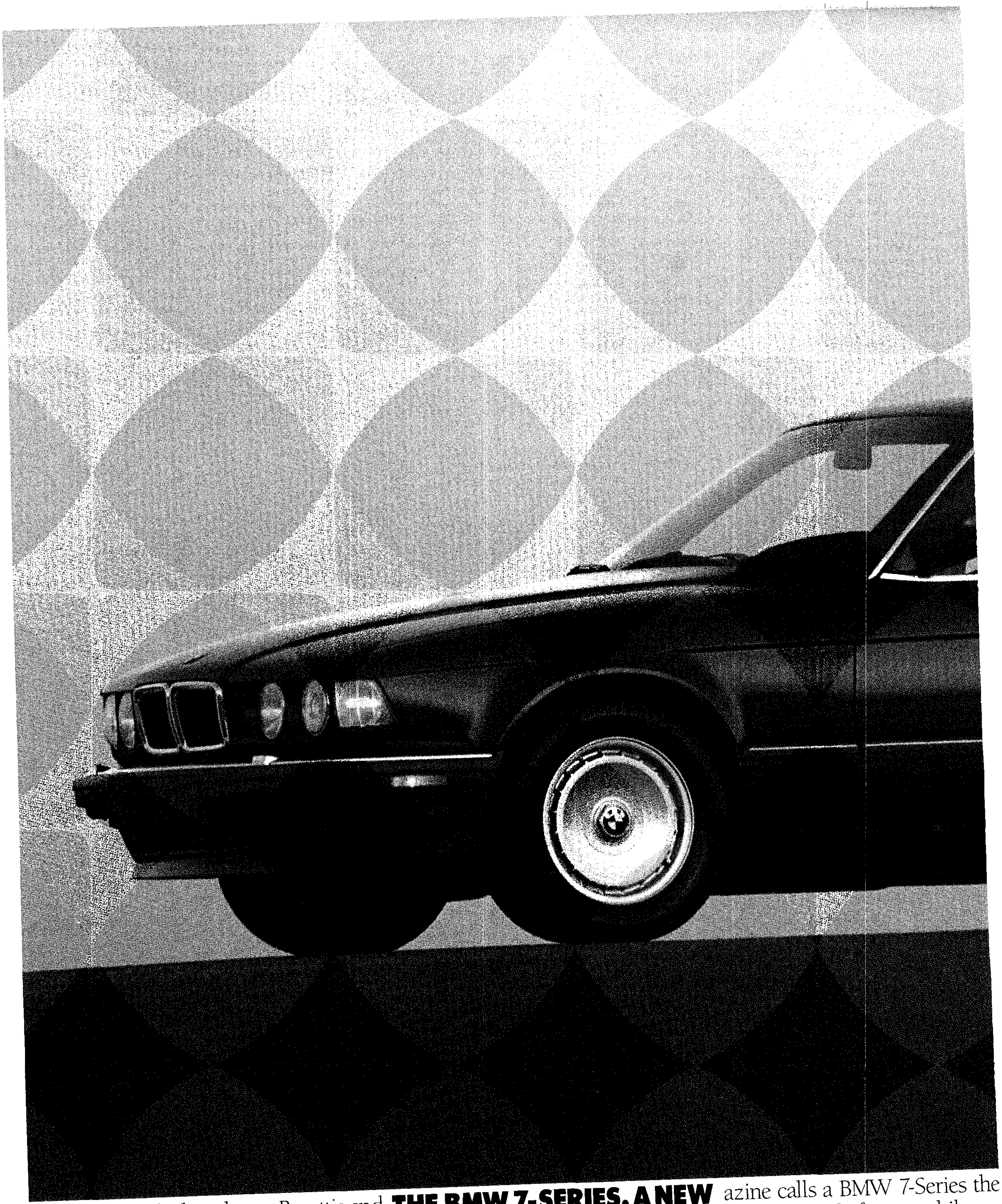
Kirov Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. July 17-19 at 8: The Kingdom of the Shades scene from "La Bayadère" and "The Battleship Potemkin." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: "Chopiniana," "Paquita," "Fairy Doll" trio, "La Esmeralda" pas de six, and other works. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8: "Chopiniana," "Paquita," excerpts from "The Knight of the Tiger's Skin," "Heliogabale," and other works. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2 and 8: Balanchine's "Scotch Symphony" and "Theme and Variations"; also, "Fairy Doll" trio, "La Esmeralda" pas de six, and other works. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

London Festival Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement, which will run through Aug. 5. July 25 at 7 and July 26 at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret will be present on opening night. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet at Saratoga Springs—Final performances of the engagement. July 18 at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Echo," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:15: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Echo," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Other Dances," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "Serenade," "Other Dances," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:15: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—July 18-19: Compagnie Jean-François Duroure. . . . ¶ July 20-21: L'Esquisse. . . . ¶ July 22: La Compagnie Claude Brumachon. . . . ¶ July 25-27: Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)



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NIGHT LIFE

Mae Sellars has a face that says "I love everybody, and there's still room for you." A bouncy middle-aged woman with curly hair and the kind of glasses that look as if they were upside down, Mae is the matriarch and musical director of the Inspirational Gospel Singers, a sort of gospel Partridge Family: its members include Mae's son and daughter, a nephew, and two nieces—all college age—and her seven-year-old godchild. We saw Mae and her relatives perform recently at Delta 88, a Chelsea soul-food and music emporium that brings in gospel acts every Monday night.

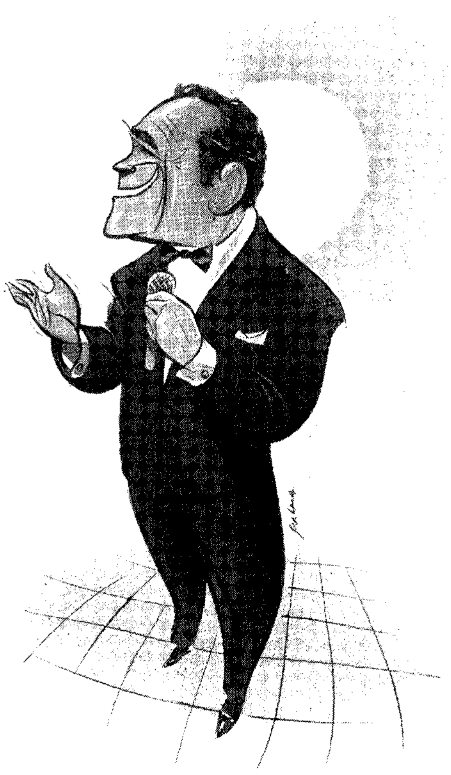
The Inspirational Gospel Singers excel at the big entrance. The musicians—a drummer, a bassist, and a guitar player—come onstage first and lay down a finger-snapping groove. Then the singers, seven in all, led by a beaming Mae and looking very sharp in their matching Love Boat-crew outfits (red skirts or pants, white blazers with brass buttons, white sailor caps), enter from the rear of the restaurant and, clapping and shouting and stepping in time, snake through the tables boogie-chain style. By the time they reach the stage and start belting out their rich harmonies, some audience members look ready to come up and testify.

The group favors songs with a lively R. & B. feel, as opposed to slower, more churchy stuff. They like to latch on to a simple phrase—"Let Jesus fix it for you," for example, or "God has always stood by my side"—and repeat it over and over while a soloist steps out front for some freestyle vocalizing. Occasionally, the band will wobble a little or a singer will miss a cue, but Mae doesn't flinch—this is a family organization, not the Philharmonic. On the last number, Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World," Mae hands the mike over to audience members, who warble through a few stanzas. And then, with the band still playing and the audience nearly speaking in tongues, the singers make their big exit, which is followed by another entrance and another exit—and each is conducted with a fervor that would please Elmer Gantry.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks *along quite nicely to the* accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist **LEE LORENZ** leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, and on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, some trees, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. Music nightly. Dining.



Julius La Rosa

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. The music of Brazil can be heard July 18-23, with guitarist **BADEN POWELL** and pianist **ELIANE ELIAS.** Najee kicks off on July 25. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has tables, chairs, good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. **DON DIXON** performs on July 18; fifties prom date **CHRIS ISAAK** brings his rockabilly pout here July 21-22; July 24 is the property of **JOHN HARTFORD,** a country-pop singer who knows his way around the guitar, banjo, and fiddle and who wrote "Gentle on My Mind" back in the sixties; guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** who's of the "Now for Something Completely Different" school, performs on July 25; and July 26 belongs to the levelheaded pop-rock of **RICHARD MARX.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. July 17-22 belongs to a trio made up of **MICHAEL WEISS** (piano), **DENNIS IRWIN** (bass), and **KENNY WASHINGTON** (drums). The piano-bass team of **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** takes over for the week of July 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Gianluca, Broadway at 74th St. (877-9381)—In the lower depths of this Northern Italian restaurant and bar, you'll find waiters who come hustling down the stairs with pollo and prosciutto, memos on minimums and such preserved under glass on every tabletop, and ambassadors of international jazz on the bandstand. The club sits shoulder to shoulder with the Beacon Theatre; on some nights you may hear two shows for the price of one. July 19: ballads-and-bebop singer **CARLA WHITE.** July 21: **MICHELE BAUTIER,** a pop-jazz singer and the winner a few years back of a Freddy's Supper Club talent contest.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—that you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set if it weren't for the real musicians onstage. **LOU DONALDSON,** an alto-sax player who can crack you up as well as shake you up, leads a quartet July 18-23. The hard-bopping **SOLOMONIC QUARTET,** whose impressive cast includes tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** starts an engagement on July 25. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sunday-night meetings; on July 23, they bring in trumpeter **SPANKY DAVIS** & the Jimmy Ryan All-Stars. Music from eight to midnight.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and zydeco on Thursdays. The New Voices of Freedom, who were seen harmonizing with Bono in the U2 movie "Rattle and Hum," appear on July 17. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** directs a trio July 18-23, with **KEN PEPLOWSKI** on clarinet and **CHIP JACKSON** on bass. **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** the only father-and-son seven-string-guitar team we know of, go to work beginning July 25. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A new jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It's awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, whose disdain for night clubs is well known ("plantation" was his term for one famous room) and who had managed to stay out of them since 1975, christened this place a few months ago. **MILLIE JACKSON,** who had warning labels on her albums long before Tipper Gore got the idea, sings R. & B. and talks trash July 18-23. Trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** who has done tours of duty with Mingus and Dizzy Gillespie, among others, starts work on July 25. Music after nine.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. July 18-22 will feature performances by a trio made up of pianist **STEVE KUHN,** bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** and drummer **MEL** ("Get me back to the Vanguard by Monday") **LEWIS.** Stride pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will be here on July 24, and the piano-bass team of Russ Kassoff and Chip Jackson gets started on July 25. Sundays are the province of singer-pianist-hot patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE.** Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. The gleefully strange **SUN RA** sets up camp on July 19, with his 21st Century Cosmos-Nu Arkestra; the Electric Angels and Raging Slab prevail on July 20; and **BEAUSOLEIL** and **LOUP GAROU** trade sets on July 21. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. **LUCINDA WILLIAMS,** a singer claimed by both the country and folk camps, will perform on July 18. As for the rest of the week, try these double and triple bills on for size: Classic Ruin and the Vanilla Chainsaws (July 20); Velvet Monkeys, Tar Babies, and Skunk (July 22).

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Brooklyn baritone **JULIUS LA ROSA,** who achieved instant celebrity when, in 1953, radio host Arthur Godfrey fired him on the air, calls the tunes through July 22. Singer Theodore Bikel gets under way on July 25. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. **SHEENA EASTON** brings her slick pop-rock and her thick Scottish accent here July 22. The heavy-metal act **WASP** (the name stands for We Are Sexual Perverts, if you must know) performs on July 22. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS,** the long-lived reggae-soul band, will preside July 24-26. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. **ART FARMER,** who favors the flügelhorn and the trumpet, brings a quintet in July 18-23. Following him as of July 25 is a trio belonging to pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN.** The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for salsa music. Saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** descends the stairs July 21-22; **SID CAESAR,** after a week off, continues his comedy revue on July 25. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **LODI CARR** sings on Mondays, and **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio headed by harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** goes to work on Tuesdays. Music from ten. Larry Goldings appears on Fridays from six, and the Audrey Blanding duo on Saturdays and Sundays from six.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." A swing band belonging to trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON** holds forth July 18-23. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the Houston-born tenor-sax man, brings his big band in for a spell on July 25. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees susurrate tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. For the next week or so, the musical menu includes a trio belonging to drummer **JOE COCUZZO** (July 18); the Roy Gerson sextet (July 21); and pianist **BOB DOROUGH'S** trio (July 25-26).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26			

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. July 17-22 belongs to **RICHARD WYANDS** (piano) and **MAJOR HOLLEY** (bass). Pianist **PETE MALINVERNI** and bassist **PETER WASHINGTON** start up on July 24. Music from eight weeknights. Closed Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

JUST because the curtain comes down, that doesn't mean the show is over. There was a party at The Columns, on lower Broadway, in honor of Aretha Franklin's coming to New York, for the first time in eight years, with her "Through the Storm" tour. If only Lady Soul had worked as hard earlier that evening as some of this crowd was now doing, she would have put on some performance. "Through the Storm" is also the title of her new album, yet Aretha didn't sing a single song from it. She never even mentioned it. But she did sing one song from "Les Misérables."

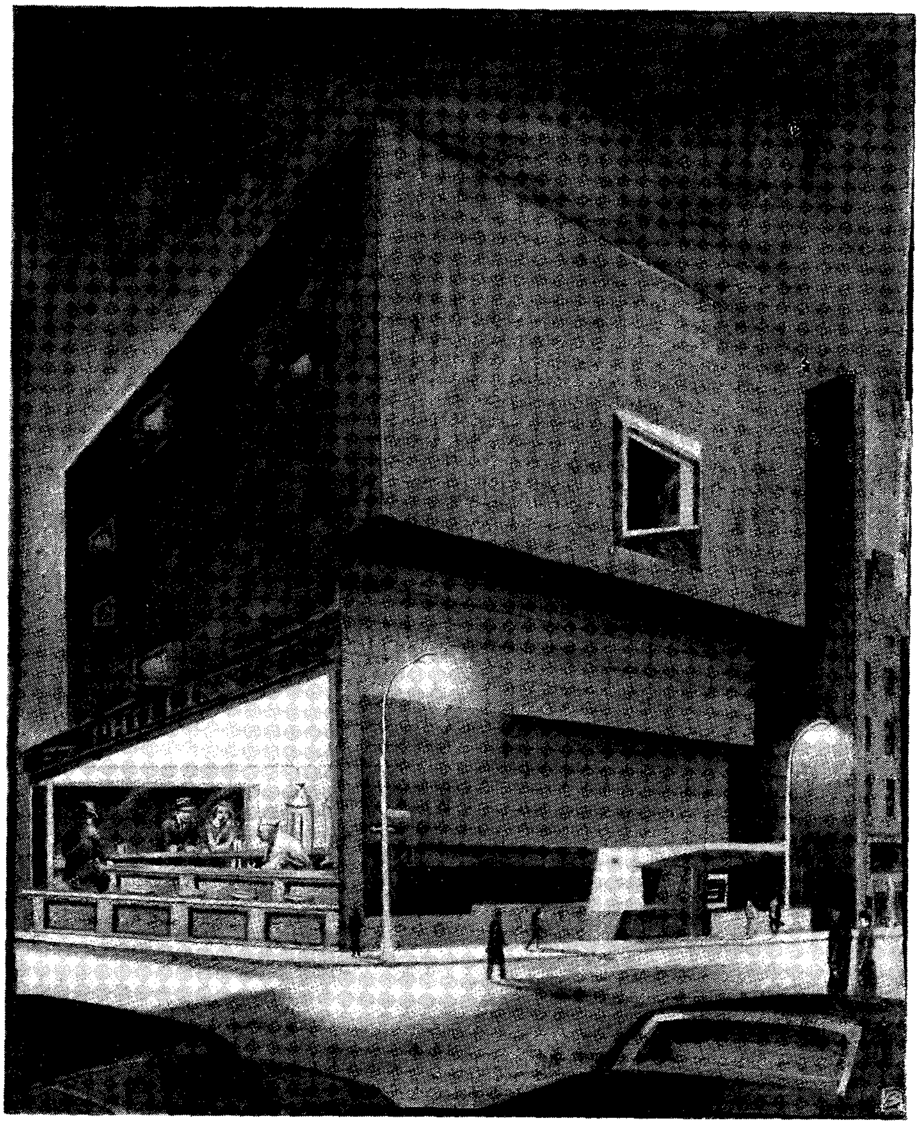
At the soirée after her opening concert, there were seven tables filled with enough cakes, cookies, tarts, bombes, pies, petits fours, sandwiches, tortes, and meringues to send a macrobiotic or a diabetic screaming from the room. "We know who chose this stuff," chuckled one fan who couldn't be that eager to look at herself sideways in a mirror, either. Just then a waiter zoomed by with one Bunyanesque pile of ribs on a tray. "Where are those things going?" the fan cried, starting an impromptu conga line that went in the same direction as the ribs. This helped eliminate the crush at the sweets buffet but left Sue Simmons, the WNBC anchorwoman, alone in front of photographers with her mouth full of goodies.

Lucky for the paparazzi that Simmons was the only celebrity who became as shy as Bambi when confronted with a light meter. Bobby Brown, whose album "Don't Be Cruel" has already sold over four million copies, must have a lens finder buried behind his retina. He slyly sidled to the dance floor two steps in front of fellow-singer Al B. Sure!, grabbed Valerie Simpson (of the duo Ashford and Simpson), and, as the flashes caught him amidst the bliss of the photo opportunity, danced with sexy abandon, working Simpson nearly to death. Meanwhile, the ribs-chaser returned, ribless, surveyed the dance floor, and sneered, "I wonder what the famous do with their money. They sure don't spend it on taste." Wrong. For just then, surrounded by bodyguards, Ms. Franklin approached the dance floor, licking her fingers. Those ribs sure were good.

ART

"INIGO JONES: COMPLETE ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS," at The Drawing Center through July 22nd, is a low-key exhibition. At first glance, viewers may think they are surveying the works on paper of yet another wonderful artist-architect of the baroque. But Jones (1573-1652) was a historical oddball. Almost nothing about his early, modest circumstances can account for the development of so grand and multifarious a figure and so international a visual style. Even in more recent times, England has often been accused of being weak in the pictorial traditions, and images in our minds of stiff little Elizabethan and Jacobean portraits do much to strengthen the prosecution's case when it comes to the seventeenth century. The works of poets, playwrights, and philosophers are what we commonly recognize as the repositories of individual as well as national genius for that period.

It is interesting in this light that Jones had a falling out with Ben Jonson over who should claim credit for the success of their collaborative production of "Oberon, the Fairy Prince," presented in 1611. Jones' surviving scenery designs for "Oberon"—a complex archway, for example, with recessed statues and a cupola, brushily rendered—seem strikingly Italianate for Stuart England and for a masque whose theme seems so characteristically British. The influence of the years Jones spent abroad as a young man is obvious in these sketches, but it was on a later trip to Italy, while in his forties, that he became particularly enamored of Palladio. With buildings such as the Queen's House, Greenwich (roughly 1616-40), Jones invented the great neo-Palladian standard that would dominate British architecture for the next two centuries, as well as introducing the peculiarly English ideal of classically harmonious exteriors with room for eccentricity within.



Edward Hopper at the Whitney

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Thirty-six of Lucas Samaras's works on paper from the museum's collection are on view in the Berggruen Klee Gallery of the Wallace wing (the Klee works that are usually there are at the Tate Gallery for the summer). Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Apropos Aprons," a presentation of the Costume Institute, considers not the workaday item but apron extremes—extremely ornate examples from eighteenth-century Europe, and the extremely short Rudi Gernreich mini (1967), not to mention the Egyptian noblewoman's funerary apron, and various loincloths, girdles, pinafores, and pendant sashes. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibition comparing photographs of the sixties with photographs of the eighties, including works by Duane Michals, Cindy Sherman, and the Starn Twins. . . . ¶ The roof-garden sculpture display is open when the weather is fair. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). A compact and exceptionally discomfiting retrospective. The artist's green-glass structures from the late sixties and seventies are elegant but utterly mute. The late work—mostly bronze wall reliefs with ovoid etched-glass "heads"—offers about as despairing a vision of the self as you are likely to find. Through Aug. 20. (A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ Helen Frankenthaler. Individually, many of these paintings have an undeniable presence: an intensity of color and a lyric delight. But, even when Frankenthaler's prolific career is reduced to just these forty paintings, their substance begins to evaporate, and the work ends up seeming better suited to a boardroom. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "California Photography: Remaking Make-Believe." An exhibition of about forty-five recent works by John Baldessari, Nancy Barton, Jo Ann Callis, John Divola, Robert Heinecken, Larry Johnson, and Larry Sultan. All of the artists reside in California. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ A show of photographs by Aaron Siskind from the permanent collection. Starts July 20. . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of modest abstract collages by Hannelore Baron (1926-87) which are composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of canvas and paper. Through July 23. . . . ¶ Selections from the permanent collection, including a group of sculptures by the contemporary artists Phoebe Adams, Ange Leccia, Robert Lobe, and David Nash. Through Sept. 3. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of oils, watercolors, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper (who was part of the first Whitney Biennial, in 1932). The hundred and fifty works span the artist's career, and are drawn from the museum's collection. Starts July 21. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Andrew Wyeth: The Helga Pictures." Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters & Sculptors." . . . Concurrent with the Hispanic show is a forceful lobby installation by Alfredo Jaar, a Chilean artist living in New York. It consists of light boxes that look like black beams, edged in photographic transparencies of United States civil-rights protesters, including picketers carrying signs that read "I *AM* A MAN" and a young black man with part of his face done up in white makeup. The artfully haphazard arrangement of beams argues effectively for anti-authoritarianism in both life and art. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of furniture by George Nakashima, a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—Red Grooms: His work is about as close as art gets to real entertainment, and his graphic work—the subject of this exhibition—is no exception. Included are some delightful three-dimensional lithographs that resemble permanently opened pop-up books. Through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Sculptor Mierle Laderman Ukeles is showing works made with recycled materials—crushed soda cans, pulped Christmas trees, shredded Wella Balsam containers. Through Sept. 4. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," a tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—A show of pre-Civil War African-American textiles, including appliquéd quilts, handwoven coverlets, and dresses. Starts July 20. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, among them Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. Through Sept. 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Graphics and installations that incorporate photography, the work of fifteen contemporary artists. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by the realist Hughie Lee-Smith. Both shows through Sept. 24. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87)—This exhibition is a coda to the MOMA retrospective, with an emphasis on drawings rather than sculptures. The early-seventies paper pieces with folds and staples are especially good—sensuous and succinct. The later, figurative works are sometimes powerful but suggest an acrid emotionalism. Through Aug. 20. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Center for African Art—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 13. (54 E. 68th St. Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.)

"Poelitical Object"—Twenty years of vanguard Spanish art—printed work, mostly—with a neo-Dada attitude. Joan Brossa's visual poems are especially terse and fun—there is an "O," for instance, shaped like Alfred Hitchcock's profile. Through July 22. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open daily.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

"ARTISTS' ARTISTS"—Recent drawings and monotypes by Joseph Goldyne and Joyce Treiman. Revered predecessors such as William Merritt Chase, Winslow Homer, and Gustave Caillebotte are given their due by these two literal and unleavened realists. Caveat emptor: Treiman, with a self-portrait, has put herself into this pantheon. Through July 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: Landscapes by eleven painters and a sculptor. The over-all atmosphere is subdued and relentlessly poetic. It's also foreboding in the case of Nachume Miller and John Bowman, and elegiac and mannered in the case of Chris Pfister. Through July 27. . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sculpture with conceptual tendencies, from 1968 to the present, by such artists as Giovanni Anselmo, Richard Artschwager, Lothar Baumgarten, Luciana Fabro, Rebecca Horn, Claes Oldenburg, Giulio Paolini, Giuseppe Penone, and Lawrence Weiner. Artschwager's filing cabinet, with its motif of ornaments suggesting winged messengers at different stages of alertness and exhaustion, may elicit the quickest smile in this altogether witty and elegant show. Through July 28. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: A big sampler of mostly gallery artists, many represented by work with a summer theme. Of these, Larry Rivers' two portraits—of a jazz musician naked in his hot hotel room, and of a woman in shorts lolling languorously on a porch—make the best, sultriest point. Through Sept. 16. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sculpture by Painters," many of whom are gallery artists, including Condo, de Kooning, Dine, Dubuffet, Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Miró, Morley, Newman, Picasso, Schnabel, Twombly, and Warhol. Condo, who is new to the medium, makes an auspicious début in this handsome exhibition. Through Sept. 1.

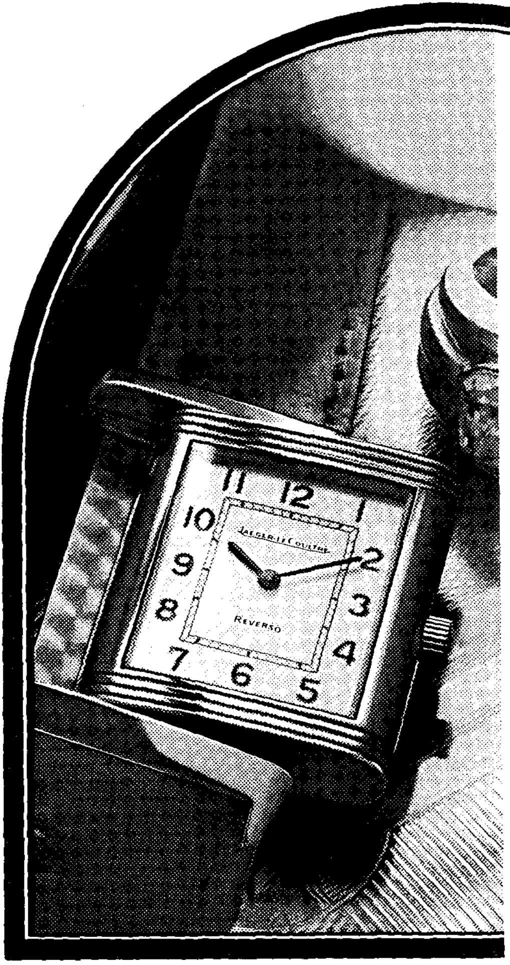
GALLERIES—SoHo

LEO COPERS—A show of found, and altered, objects by a versatile Belgian conceptualist, including a sidewise chandelier, a ghostly cocktail table, and other skewed signs of a not so discreet bourgeoisie. Through July 21. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

YURY DYSHLENKO—Big recent paintings, in a hyper-realistic but non-static street-photographer style, which seems to build from earlier, officially approved Soviet realist genres while avoiding any sense of monumentalism. These are interesting, anxious pictures. Through July 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—This invigorating exhibition brings together all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his oeuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with sculpture in the round. The bronzes have all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings and are marvels of abstract composition. Through July 29. (65 Thompson Street Gallery. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALA**, 560 Broadway: The six artists here have worked in various materials, but in these sculptures and paintings fake fur is king. Pino Pascali, an Arte Povera artist who died in 1968, covered large wood zigzag panels with it to form a very phallic-looking worm that is over thirty feet long. Eric Bainbridge used it to swathe a huge animal sculpture, "The Twentieth Century," that has a duck's body, a bunny's tail, a mechanical nut for a head, and suction cups for feet. It is part Trojan horse, part Tower of Babel, and part Frankenstein's monster. Through July 28. . . . **GORNEY**, 100 Greene St.: A certain historicism prevails here: straightforward, moody photographs by James Welling of some wonderful buildings by the American architect H. H. Richardson; Justen Ladda's perspectival trick piece, involving two male figures, a chair, and what is meant to suggest a mirror; a black-and-white painting by Peter Nagy that's a kind of graphic version of an Intimist interior; a beautiful small fountain by R. M. Fischer cast in industrial metals and made up of shapes that evoke the fixtures of days gone by; and the pièce de résistance, Joel Otterson's "Coffeetable Museum," a friendly, semi-functional beverage caddie constructed with copper pipes, a big slab of natural-burled wood, and dozens of cups, saucers, teapots,



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ART—Cont'd

and coffee makers representing a wide variety of brewing techniques, nationalities, and period styles—a veritable table of babble for the civilized sipper. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LENNON, WEINBERG,** 580 Broadway: Works on paper by Joan Mitchell, Willem de Kooning, John Chamberlain, Brice Marden, Malcolm Morley, Louise Fishman, *Donald Lipski, Chuck Connelly,* Catherine Murphy, and H. C. Westermann. Lipski—always peculiar—and the weird, wondrous Westermann deliver interesting quirks. Through Aug. 11. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Members of what we are meant to see as two generations of conceptual artists are united in this summer gathering. The oldies take the cake: Sol LeWitt's white box structure from 1969-75, Daniel Buren's "A Frame in a Frame in a Frame for a Frame"—a site-specific wall piece of asymmetrically arranged yellow beach-awning stripes against a slate-colored wall—and Hamish Fulton's framed photographs of wildernesses where he walked, are very elegant works, each quite coolly sublime in its way. Works in mixed media by Franz Erhard Walther, Wallace & Donohue, Massimo Antonaci, and Magdalena Jetelová—the younger guard—look pretty good, too, but a little gimmicky and unfocussed by comparison. Also, in the small gallery, there are beautiful prints by Robert Ryman, theologist of colors white. Through Aug. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

"Rotten to the Core"—The title for a show of original drawings—by Robert Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Rick Griffin, and others—for the latest issue of the comic book *ZAP.* Through Aug. 6. (Psychedelic Solution Gallery, 33 W. 8th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 8.)

The Anchorage—Each summer, Creative Time offers artists the opportunity to create large-scale installations in a barrel-vaulted brick space beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. Under other conditions this year's works might wear thin, but here they seem appropriate and entertaining: a plant-filled mini-Pantheon made of abandoned refrigerators, air-conditioners, and plastic (by Bob Bingham); an algae-covered curtain with water cascading down it (by David Nyzio); and low-hanging electric lamps that pulse and sway back and forth in various rhythms (by Fred Tomaselli). There are also several sound environments, including a corridor of clopping horses by Vida and a delightful makeshift orchestra by Yoshi Wada and Terry Fox. The most refreshing and full-bodied work is at the entrance and is not part of the show: a three-panel poster by Gran Fury—intended for New York City buses—of kissing couples that reads "Kissing Doesn't Kill: Greed and Indifference Do." Through Aug. 13. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New Public Art—One of the newest permanent public sculptures at Battery Park City is a modest and intelligent addition to a culture capital not known for its public-art enlightenment. Between the two main residential blocks, where Rector Park meets the Esplanade, R. M. Fischer has erected "Rector Gate," a metal archway that pays homage to the city's now virtually nonexistent tradition of fine decorative metalwork and that has touches of Flash Gordon whimsy. The gate is both monumental and human-scaled, and manages to respect its setting without being subservient to it.

PHOTOGRAPHY

THERE'S a surprise in store for those who like looking at, or remembering, what movie houses used to be. This month's exhibition at the Max Protetch Gallery includes a room of drawings and architectural photographs of the nineteen-twenties work of John Eberson, the American architect who created some of the most over-the-top theatres in history. These are no multiplex chains. Each looks bigger than a sixplex, and different from the others. With Eberson's creations you didn't have to wait for the lights to go out for the effects to begin; fantasy took over the minute you walked through the door. Some of the photographs have been hand-tinted, and they're especially thick with atmosphere. In such palaces, Cleopatra could feel at home.

"Candide"

No wonder Eberson's "atmospherics" stopped being built after the arrival of talkies—they'd render anyone speechless. But it looks as if they made even cynics believe in magic. Many are still standing, even if not in operation. And some are being used in ways that seem just right, such as the former Loew's Valencia, in Jamaica, Queens—today it's the Tabernacle of Prayer for All People.

John L. Murphy / Fred W. McDarrah—Murphy gets the ideas for his studio-made tableaux from studying goings on at Coney Island. / Prints of Greenwich Village in the fifties and sixties and portraits of some of the figures (Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Franz Kline) who worked there then. Through Aug. 6. (Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park, Flushing. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Stephen Shore / Nancy Hellebrand—These color photographs taken in Scotland and Texas certainly have a virtuoso technique, but they feel a bit too obedient to what is expected of a serious photographer at present. / Hellebrand's images of writing are dynamic examples of photograhy as drawing. The background textures have the effect of making the sweeps of line look as if they were on handmade paper, thus reinforcing our sense of the presence of the hand. Some of the writing in these pictures is legible, some is not, sometimes the more abstract markings look like lines in a graph, and sometimes like calligraphy. Through Aug. 30. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**THOMAS FREDERICK ARNDT,** Photofind, 138 Spring St., opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays (through Aug. 4); **MARTINE FRANCK,** French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (through Aug. 31); **SIDNEY D. GAMBLE,** China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (through Sept. 8); **DAVID JOYCE** and **TINA WHITE,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through July 28); **ROBERT SHEEHAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through Aug. 25); **AARON SISKIND,** Museum of Modern Art (starts July 20); **TODD WATTS,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through July 28).

MUSIC

THE event of the week, from the standpoint of curiosity value at least, is clearly the revival, at Caramoor, of Beethoven's "Leonore." This is the opera that fizzled in 1805 and was reworked the following year—and much more radically in 1814—to produce the score we know today as "Fidelio." Hearing the earlier work should be a great lesson, a kind of illustrated (wordless) lecture on operatic dramaturgy. Anyone who has seen "Fidelio" often enough to be even mildly familiar with it will need no program notes or lengthy description to glean the import of the revisions: most of the numbers we know and love are right there in (or near) their accustomed places, but they go on a bar longer here or a page longer there, or take off on a different tack. There are also some interesting numbers that we *don't* know. Beethoven cut, compressed, tightened for the sake of action, but the musical expansiveness of his first thoughts has merit on its own. John Nelson will direct a cast led by Christine Seitz; the work will be in concert form.

Also to be noted, and again in concert form: selections from Anthony Davis's new sci-fi opera "Under the Double Moon" will be played by Mr. Davis and a group of collaborators on July 26th at Alice Tully Hall. Finally, having found ourselves somewhat bored with the prospect of all the over-familiar superstars in Mostly Mozart's opening week, we inconsistently but unblushingly declare ourselves interested in the festival reappearances of the thoughtful and fresh-spirited pianist Mitsuko Uchida (playing the "Jeune Homme" Concerto on July 21st and 22nd) and the summery, fresh-voiced soprano Kathleen Battle (singing "Exsultate, Jubilate" on July 24th).

IN TOWN

New York Philharmonic—The first in the annual series of free concerts given in local parks. Erich Leinsdorf will conduct a program of works by Smetana, Brahms, Bizet, and Stravinsky. With festive fireworks. (Central Park's Great Lawn. July 24 at 8.)

New York City Opera—Leonard Bernstein's **CANDIDE**, with alternating casts, conducted by Stanley Silverman. (July 18-21 at 8, July 22 at 2 and 8, and July 23 at 1.) . . . **CARMEN**, with Wendy White, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Kenneth Shaw; Hal France. (July 25 at 8.) . . . **DON GIOVANNI**, with Elizabeth Holleque, Frances Ginsberg, Erie Mills, and John Cheek; Sergiu Comissiona. (July 26 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—July 18-19 at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Roberta Alexander, soprano, and Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: James Richman conducting the Concert Royal in a program of works by Mozart and his contemporaries. With the New York Baroque Dance Company. . . . ¶ July 21-22 at 8: Peter Maag conducting the festival orchestra, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: The Emerson Quartet, in a Haydn-Mozart-Schumann program, with Ms. de Larrocha. . . . ¶ July 24 at 8: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, in works by Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. With Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ July 25-26 at 8: David Zinman conducting the festival orchestra, with Vladimir Spivakov, violin, and Maria João Pires, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Aug. 26.)

Camerata Köln—An original instruments chamber group in its New York début. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. July 19 at 5:45.)

Gabriella Tucci—Soprano, in an all-Mozart program, with Paul Schwartz conducting the Washington Square Music Festival Orchestra. (Washington Square Park. July 25 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

Caramoor Music Festival—July 20 at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Vivaldi program. With Scott Kuney, mandolin. . . . ¶ July 22 at 7:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's and vocal soloists in a concert version of Beethoven's "Leonore." . . . ¶ July 23 at 5:30: Garrick Ohlsson, piano, in an all-Chopin solo recital. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Aug. 20. Trains that leave Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—This week's program, featuring works by Strauss and by David Diamond, is conducted by Gerard Schwarz. With Roberta Alexander, soprano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. July 22 at 8:30.)

Tanglewood—July 20 at 8:30: The Kronos Quartet, in works by John Zorn and Steve Reich. . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: Yuri Temirkanov conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting the orchestra, in works by Rossini, Edouard Lalo, and Stravinsky. With Joshua Bell, violin. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting the orchestra in an all-Schubert program. With the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. Through Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Club MTV Live Concert Tour—The witty R. & B. band Was (Not Was) is the worthwhile tail that wags this dog of a concert, which can only be justified otherwise as a case study of MTV's power to create such new acts as the gravel-voiced rapper Tone-Lōc, the video choreographer turned video-dance-music-queen Paula Abdul, the pouting, dreadlocked funk duo Milli Vanilli, and the techno-rockers Information Society. The presence of chirpy cheerleader and MTV "personality" Downtown Julie Brown between sets will further blur the already vague line between this revue and an evening in front of the tube. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 23 at 7:30.)

New Order—With Public Image Ltd. and the Sugarcubes. (Meadowlands Arena. July 19 at 7:30.)

Soul II Soul—With Skyy and Ten City. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. July 19 at 8:30.)

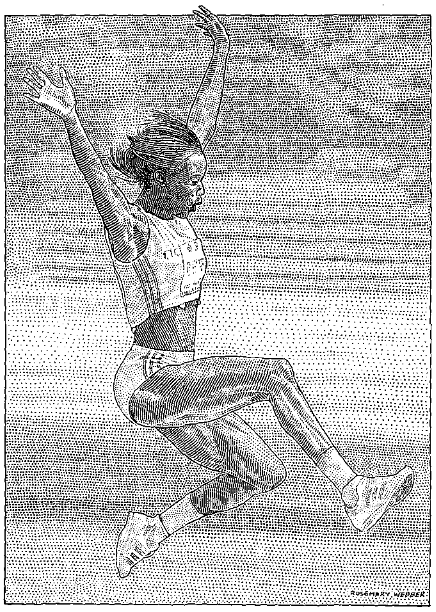
Metallica—With the Cult. (Meadowlands Arena. July 21-22 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 587-9222. July 23 at 8.)

"Jazz in July"—A series of six concerts. July 18: Walt Levinsky and the Great American Swing Band, with Lynn Roberts, Bob Haggart, and Dick Hyman. . . . ¶ July 19: The Paragon Ragtime Orchestra, the Roof Garden Jass Band, Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks, and Mr. Hyman. . . . ¶ July 20: A Fats Waller celebration, with the Jim Cullen Jazz Band, Harold Nicholas, Carol Woods, and Mr. Hyman and John Sheridan. . . . ¶ July 25: Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans, Frank Vignola and the Hot Club Quintette, Ms. Woods, Mr. Hyman, and Norma Miller and her Jazz Dancers. . . . ¶ July 26: Joe (Flip) Phillips, Howard Alden, Kenny Davern, Joe Wilder, Dick Sudhalter, Urbie Green, and many others. . . . ¶ July 27: Mr. Hyman, Roger Kellaway, Derek Smith, Bill Charlap, Milt Hinton, and Butch Miles. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Evenings at 8.)

ARTS FESTIVALS

Summerfare—**CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILMS**, "The Great Dictator" (July 19 at 8:30 and July 22 at 5), "Limelight" (July 20 at 8 and July 23 at 6), and "City Lights," with the Philharmonia Virtuosi, conducted by Carl Davis (July 21-22 at 8:30 and July 23 at 2:30). . . . **"SUSPECT TERRAIN,"** a dance work performed by Laurie Booth, Polly Motley, Steve Paxton, and Dana Reitz. (July 20-22 at 8:30 and July 23 at 6.) . . . **"SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR,"** in Russian, with simultaneous translation. Directed by Anatoly Vasiliev and performed by a troupe from Moscow. (July 21-22 and July 24-25 at 8, and July 23 at 2:30.) . . . **PETER SELLARS OPERAS**, "Le Nozze di Figaro" (July 21 and July 26 at 8), "Don Giovanni" (July 22 and July 25 at 8), and "Così Fan Tutte" (July 23 at 2:30). (State University of New York at Purchase. Through Aug. 6. For information about tickets and about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Serious Fun!—**SPALDING GRAY** in "Terrors of Pleasure—The Uncut Version," a monologue. (July 18-19 at 8.) . . . **MOLISSA FENLEY** in "State of Darkness," a solo dance work, and **BILL T. JONES/ARNIE ZANE & CO.** in "D-Man in the Waters." (July 20 at 8.) . . . **ZVUKI MU**, a rock group from Russia, and the **RESIDENTS**, San Francisco musicians. (July 21-22 at 8.) . . . **DIAMANDA GALAS**, in her musical performance work "Masque of the Red Death." (July 25 at 8.) . . . **SCOTT JOHNSON, ANTHONY DAVIS**, and **LUCIA HWONG** in new compositions with electronic and orchestral elements. (July 26 at 8.) (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Through Aug. 3.)



Jackie Joyner-Kersee

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Houston Astros, July 17 at 5:05 (a twi-night doubleheader) and July 18-19 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Braves, July 20-21 at 7:35, July 22 at 7:05, and July 23 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, July 25-26 at 7:35 and July 27 at 1:35.

Yankees—Away until July 28.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Through July 31. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. The Monmouth Oaks is on July 22. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:45.

New York Track and Field Games—The first world-class outdoor invitational within the city's limits. With, among others, Carl Lewis, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, Dawn Sowell, and Mary Decker Slaney. (Columbia University's Wien Stadium, Baker Field, Broadway at 218th St. July 22 at 3:30. For information about tickets, call 860-4455.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Pool Hopping—Manhattan's ten public outdoor pools can give delightful (get wet, splash around) but sometimes peculiar (jackhammers across the street) relief to overheated New Yorkers. The pools are as varied—in atmosphere and clientele—as their neighborhoods. At the Carmine Street pool, in the West Village, for example, wedged between tree-lined Clarkson Street and winding St. Luke's Place, the regulars are adult and refined: most are expert enough to breathe bilaterally. The Szold pool, in Alphabet City (10th St. between Avenues C and D), is less genteel. Stray graffiti ("Sham '89") adorn the brick walls of the locker-room building, and mothers watch from improvised milk-crate seats as their children cannonball into the water. The John Jay pool (77th St. east of York Ave.) is well stocked with small children, who, after enthusiastically combatting the waves, will toddle back to their mothers for a breather before going another round under the fountain in the adjacent playground. The pond-shaped Lasker pool, at the north end of Central Park (110th St.), is the largest in Manhattan, and the only one that affords the backstroker an unobstructed view of open sky and greenery. And the 59th Street pool (between Amsterdam and West End Avenues), closest to midtown and the 9-to-5 universe, is for the no-nonsense lap swimmer. All the pools are open from 11 to 7 every day, and all are free. Most also have swimming lessons and early morning lap swimming. Once you've tried out the Manhattan pools, why not dive into the boroughs? There are twenty-one facilities out there. Call 1-718 699-4219 for information about all the city's pools.

Jones Beach Theatre—July 21-22 at 8: "Listen to the doctor," advises the chorus of the current hit single by the **DOOBIE BROTHERS** (whose name honors the common non-prescription herb of their glory days, back in the mid-seventies), and the revival of this band reflects the similar cautionary spirit of the nostalgia-driven rock radio stations that have kept the group's fifteen-year-old hits alive. New albums and anachronistic drug allusions aside, the concert itself—featuring the band's original lineup—should be a good clean wallow in the blue-eyed soul and mid-tempo rock of yesteryear. . . . ¶ July 23 at 8: Backed on this tour by a sharp and serviceable three-piece rock band featuring "Saturday Night Live" 's G. E. Smith on lead guitar, **BOB DYLAN** has been offering a straightforward and generous selection from his great repertoire of songs. Before Bob strums, **STEVE EARLE** and his band will be punching out steel-string notes and tearing down the Nashville skyline with their Texas brand of rebel country. Earle has a respectable repertoire of first-rate songs of his own, as well as a stinging-hot stage show. This is sure to be one of the best concerts of

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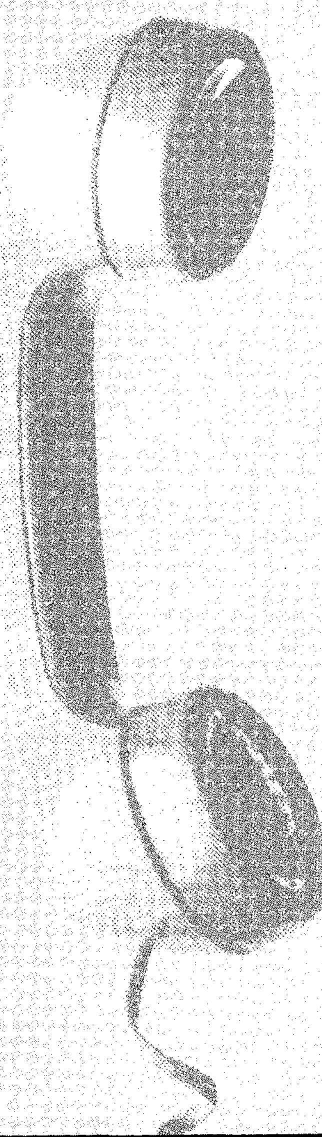

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the summer. (For information about tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

Riverstage—July 18 at 7: A slightly surreal pairing of acoustic rock groups. Wisconsin's all-boy **Violent Femmes** are a bouncy trio that features the nervous voice and jittery transports of songwriter Gordon Gano, whose lyrics combine gospel fervor and anguished paranoia. The **Pogues** play traditional Irish instruments at breakneck speed, and are fronted by the worst teeth in show business—Shane MacGowan's. . . . ¶ July 19 at 7:30: As the best known of evangelical pop singers, **Amy Grant** usually preaches to the converted; to her rapt fans, she's the diva of Christian rock, the Immaterial Girl. But lately she's been covering Jimmy Webb and Janis Ian songs, writing excellent unhymn-like originals, and making a credible reach for the middle-of-the-road territory that Linda Ronstadt's defection to standards has left up for grabs. . . . ¶ July 22 at 7: "Cajun Fest '89," with Doug Kershaw, Jimmy C. Newman, Rockin' Sidney, Queen Ida, and others. . . . ¶ July 23 at 7: Little Feat, with Melissa Etheridge. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.)

Floating Cinema—Free movies. At the Riverside Park Promenade, near 96th St.: "The African Queen," on July 19; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," on July 26. . . . ¶ At the Admiral Dewey Promenade, in Battery Park City: "Astray from the Steerage," "The Immigrant," and "I Cover the Waterfront," on July 20. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Central Park Band Shell—July 20 at 7:30: The New York Grand Opera's production of "La Bohème," conducted by Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: Studs Terkel and John Sayles. . . . ¶ July 22 at 3: Tom Russell and Rosie Flores. . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: Zahar, and Hassan and Magmouat Hakmoun. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Lincoln Center Plaza—Jazz and swing concerts for dancers. July 18 and July 26: Bob Rosengarden. . . . ¶ July 19: Prime Element. . . . ¶ July 20: Alston Jack. . . . ¶ July 21: Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. . . . ¶ July 22: Tito Puente. . . . ¶ July 25: Larry Rivers. (Evenings at 9:30.)

STATION ANIMATION

Graffiti-free subway trains are on the rise, but a creation by SoHo-based filmmaker Bill Brand brings back a more colorful ride. Brand took standard graffiti art a step further ten years ago by turning Brooklyn's abandoned Myrtle Avenue station into an animated moving picture entitled "Masstransiscope." Since then, Manhattan-bound passengers from Brooklyn riding on either the B, D, or Q lines have become part of a movie machine. The catch is, the train has to be moving and you have to know where to look.

Brand's piece is made up of two hundred and twenty-eight hand-painted images covering the length of the station's three-hundred-foot platform. These pictures—originally lit up by four hundred light bulbs and separated from the train's path by a thin wall-like structure—give the impression of movement when viewed through the several windows in the partition. The movie lasts for about twenty seconds and has figures ranging from abstract shapes to a rocket ship. Recently, someone has coated the images in spray paint, and the number of functioning light bulbs has dropped to a hundred. Brand is seeking to restore his work. Meanwhile, it's still more entertaining than the average in-flight film.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (†). Closed Mondays.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 20: "Batman" (†). From July 21: "Shag" (directed by Zelda Barron), with Phoebe Cates, Scott Coffey, Annabeth Gish, Bridget Fonda, Page Hannah, and Robert Rusler.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160) "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548) "Batman" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 20: "Great Balls of Fire!" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder. *From July 21:* "UHF" (Jay Levey), with "Weird Al" Yankovic.
Theatre 3: "Licence to Kill" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) "Ghostbusters II" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) "Field of Dreams" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411) "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262) "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320) "Heathers" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630) "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 20: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†). From July 21: "Shag" (Zelda Barron), with Phoebe Cates, Scott Coffey, Annabeth Gish, Bridget Fonda, Page Hannah, and Robert Rusler.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622) "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 20: "Licence to Kill" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From July 21: "UHF" (Jay Levey), with "Weird Al" Yankovic.
Theatre 2: "Licence to Kill."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through July 20: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).
From July 21: "Valentino Returns" (Peter Hoffman), with Frederic Forrest, Veronica Cartwright, Barry Tubb, and Jenny Wright.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313) "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) "Ghostbusters II" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Licence to Kill" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through July 25: "Jimi Plays Monterey" (†).
From July 26: "The Magic Toyshop" (directed by David Wheatley).

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: Through July 20: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515) "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Sci-Fi at Film Forum 2

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).
Theatre 2: "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Theatre 3: "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (Vincent Ward), with Bruce Lyons.
Theatre 4: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 20: "Lethal Weapon 2." From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 6: Through July 20: "Lethal Weapon 2." From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 4: From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 5: From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ."
Theatre 6: From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406) "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856) "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (Vincent Ward), with Bruce Lyons.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360) "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520) "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131) "Milk and Honey" (Rebecca Yates and Glen Salzman), with Josette Simon and Luman Ward.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 20: "Les Misérables" (1957, Jean-Paul Le Chanois; in French), with Bourvil and Jean Gabin.
From July 21: "Eat a Bowl of Tea" (Wayne Wang).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) "Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 1: Through July 20: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda. From July 21: "Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Music Teacher" (Gérard Corbiau; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Taxing Woman's Return" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 20: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
From July 21: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 3: "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Licence to Kill" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 6: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid Part III" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 20: "No Holds Barred" (directed by Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan. From July 21: "Shag" (Zelda Barron), with Phoebe Cates, Scott Coffey, Annabeth Gish, Bridget Fonda, Page Hannah, and Robert Rusler.
Theatre 3: "Weekend at Bernie's" (Ted Kotcheff), with Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 5: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 6: Through July 20: "Field of Dreams" (†). From July 21: "UHF" (Jay Levey), with "Weird Al" Yankovic.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 4: "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Licence to Kill" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
July 17: "Love in the Afternoon" (1957, directed by Billy Wilder), with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier; and "An Affair to Remember" (1957, Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning.
July 18-19: "Gunga Din" (1939, George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen; and "Sergeant York" (1941, Howard Hawks), with Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, and Ward Bond.
July 20: "The Adventures of Marco Polo" (1938, Archie Mayo), with Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes, and Lana Turner; and "The Wedding Night" (1935, King Vidor), with Anna Sten, Cooper, Ralph Bellamy, and Helen Vinson.
July 21-22: "Friendly Persuasion" (†); and "The Grass Is Greener" (1960, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons.
July 23-24: "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948, H. C. Potter), with Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas, Reginald Denny, and Louise Beavers; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944, Frank Capra), with Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
July 25-26: "Design for Living" (1933, Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Desire" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 18: Two programs of cartoons shown each day.
July 19-20: "The Moderns" (1988, Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, John Lone, Linda Fiorentino, Geraldine Chaplin, Geneviève Bujold, and Wallace Shawn; and "Trouble in Mind" (1986, Rudolph), with Kris Kristofferson, Bujold, Lori Singer, Carradine, Divine, Joe Morton, John Considine, Antonia Dauphin, and George Kirby.
July 21-22: "The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (1988, Penelope Spheeris); and "Heavy Metal" (1981), an animated film.
July 23: "Children of Paradise" (1945, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Maria Casarès, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, and Pierre Renoir.

Two bracingly cynical Henri-Georges Clouzot thrillers, 1943's "The Raven" ("Le Corbeau") and 1953's "The Wages of Fear" ("Le Salaire de la Peur"), at the Theatre 80 St. Marks on July 24th, register in today's sentimental movie climate like welcome gusts of profane air.

Both movies are as up to the minute as CNN's "Headline News." In the first, Pierre Fresnay plays a small-town doctor who's accused, by a poison-pen artist called the Raven, not just of having an affair with a psychiatrist's wife but also of performing abortions. When it comes to obstetric close calls, Fresnay prefers to save the mother. In "The Wages of Fear," a monstrous oil fire breaks out at a well owned by an American company in South America. To ignite a counter-blaze, an oil honcho hires four down-and-outers (Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Peter Van Eyck, Folco Lulli) to drive trucks loaded with nitro across rough country.

"The Raven" is a surgical critique of provincial life; it's distinguished by sardonic masterstrokes, such as a scandal letter floating from a church spire down to an aghast congregation. "The Wages of Fear," on the other hand, is a harrowing epic. From the first shot—a boy toying with battling insects—to the final unexpected cataclysm, Clouzot's incisive, unvarnished viciousness is mesmerizing. His world isn't merely dog-eat-dog but beetle-eat-beetle: "No Exit" staged on mobile time bombs.

July 24-25: Two programs of cartoons shown each week.
From July 26: "Lolita" (†); and "Pretty Baby" (1978, Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through July 18: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975, Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
July 19-21: "Carnival of Souls" (1962, Herk Harvey); and "Curse of the Demon" (1958, Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis.
July 22-24: "Cat People" (1942, Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; "The Body Snatcher" (1945, Robert Wise), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943, Tourneur), with Frances Dee and James Ellison.
July 25-26: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†); and "This Island Earth" (1955, Joseph M. Newman), with Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, and Rex Reason.

Seaport Cinema, 210 Front St. (608-7889)
July 17: "Pelle the Conqueror" (1988, Billie August; in Danish and Swedish), with Max von Sydow.
July 18-20: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
July 21-24: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (1988, Martin Scorsese), with Willem Dafoe; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†).
From July 25: "Barfly" (1987; Barbet Schroeder), with Mickey Rourke, Faye Dunaway, Alice Krige, Frank Stallone, J. C. Quinn, Jack Nance, and Fritz Feld; and "Love Is a Dog from Hell" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 17: "Stella Maris" (1918, Marshall Neilan; silent), with Mary Pickford; and "The Little American" (1917, Cecil B. De Mille; silent), with Pickford.
July 18: "Broken Strings" (1940, L. C. Borden); and "Jerico" ("Dark Sands"; 1938, Thornton Freeland), with Paul Robeson.
July 19: "The Burglar" (1957, Paul Wendkos), with Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea, and Martha Vickers; and "Nightfall" (1957, Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.
July 20: "A Fish Called Wanda" (1988, Charles Crichton), with John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin; and "Life of Brian" (1979, Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, and Cleese.
July 21-22: "Beetlejuice" (1988, Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, Michael Keaton, Catherine O'Hara, Sylvia Sidney, Winona Ryder, and Jeffrey Jones; and "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (†).
July 23: "Seven Beauties" (†); and "Swept Away" (1975, Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
July 24: "Beggars of Life" (1926, William Wellman; silent), with Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Wallace Beery; and "Smouldering Fires" (1925, Clarence Brown; silent), with Pauline Frederick.
July 25: "A Place in the Sun" (1951, George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Shane" (1953, Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
July 26: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 17: "Odd Man Out" (1946, Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "The Outcast of the Islands" (1952, Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.
July 18: "Nicholas Nickelby" (1947, Alberto Cavalcanti), with Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, and Bernard Miles; and "Great Expectations" (1946, David Lean), with Valerie Hodson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.
July 19: "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944, Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie

Chan; "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939, Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Moto; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938, William Nigh), with Boris Karloff as Wong.

July 20: "Carnival in Flanders" (†); and "Toni" (1935, Jean Renoir; in French).

July 21-22: "Dinner at Eight" (1933, George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (†).

July 23: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962, Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (†).

July 24: "The Raven" ("Le Corbeau"; 1943, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

July 25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934, Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936, Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

July 26: "Ecstasy" (1933, Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 17 at 2:30: "Play Misty for Me" (1971, directed by Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: "Une Femme Est une Femme" (1961, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30: "The Dead" (1987, John Huston), with Anjelica Huston and Donal McCann. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Chasing the Chaser" (1925, Hal Roach; silent), with Stan Laurel; and "The Bells" (1926, James Young; silent), with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Mephisto" (1981, István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "The Whales of August" (1987, Lindsay Anderson), with Lillian Gish and Bette Davis. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: "Devi" (1960, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Sharmila Tagore. . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "The Steel Helmet" (1961, Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and Steve Brodie. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "The Baron of Arizona" (1950, Fuller), with Vincent Price. . . . ¶ July 22 at 5: "I Shot Jesse James" (1949, Fuller), with Preston Foster and Barbara Brittan. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "The End of the Rainbow" (1916, Lynn Reynolds; silent); and "Shep's Race with Death" (1914, silent) and "A Dog's Love" (1914, silent). . . . ¶ July 23 at 5: "Devi." . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "Double Suicide" (1969, Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese). . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "The End of the Rainbow," "Shep's Race with Death," and "A Dog's Love." . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Green Light to Joy" (1967, Seiji Maruyama; in Japanese). . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Double Suicide."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films directed by Cecil B. De Mille. July 19 at 2:30: "Dynamite" (1929), with Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Madame Satan" (1930), with Johnson and Lillian Roth. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: "The Squaw Man" (1931), with Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "Cleopatra" (1934), with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ July 22 at 5: "The Crusades" (1935), with Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "The Plainsman" (1937), with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5: "The Buccaneer" (1938), with Fredric March and Franciska Gaal. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "Cleopatra."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. July 18-22: Rod Serling's "Patterns" (1955, NBC), with Everett Sloane, Richard Kiley, and Ed Begley; and David Davidson's "President" (1956, NBC), with Claude Rains, Larry Gates, Fred Clark, and Everett Sloane. . . . From July 25: Robert Alan Arthur's "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall" (1956, NBC), with Sidney Poitier; and Henry F. Greenberg's "People Need People" (1961, ABC), with Lee Marvin. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedies seen on cable. July 18-22: "Harry Shearer—It's Just TV" (1986) and "The Richard Belzer Show" (1984). . . . From July 25: "Bette Midler—Art or Bust" (1984). Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Commemoration of Richard Rodgers. July 18-22: "America Salutes Richard Rodgers—The Sound of His Music" (1978, CBS), with Diahann Carroll, Vic Damone, Sammy Davis, Jr., and others. . . . From July 25: "The Ed Sullivan Show" (1962, CBS), a tribute to Rodgers, with Peggy Lee, Steve Lawrence, Diahann Carroll, and others. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Shows produced and directed by Gary Smith and Dwight Hemion. July 18-22: "Goldie and Kids . . . Listen to Us" (1982, ABC), with Goldie Hawn and Barry Manilow; and "Julie on Sesame Street" (1973, ABC), with Julie Andrews, Perry Como, and the Muppets. . . . From July 25: "The Kraft Music Hall: Woody Allen Looks at 1967" (1967, NBC), with Liza Minnelli, John Byner, Aretha Franklin, and William F. Buckley, Jr.; and "Burt Bacharach '74" (1974, NBC), with Jack Jones, Roger Moore, Sandy Duncan, and the Harlem Globetrotters. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—July 20 at 8: "Missing" (1982, Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, and John Shea. Following the screening, Dr. Sybil Del Gaudio and Mr. Shea will talk about the film.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 20 at 8: "Beau Geste" (1926, Herbert Brenon; silent), with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Noah Beery, and Ralph Forbes. Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed byJohn Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may be an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé, Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 26.)

Batman—Tim Burton's powerfully glamorous comic-book epic, with sets angled and lighted like film noir, goes beyond pulp. It has a funky, nihilistic charge, and an eerie, poetic intensity that might be described as pop Wagnerian. Michael Keaton is the fabulously wealthy Bruce Wayne, who patrols the sinister, nighttime canyons of Gotham City in the guise of Batman, and Jack Nicholson is the sniggering mobster Jack Napier, who turns into the leering madman the Joker. The two are fighting for the soul of the city that spawned them. The movie is underwritten, but it has so many unpredictable spins that what's missing doesn't seem to matter much. It's mean and anarchic and blissful. Written by Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (and uncredited others), based on characters created by Bob Kane. With cinematography by Roger Pratt; design by Anton Furst; costumes by Bob Ringwood; a plangent score by Danny Elfman; and songs by Prince. The cast includes Jack Palance, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, and Robert Wuhl.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/10/89.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

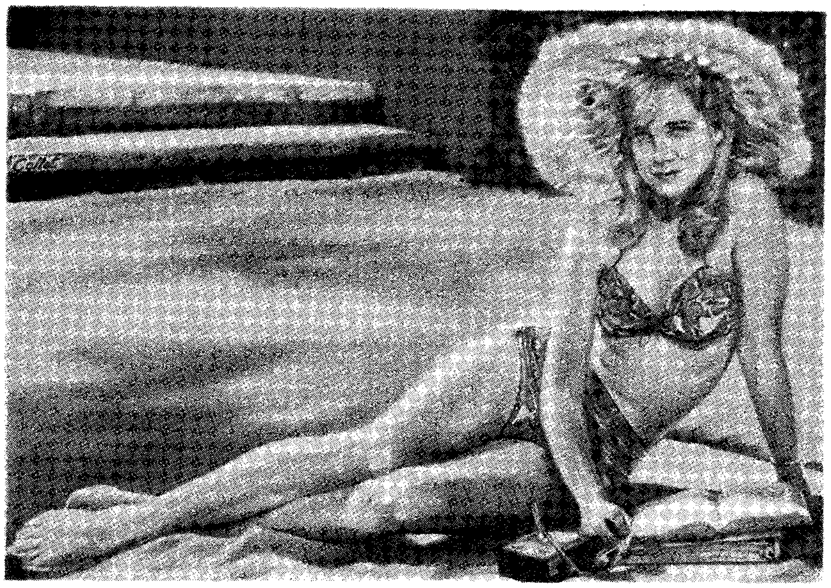
Carnival in Flanders (1935)—It is a day in 1616; a Spanish regiment comes to a town in occupied Flanders. The cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in wordly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. From a script by Charles Spaak. With Françoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet, Jean Murat, Alerme, and Micheline Cheirel. (This much-honored film's sophisticated approach to sexual collaboration would, of course, have been impossible in the forties.) In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20.)

Annabeth Gish and Phoebe Cates in "Shag"

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions toward the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed, from a script by Harry Essex and Arthur Ross. With Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, and Ben Chapman and Ricou Browning as the monster.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 25-26.)

Dead Poets Society—Robin Williams gives an astonishingly empathic performance as an eager, dedicated prep-school teacher in the late fifties. This teacher talks to his boys about the passions expressed in poetry and helps them release their creative impulses. But one of the boys, soaring on his new confidence, lacks the shrewdness and courage to deal with his rigid, uncomprehending father, and makes a disastrous choice. Directed by Peter Weir, from a script by Thomas Schulman, the picture draws out the obvious and turns itself into a classic. Weir, it appears, is more interested in the elegiac than in the dramatic. Like his "Gallipoli," this film has a gold ribbon attached to it. With Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke, Josh Charles, Gale Hansen, and Kurtwood Smith and Norman Lloyd.—P.K. (6/26/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)



Sue Lyon in "Lolita"

Desire (1936)—Marlene Dietrich, with her pencil-line arched eyebrows, as the most elegantly amusing international jewel thief ever. She steals a pearl necklace in Paris and speeds toward Spain; on her way she has a series of encounters with Gary Cooper, a motor engineer from Detroit who is on holiday. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, for Paramount, and directed by Frank Borzage, this is a polished light comedy in the "Continental" style—a sophisticated romantic trifle, with Dietrich more chic and modern than in her von Sternberg pictures. When she eyes Cooper, she's so captivating you almost feel sorry for him; there's an image of her standing against French doors that is simply peerlessly sexy. But you can also see why this European sophisticate longs for the American innocent. Cooper is a bit coy and rambunctious in his Americanness, but wearing narrow-tailored suits and with his hair sleek he's the ideal Art Deco hero. When he's being threatened by Dietrich's crooked associate (John Halliday), who remarks, tauntingly, "One mustn't underestimate America—it's a big country," he bends forward and says, "Six foot three." The script, by Edwin Justus Mayer, Waldemar Young, and Samuel Hoffenstein, is based on a play by Hans Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 25-26.)

Do The Right Thing—With Danny Aiello and Spike Lee, directed by Lee. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, 59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Eastside Cinema, Bleecker Street Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through July 20.)

Friendly Persuasion (1956)—Taken from Jessamyn West's stories, this William Wyler film is disappointing but far from shameful. It's about a group of Quakers in Indiana at the time of the Civl War; they try to hold onto their belief in nonviolence despite the actions of Confederate raiders. The presentation is too gently bucolic; the head of the house (Gary Cooper) races a neighbor to Sunday meeting in the family buggy, and buys an organ, which his wife (Dorothy McGuire) regards as an instrument far too profane to install in a proper home. Meanwhile, their daughter (Phyllis Love) is swooning over the boy next door, and their older son (Anthony Perkins) considers pouring lead into the first Rebel who turns up in the neighborhood. This was one of the first of Perkins' confused, canny, emotional characters; his mood shifts hadn't yet become ticky, and he's marvellously likable as he imitates Cooper's lanky movements—he's a very convincing son. With Marjorie Main and Richard Eyer. —P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 21-22.)

Ghostbusters II—Surprisingly, it's more enjoyable than the first "Ghostbusters." It's a big comedy, but it's light on its feet, and the throwaway jokes are weightless—they *ping!* and dissolve in the air. You can't remember what you're laughing at, but you feel great. The script, by Harold Ramis and Dan Aykroyd, is a floating crap game, like the scripts for the Hope and Crosby "Road" pictures. Bill Murray holds it together, and assorted comedians—Sigourney Weaver, Rick Moranis, Annie Potts, Ernie Hudson, Peter MacNicol, Cheech Marin, Harris Yulin, Ramis & Aykroyd—come in and out of the scenes, dropping one-liners. The comic premise is that the collective angry energy of Manhattanites is feeding an underground river of boiling slime, which is swelling; our bad vibes are literally destroying the city. Directed by Ivan Reitman; cinematography by Michael Chapman.—P.K. (7/10/89) (34th St. East, Coronet, U.A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Regency; through July 20.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1964)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. —P.K. (Seaport Cinema; July 21-24.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (Plaza.)

Honey, I Shrunk the Kids—A contraption invented by a suburban nerd scientist (Rick Moranis) cuts both his kids and the neighbors down to size: a quarter of an inch. Unaware of what has happened, and unable to hear their pipsqueak cries, Dad sweeps them into a dustpan, dumps them in a garbage bag, and hauls the bag out to the curb. The kids have to make their way back to the house across the (not very recently mowed) lawn—a long trek for tiny, tiny legs. There are adventures, of course, engineered by the sort of special-effects "magic" that probably even the youngest audiences have learned by now to dread. The real surprise of this movie—which was directed by an effects specialist from Industrial Light & Magic, Joe Johnston, and which carries an immense list of technical credits (including a "Bee Sequence Crew" and a "Stop Motion Ant Crew")—is that it's friendly, good-humored, and unpretentious. Johnston manages to scale down not only the kids but also the movie's sense of its own importance. He seems aware that the only point of "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" is to make children giggle (and adults smile); for all the money and elaborate technology needed to produce this silliness, the picture never looks fussy. It's short and brisk and it doesn't shrink your intelligence any more than it absolutely has to. Also with Matt Frewer, Marcia Strassman, and Kristine Sutherland; Jared Rushton, Amy O'Neill, Thomas Brown, and Robert Oliveri are the kids. The imaginative cinematography is by Hiro Narita.—T.R. (Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, and Julian Glover. The screenplay, by Jeffrey Boam, is based on a story devised by the producer George Lucas and Menno Meyjes.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Jimi Plays Monterey—In a sense, this movie by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus is just leftover footage from Pennebaker's cinema verité documentary "Monterey Pop." For many of us, though, "Jimi Plays Monterey" and its shorter companion piece "Shake" (credited to Pennebaker, Hegedus, and David Dawkins) add up to the *real* "Monterey Pop," the record of the performances that made the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival memorable: Jimi Hendrix's and Otis Redding's. The Hendrix film, fifty minutes long, shows the great guitarist at his peak, ripping through his early hits ("Hey Joe," "Foxy Lady," "The Wind Cries Mary") and a handful of rock and blues classics ("Killing Floor," "Wild Thing," "Like a Rolling Stone") with a virtuosity that borders on insolence. Freak-thin, electric-haired, and dressed in the wild colors of a psychedelic dandy, Hendrix is the epitome of hippie-era cool. When he sings, the lyrics just seem to drift out of his mouth, as if he hadn't known anything was in there, and his playing often looks impossibly casual: intricate, lovely clusters of notes stream from his guitar, and his ease is baffling. (It's like watching a deft, light-fingered magician doing tricks with cards and coins.) When he wants power and noise, the sounds he produces are unearthly. And then, just to prove how absurdly simple it all is, he reels off a solo with the guitar behind his back, or plays the instrument with his teeth. Finally, he kneels over his guitar and sets it on fire, as if he were sacrificing it to some unseen force—whatever diabolic power he made a deal with for his genius. Otis Redding's set is criminally short—only five songs—but in its way it's as overwhelming as Hendrix's. Redding doesn't mind showing us how hard he's working: he shouts and sweats and shakes and repeats lines until they turn into incantations. His performance is astonishingly emotional, especially in the soul ballads "I've Been Loving You Too Long" and "Try a Little Tenderness." Hendrix and Redding, both of whom died much too young, are vibrantly alive in these performances. And they have to be, just to survive the filmmaking, which is mostly indifferent and occasionally obtrusive. Groovin'-crowd montages tell us that what we're watching is an exercise in nostalgia; the music tells us something very different.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through July 25.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Warner. . . . ¶ Gemini; through July 20.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1959)—Valmont and Juliette, the eighteenth-century characters in the Laclos novel, are former lovers who, writing to each other about their strategies, targets, and fresh conquests, turn love into something as studied and calculated as war. They take the love out of love. Modernizing the story, the director Roger Vadim ties things up rather neatly by having Valmont (in a tired, too-sweet performance by Gérard Philipe—his last) and Juliette (Jeanne Moreau at her ravaged best) married. In Laclos the pleasure seems to be in carrying out the plan, achieving the victory—a triumph of austere, rational conquest; in Vadim's version a sensuous aura surrounds and permeates the objects. The first scene of Marianne (Annette Stroyberg) in the snow, her mouth open in laughter for a romantic eternity, isn't on a much higher level than the *Playboy* bunnies of the month; Vadim uses sex and jazz all mixed together in a cheap and sensational way that was probably exotic for the French in the fifties. But, using these elements, he attempts to give them a rhythm and feeling that are, at least, unusually high-class commercialism. With Jeanne Valerie, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Simone Renant. Background music by Thelonious Monk; party music by the Jazz Messengers, with Kenny Clarke. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting July 26.)

Love Is a Dog from Hell (1987)—A low-key sexual reverie from Belgium about young Harry, who loves women but is rejected by them, and is able to show his tenderness only to a corpse. Adapted from Charles Bukowski's tales, principally "The Copulating Mermaid of Venice, California," this is a Flemish-language art film with its own erotic tone—faintly ironic, faintly queasy. Its softness get to you. The thirty-one-year-old director, Dominique Deruddere, made the final episode, which is set in 1976, as a half-hour short, and then (with his co-writer, Marc Didden) worked up the two episodes of Harry's earlier life, set in 1955 and 1962, in order to make a feature—his first. The final necrophiliac section is too poetic—it's just a few tones away from being a parody of an adolescent fantasy. But the middle episode—Harry's high-school graduation dance and his torment over being covered with acne and boils and pustules—has a masochistic potency, and some humor and rage. This is a movie for people with a perverse sense of humor or a persistent sexual acne.—P.K. (Seaport Cinema; starting July 25.)

Pee-wee's Big Adventure (1985)—This slapstick novelty starring the grown-up yet prepubescent Pee-wee Herman—a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era—is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it, and it has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It's set in a candy-colored period of its own—a fifties-eighties Twilight Zone, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk. When Pee-wee's bike—the love of his life—is stolen, his search to recover it takes him from L.A. to Texas (to the Alamo) and back. Hitching rides, he encounters a series of American-movie archetypes (an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, truckers, hoboes, rodeo riders, a mean, wild motorcycle gang), and the twenty-six-year-old director, Tim Burton, shows his flair for the silly-surreal. With Mark Holton as Pee-wee's rival Francis, Jan Hooks, Judd Omen, Elizabeth Daily, Alice Nunn, and Diane Salinger. Pee-wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 21-22.)

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills—The script, by Bruce Wagner, from a satirical sex-farce plot he devised with the director, Paul Bartel, calls for something like the goosey stylized acting that Charles Ludlam perfected at the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, but Bartel has directed with his usual home-movies sluggishness. Two houseboys, a cynic (Ray Sharkey) and a romantic (Robert Beltran), who work in adjacent mansions, bet on which one will be the first to make out with the other's employer—one a divorcée (Mary Woronov), the other a widow (Jacqueline Bisset). The households include various siblings, offspring, and hangers-on (Arnetia Walker, Ed Begley, Jr., Wallace Shawn, Paul Mazursky, Rebecca Schaeffer, Edith Diaz, and others)—all of them libidinous or gaga. Arnetia Walker manages to bring in some zesty horseplay, and Bisset's amused calm is occasionally pleasant, but mostly this is just mistimed, failed camp, and some of the lines that are meant to be screamingly dirty-funny come out screamingly sour. (The sound recording is poor.)—P.K. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through July 20.)

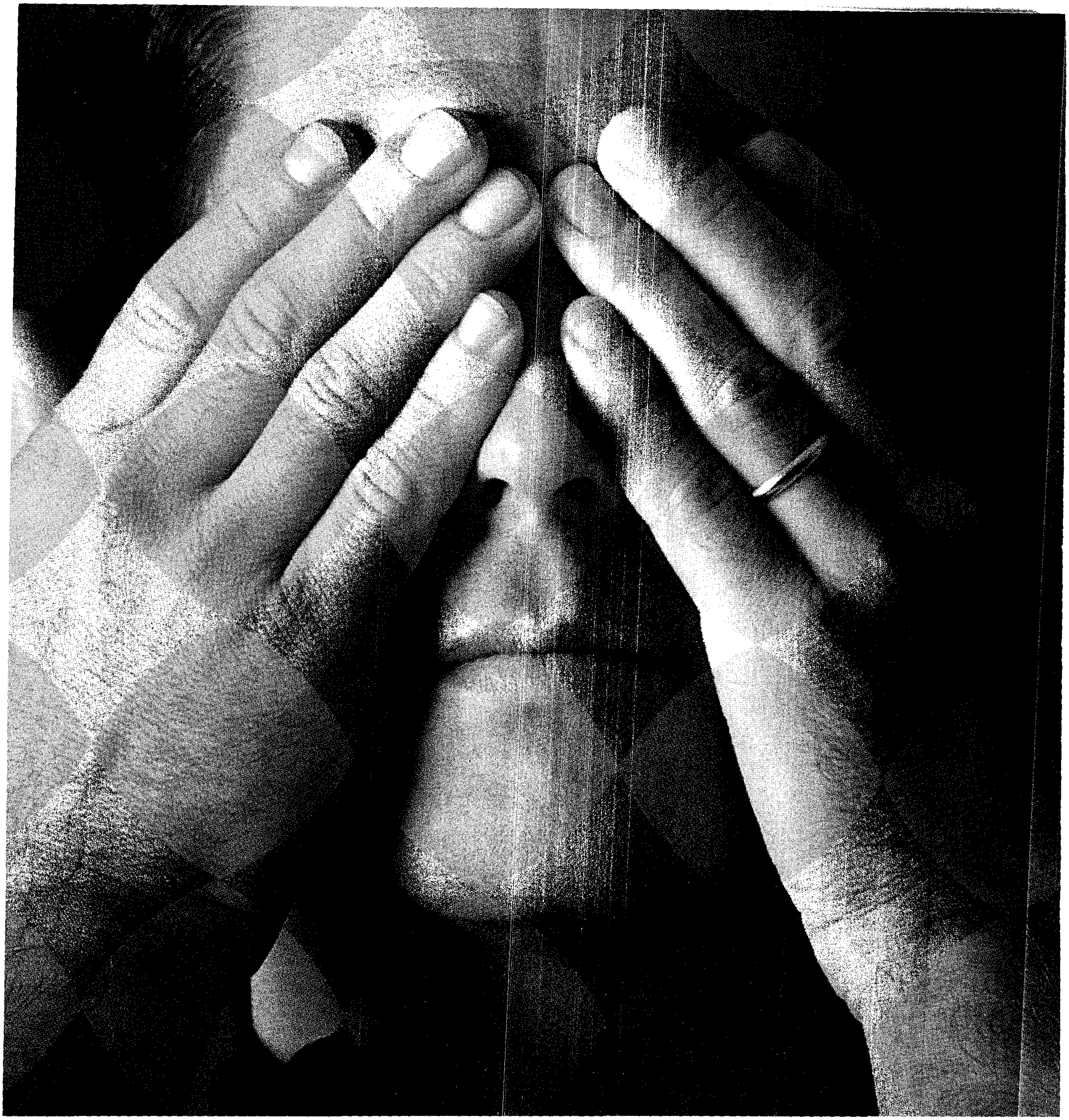
Seven Beauties (1975)—The writer-director Lina Wertmüller's slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino, or, as he's called, Pasqualino Seven Beauties (Giancarlo Giannini), deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his prewar life as a two-bit mafioso, with fat sisters—the "seven beauties." Pasqualino is everybody's dupe—a man who has swallowed all the lies that society hands out. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist—the Italian Everyman as a pathetic worm. Wertmüller reactivates the entire comic-opera view of Italians as cowards who will grovel to survive. The picture is full of flashy ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, and pious moralizing, and Wertmüller presents it all in a goofy, ebullient mood. The box-office success of this film represented a triumph of insensitivity. With Elena Fiore, Fernando Rey, and Shirley Stoler as the gross commandant of the concentration camp (though no woman in Nazi Germany could rise to such a post—Ilse Koch's power at Buchenwald derived from her being the commandant's wife). In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 23.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling, and also John McIntire, Earl Holliman, Lee Patrick, and Malcolm Atterbury. The play, written in 1948, was adapted by James Poe and Meade Roberts.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh (1987)—Paul Cox's documentary biography of the great painter is earnest, honorable, and uninspired. Cox has the good idea to tell the story in the artist's own words: the voice-over narration consists entirely of excerpts from letters written by van Gogh to his brother Theo. (They are read, with tremendous solemnity and perhaps an excess of actorly skill, by John Hurt.) But Cox's use of the letters is crude: van Gogh's raw, anguished meditations on life and art are presented without irony, as if he really were a profound thinker. The words actually dominate the images; at times, the beautiful paintings function only as illustrations of the deep thoughts. Cox also includes endless footage of Dutch and French countryside, as well as a handful of staged tableaux—peasants eating potatoes, a scene in a cabaret, the painter's funeral. It's all much too pretty—"painterly" in a horribly naïve way. He seems to be trying to compete with van Gogh as a maker of images; he loses. Cox's excesses mirror van Gogh's, but his art doesn't: in this film, the light always seems to be coming from the wrong direction.—T.R. (Bleecker Street Cinema.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. It confirms rich men's worst suspicions and fantasies of what women want (money) and what they're like when they're together (clawing beasties). With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, Virginia Weidler, Ruth Hussey, Phyllis Povah, Lucile Watson, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed—surprisingly coarsely; it's a kicking, screaming low comedy, with a quiet character such as Joan Fontaine coming across as a female wimp. Goddard is a standout—she's fun. And audiences at the time loved Russell's all-out burlesque of women as jealous bitches. Adapted by Anita Loos and Jane Murfin.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21-22.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)



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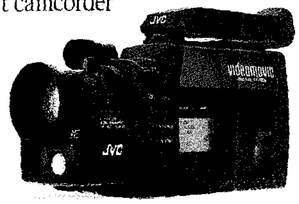


THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

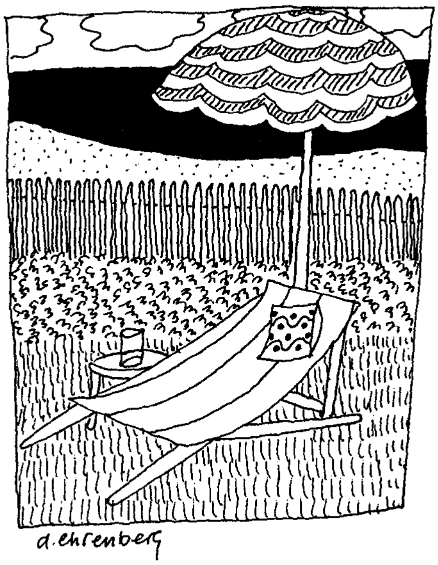
Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

When I. F. Stone died, last month, I happened to be in Paris, and I read his obituaries in the French papers. I found it touching that the editors of *Le Monde* and *Libération* thought it important to explain to their readers who this American journalist, obscure even in his own country for much of his life, was and what he had done. They described his career at *PM* and the *Post* in the brief renaissance of the leftist newspaper in New York in the forties, and his defenestration by McCarthyism onto the sidewalk of American journalism, where for the next twenty years he put on a one-man show, publishing his *Weekly* for a tiny, loyal audience; they described his ascension to secular sainthood on the left during the Vietnam era, and then his retirement into classical Athens—all the episodes in what had become by the time of his death an almost legendary American life. I felt sad, of course, to hear that Stone was gone, but also pleased that his reputation had extended even to Paris—a city that he regarded as the most beautiful and unconquerable in the world.

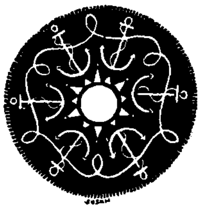
When I came home, though, I discovered that even in death Izzy could annoy people. After the first wave of respectful epitaphs, it turned out, his passing had inspired a sheaf of what I suppose have to be called revisionist obituaries. *The National Review* had a particularly churlish little notice about him: Izzy goes to Heaven and is snubbed by Socrates. *The New Republic* chimed in with a gentler but pointed piece, suggesting that the unquestioning reverence with which Izzy came to be regarded in his last decade had somewhat obscured his record for holding opinions that were not merely nobly "nonconformist" but, in the light of subsequent history, just plain wrong: in the forties and fifties, he thought that the Russian occupation of Eastern Europe was popular with the Eastern Europeans and beneficial to them; for a while, he believed that Stalin was one of the great makers of modern Russia; and so on. I took down from my bookshelves volumes of his journalism from the forties and fifties, and found that a lot of this criticism held water. And yet rereading Izzy Stone was hardly disillusioning; in a way that is hard to explain, even his mistakes seemed inspiring, and I began to think that my own recollections of him might be, in their small way, exemplary.

Shortly after my wife and I arrived in New York, in the early eighties, my wife got a job as an all-purpose assistant to a documentary filmmaker who was making a movie about the lectures on the trial of Socrates which Izzy was then delivering at the 92nd Street Y, and which eventually became his last book. The filmmaker was worried about what he called "continuity": he wanted to be sure that Izzy was wearing the same clothes for all the lectures, so that pieces of the lectures could be intercut into a single monologue. Also, the filmmaker wanted the film to have what he called "a look"; that is, my wife explained to me, it shouldn't look like what it was—an aging journalist giving lectures at the 92nd Street Y. The filmmaker gave my wife his Bergdorf's charge plate, and the job of buying some shirts for Izzy Stone—shirts so wonderful that they would supply continuity and a look at a single stroke. She asked if I could go along when she visited Izzy in his hotel room.



At the time, I had a job rewriting fashion copy at a men's magazine, and the filmmaker apparently called up Izzy and announced that he had arranged not only for him to get new shirts but for them to be picked out by a shirt journalist—a shirt *expert*. When we walked into the hotel room where Izzy and his wife, Esther, were staying, his small face, familiar from a hundred caricatures—milk-bottle glasses, gentle mouth, oddly gleeful wattles—was alight with the possibility of enlightenment on haberdashery, as though he had been waiting all his life for the chance to interview somebody who could really *speak* to the shirt question. I was at an especially touchy and self-important moment of my life—I didn't want to write about shirts; I wanted to thunder and expose, as I imagined Izzy had done at a comparable time in his life—and I spent the first ten minutes of our acquaintance trying to shake his notion that mine had been a career devoted to the ins and outs of French cuffs and mother-of-pearl buttons. I grilled him with a set of high-minded questions: How did he understand the relationship between Socrates and Anaximander? What did he think of Popper's account of Plato in "The Open Society"? He answered, sharply, even brilliantly, but what he clearly wanted to talk about was shirts. How did the whole advertising thing work? Was there a set deal—so many shirts featured in the magazine for so many advertising pages bought—or was it just one of those understandings? Was there a blacklist—shirtmakers who had to be kept out in order to satisfy the guys who were already in? What about the sweatshop angle? Did anybody care about who was doing the sewing, or was that something you were never supposed to mention? Then we moved on to the semiotics of the shirt: Wasn't there a revolt against synthetics, and was that really meaningful, or did it just reveal that a lot of this "natural" business was kind of frivolous? And what about bow ties? Was this fad for wearing bow ties a kind of fuddy-duddy revivalism? If that was so, it was pretty funny, because Henry Wallace's guys had all worn bow ties, and had I ever stopped to think about the power of snobbery in politics? You could write a whole book about snobbery in relation to revolution, he said—as powerful a force as economics or oratory. He made me feel that writing about shirts afforded an opportunity to grasp a small corner of the world in all its complexity.

My wife and I left for Bergdorf's in a daze of history and aesthetics. I don't suppose either of us will ever have a harder task than finding shirts that could fulfill Izzy's demands for beauty, decency in manufacture, and meaningfulness. Finally, my wife picked out three classic blue broadcloth shirts, and we took them back to the hotel. Izzy couldn't wait to try them on. The fit wasn't great—the sleeves needed pinning—but they looked all right. "What beautiful shirts, Izzy," Esther said. "Those are the most beautiful shirts you've ever worn." He seemed pleased, and thanked us, but we could both tell that he was a little disappointed by the conservatism of our choice.



A few years later, we got a call from Izzy. He asked how we were, and said he often thought about that wonderful afternoon we had spent together. Reflexively, we invited him and Esther to come for dinner the next night, and, to our delight, they accepted. We all had a great time. Izzy was intensely appreciative of everything he saw and ate, and after dinner he settled down and recited Greek poetry, piping it out in his high-pitched yet gravelly voice and then translating it for us. He apologized for each translation. "I can't begin to touch the beauty of this hexameter," he said. "Every time I recite it, I feel troubled by the loveliness of so many things that I'll never understand."

Izzy may have been wrong about lots of things, but how right and distinct his voice always was—both in person and on the page. Like Hazlitt or Orwell, he offered Jacobin opinions in a Burkean voice. Rereading Izzy's journalism the other night, I recognized the voice I had heard in the hotel room and over the dinner table: warm, funny, rich in a sense of history, skeptical and inquiring without a trace of cynicism, indignant about bad systems but charitable to the people caught up in them. He was always ready to be surprised by people and events. There is no more moving series of articles in American journalism than Izzy's on John Kennedy: suspicious at first; then opening up; then genuinely enchanted by the new President's intelligence and wit and magnanimity; and then, at his death, grieving powerfully but still prepared to tell uncomfortable, and even prescient, truths about Kennedy's time, such as that the President's intelligence forces were conspiring to kill people our government disliked. Stone came of age in a time of right-wing hysteria and prospered in a time of left-wing hysteria, but his was, above all, a voice of reason. (If he had a flaw in his political vision, it was that he underestimated the power of the irrational in modern life.)

When we judge greatness in a political writer, I think our standard should be different from the one we use to judge greatness in a TV-quiz-show contestant: the idea is not just to leave the stage with the most right answers but to have shown the audience how to interrogate the world in a new way. The Izzy for whom even the shirt business was a window onto human life, for whom the greatest gift to new friends was to introduce them to the mysteries of the Sapphics—this is the Izzy who illuminates even his most polemical or dryly investigative passages. It seems an odd thing to say about so politically "committed" a man, but what I will remember best about I. F. Stone is his sense of style and his reverence for beauty.

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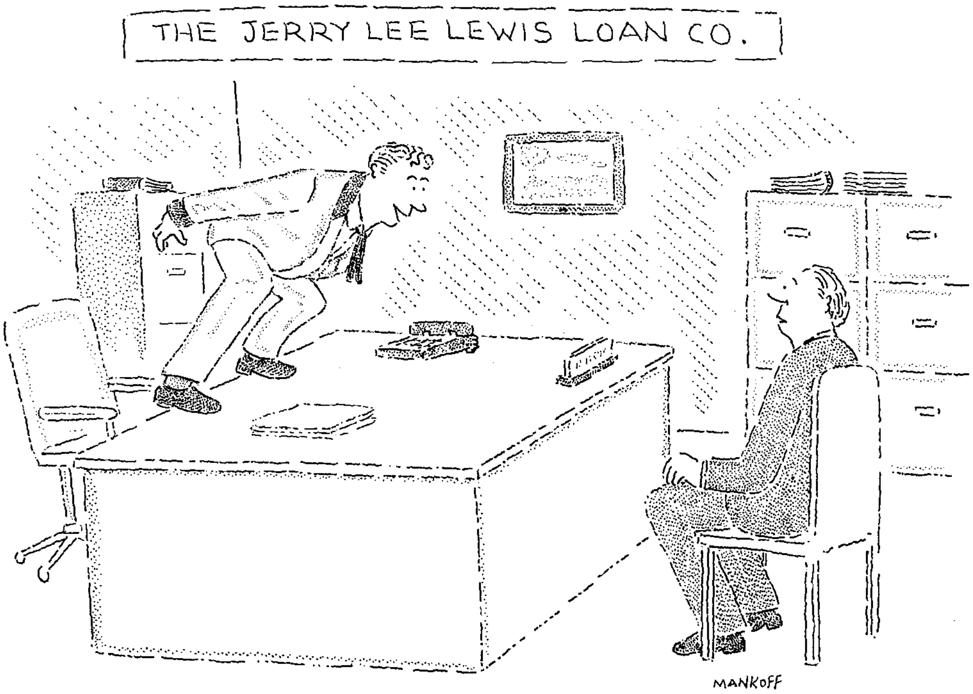
Aground

A FRIEND who lives in Newport writes:

By twilight on Friday, June 24th, householders, tenants, and farmers along Narragansett Bay were wondering whose furnace was leaking, and, like many of us who live on the bay, I checked my basement, found nothing wrong, and called the neighbors. Coast Guard helicopters were flying over the bay, giving strength to some rumors that had begun circulating, and were eventually confirmed by the police and the press: the worst had happened—a tanker was spilling oil.

On bay-front lawns and piers, people gathered and began looking for telltale gobs of oil. The stench was so strong that we were sure the ship must be nearby. We're used to seeing tankers go past several times a week, low in the water on their way up to the depots at Providence and Tiverton, and riding high on their way back down. Around nine o'clock, it was announced that the Newport harbormaster, Jake Farrell, had ordered the closing of Newport Harbor and the deployment of a protective boom across its mouth, and thus we learned that the spill had taken place way down the bay—out at sea, actually. A Greek tanker with more than eight million gallons of oil had gone aground on a reef less than a mile beyond a scenic headland called Brenton Point. Out at the point, under the brilliant blaze of spotlights from a hovering Coast Guard cutter, the troubled tanker, the World Prodigy, was clearly visible—facing in a direction I'd never before seen a ship face in those waters. She had made a wrong turn and climbed right up on the rocks.

The government's response was rapid. At six-forty-five, the Coast Guard, according to a spokesman, had "federalized" the situation and begun coördinating cleanup efforts by state and federal agencies. It surrounded the World Prodigy with booms to pen in the still leaking oil, and called in crews from Boston and other East Coast ports. Rhode Island's tininess helped here: the cleanup crews were on the site and at work within an hour and a quarter.


THE JERRY LEE LEWIS LOAN CO.
MANKOFF

"Goodness gracious great balls of fire, no!"

At first light on Saturday, I walked down to the water's edge. The shore itself—at least, near me—was clear of oil; birds were chirping; the terns and gulls seemed oil-free and as busy as ever. Through binoculars, though, I could see an iridescent sheen on parts of the bay—especially near the shore at Jamestown, to the west. The radio reported that the spill had been extensive—it was later estimated to be four hundred and twenty thousand gallons—but that the oil was home-heating oil and therefore, unlike the oil from the Exxon Valdez, would evaporate easily.

In town, meanwhile, Dolly and Molly—our motorized sightseeing trolleys—and the big Bonanza Line buses that link Newport with Fall River and Boston had been displaced from the combined bus station and tourist-information center, and it was now in the hands of the National Guard. Jeeps and military trailers occupied a row of bus stalls. Convoys of white cars emblazoned with the words "U.S. Navy," carrying stern-faced personnel, and escorted by the Rhode Island State Police sped by, apparently on secret errands.

On Bellevue Avenue, the stately promenade lined with Richard Morris Hunt mansions and Olmsted-designed gardens and arboretums, a military-police jeep was parked at every corner, and m.p.s were deployed every few yards. The soldiers were carrying tourist maps. Residents of those "cottages" still used as summer homes, and not transformed into condominiums, colleges, or tourist attractions, came down to the front edge of their lawns to converse with one another and with the soldiers. The National Guardsmen were not saying why the avenue, like the road winding around the coast past Brenton Point, had been militarized. To ease the consternation of one white-haired summer colonist, I offered to try to find out why. (Her alternative plan was to call Senator Claiborne Pell, who lives just down the avenue, and speak to him about the matter.) After crisscrossing the island on old farm roads and trails, I arrived at Brenton Point, and discovered what was going on: the five-thousand-gallon tank trucks needed to haul the recovered waste oil from the spill could not negotiate Newport's narrow streets and alleys, and had to use Ocean Drive and Bellevue Avenue. The rich, I was told, would have to do their part, which was to endure curtailed travel and a military presence until the cleanup was completed.

As the day went on, I learned that many people in town felt that the captain of the World Prodigy should be thrown in jail, and the ship's owners with him. "These waters here are quite treacherous, and that's why they're so well marked," an old salt said. "What he did in making that turn was the equivalent of getting on a superhighway the wrong way."

Concern for the condition of the bay grew. Shellfishing was banned. Beaches were closed. And by Saturday evening quite a few of the town's merchants, restaurant owners, and hotelkeepers had become seiously alarmed about the effect of the spill on Newport's tourist and sailing business. The city's mayor, Robert McKenna, predicted that the beach closings would have little effect, since most visitors now come to Newport not for swimming but for shopping. On Sunday, however, national and local newspapers proclaimed the spill a spreading disaster, and the effect on Newport's economy was apparent almost immediately. Business was way off; restaurants were only half full at ordinarily busy hours; parking was easy and traffic unfrustrating. The cleanup was still going on. Newport's shoreline didn't seem to be suffering obvious damage, but across the bay, in Jamestown and Narragansett, the beaches were oily. Save the Bay, a powerful lobbying organization, had called for volunteers. They were plentiful, and convicts also helped. Late on Sunday, ecologists pronounced most of the shellfish beds safe from harm, but warned that the real danger lay in damage to lobster larvae and fish eggs floating on the ocean's surface.

On a Sunday in June, there are often as many as a hundred fishermen angling on the Goat Island causeway, a bridge connecting Newport with a marina and a hotel near the harbor mouth. This Sunday afternoon, only four were there, including a man who was giving his five-year-old grandson a long-promised outing. I asked the grandfather about the water.

"The water looks O.K.," he said. "But there are no fish. I hope it's just my bad luck." The grandson looked dubious.

"Would you eat any fish you caught today?" I asked.

"No," the grandfather said, and, looking into the water, he added, "I just don't know what's going on down there."

Earlier, driving past the closed beaches and empty parking lots, I had thought of all the simple summer pleasures that had been cancelled. But then, as I came down a hill, I saw, flying smartly in the breeze, the flag of the Spouting Rock Beach Association, the swankiest of Newport's private beach clubs. I drove over and found the parking lot busy and club members coming and going.

"Why aren't you closed?" I asked the manager, a genial man in a yachting blazer, who was standing on the front steps.

"We have a pool," he said.

Fans

ONE of these days, Leo Herschman is going to clean up his shop, the Modern Supply Company, which is on the third floor of a narrow building near City Hall. In the meantime, Modern Supply, where Mr. Herschman has been selling nothing but ceiling fans for more than thirty years, has the look of a Swiss village all but obliterated by an Alpine rockslide. "We're jammed to hell in here," Mr. Herschman was complaining the other day as he extracted an order form from a pile of boxes, flyers, fan catalogues, newspapers, and stationery on his desk. "I keep planning to get this place organized. When my late wife and I opened Modern Supply, in 1932, we had a beautiful store on Fulton Street. We sold all manner of appliances—refrigerators, ovens, everything. But the Fulton Street building was torn down for the World Trade Center, and we moved to this lousy place. We brought what I would call the minimum from Fulton Street—fans and motors. Now all I sell is ceiling fans. It's still too crowded in here. A designer was here once buying a fan, and he said to me, 'Sir, would you care to retain me to redesign your store?' I said, 'What are you planning to do, set fire to it?' "

Mr. Herschman likes to say that he became an adult at the age of eight, which means that he has been an adult for eighty-one years. He is short and wiry, with strong cheekbones, a certain amount of smooth gray hair, and a voice that is very easily heard. He wears black-rimmed eyeglasses on his forehead or at the conventional angle, depending. His eyebrows are in a constant state of arch. He is fitter and livelier than many people his age, but he likes to punctuate his workday with moments of private reflection. This means that people who come to Modern Supply hoping to have a consultation about fans with Mr. Herschman, who is described in his advertisements as "Leo Herschman, Famous Expert," are sometimes disappointed. Interest in fan consultations usually increases with the onset of hot weather, but so does the number of Mr. Herschman's private moments. "That's fine with me," Mr. Herschman said, shrugging. "I can't stand the general public. I make no effort to be courteous to them. I also don't stand for any undue familiarity. We get a lot of me-generation people in here, and I try to get rid of them as fast as possible. My assistants can take care of most issues that people come to have us resolve. There's not that much to know about fans, but I suppose I am the famous expert. I know that makes me sound like a big ham. When a guy comes in and says 'Hey, are you the famous expert?' I say 'Well, big boy, I'm lying. I don't know a fan from a bucket of mud.' "

Before becoming big in ceiling fans, Mr. Herschman excelled in a few other careers. "When I do something, I do it all the way," he told us. "I had a lot of pep in the old days. I was a boxer and a runner. I went to sea. I was a tough guy. I was a real musician—a jazzman, not one of these drug-laden psycho-rocker types. When I was fourteen, I spent time in the printing and advertising business. The boss was a handshaker, a Babbitt, tight as the devil—he didn't give me a raise in ages. Then he fired the production man—he was an idiot—and I moved up in the business. I tried to enlist during the First World War. Boom! Then came the Armistice. I worked as a rivet heater on a ship after the war, with a crew of tough little brats who taunted me. I said to them, 'Excuse me, I know you don't mean any harm even if you are bums. If you bother me any more, I'll knock your skulls together.' Then I knocked their skulls together, and they said, 'Hey, this fellow's all right!' Then I wangled a transfer to the pipe-fitting crew. After that, I went to sea."

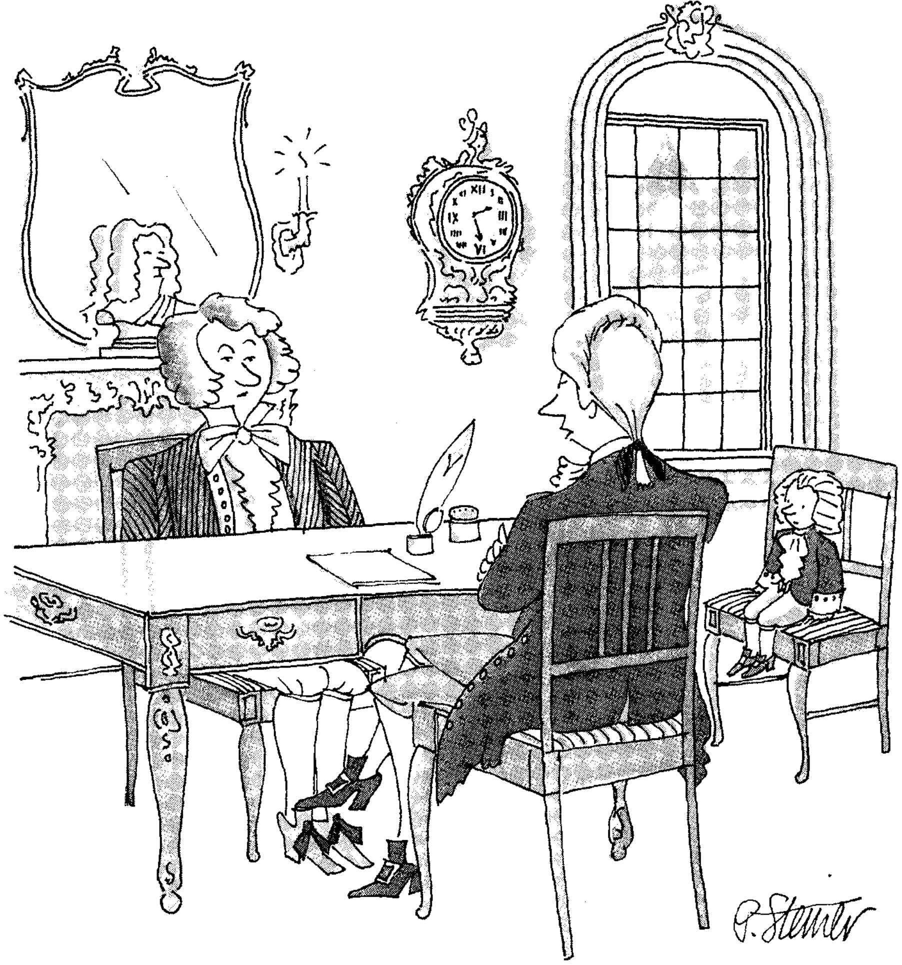
Just then, three apparently athletic men wear-

"He's a cad, if such creatures still exist."

ing T-shirts cut off above their navels walked in and eyed the fans hanging from the ceiling: there were twenty-one of them—white, brown, black, bright brass, and antique brass, with blade spans of thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, and fifty-two inches—and half were on, filling Modern Supply with what Mr. Herschman calls horizontal thrust. One of the athletes said, "Hey, do you sell ceiling fans, or what?" Mr. Herschman ignored them.

"Then I had my own printing outfit," he went on. "That's when I met my future wife. She was a little hundred-pound girl from Philadelphia. I helped her set up her own business, because she had been working for a terrible guy. I said to her, 'Jean, you're working for a terrible guy. He's got an obsequious manner. You should go into business for yourself.' She was going to be selling all discount goods—refrigerators, ovens, everything. I suggested the name Modern Supply, because we would be anticipating future needs. I'm good at anticipating booms. For instance, I anticipated the lawnmower boom on Long Island. Eventually, I was doing so much work for Jean that I said to her, 'You can't afford to pay me what all this is worth, so let's get married.' I didn't have any silly romantic notions. We were absolutely the same kind of people, my wife and I. We both loved to work. It was almost an obsession."

In the early sixties, Mr. Herschman said to himself that there was going to be a boom in ceiling fans. "We had been selling fans occasionally, and then I realized that we would be having a boom. When the price of electricity went up and air-conditioning became expensive, the whole thing skyrocketed. We now sell fans to a variety of, shall I say, *characters*, but I do not pay attention to anyone who comes in who is of a weird or unusual nature. In the old days, the men bought the fans, and they'd choose brown. Now women do most of the choosing, and four times out of five they pick white. They like white fans to go against their white ceilings, because it has less of a discordant effect. Some people come in here thinking a ceiling fan is the do-all and be-all of everything. It is not. It is a *cir*-cu-la-tor. It will *cir*-cu-late air and cool an object, including a person. People have asked me to build them noisy fans to drown out noisy streets. A psychologist who had, shall we call them, *patients* once asked me to build a device to block sound from travelling into his waiting room. We had a fellow named Slater, a hypnotist, who had me build one that made a sound that helped get people hypnotized. He didn't want them to think there was anything unnatural going on, even though quite obviously there was."



"Mostly Mozart, nothing. It's all Mozart or no Mozart."

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It is Mr. Herschman's opinion that the world is going down the drain and that the ceiling-fan business has been a reasonably good position from which to observe its downward direction over the last six decades. From time to time, he issues updates on the finer points of this opinion. That afternoon, among the matters he addressed were brands of ceiling fans besides the brands he sells ("Let us not concern ourselves with the fact that three-quarters of the fans out there are trash"), his career at present ("I prefer building and fixing things, which I used to do. I could still build things if I were compelled to, and sometimes I get sentimental"), most space-shuttle experiments ("Very disappointing"), lawyers ("Robots"), accountants ("Robots"), and academe ("Maybe there are a few professors who know something, but that's only because they had a job before they went to school. We are often approached by professors about ceiling fans, and they do not grasp the reality or realistic attitudes of the problem—that's the fault of their college training").

Mr. Herschman's assistants, Theresa Carriman and Lindsay Noel, waited on the athletes, and then they told Leo that they were leaving for the day, and turned off the fans. The shop instantly became stuffy. "I don't have any fans at home," Mr. Herschman said, pushing his glasses up and squeegeeing the bridge of his nose. "I live in the Village, in a concrete building, and it's as cool as can be."

THE CHUCK SHOW

MONDAY

Donahue: Top Men Who Can't Stand It and Quit

Oprah Winfrey: A Former Lover of Mine (In Person, Along with His Wife and Three Kids)

Geraldo: The Fattest People You Ever Laid Eyes On

Darin: Cross-Dressing at the Washington *Post*

Sally Jessy Raphael: Kids from Nice Homes Who Eat Dirt

Morton Downey, Jr.: Please Don't Watch This Show if You Weep at the Sight of Cruelty!

Chuck: Parents from District 18 Discuss Bus Transportation

This was the week after Flag Day, traditionally a slow time for morning talk shows. Donahue did ambitious young Wall Street executives who suddenly cut loose and become primitive herdsmen roaming the Adirondacks and living on roots and berries and milking elk, and Oprah talked with George (who was as slim and rich and good-looking as when they couldn't keep their hands off each other and whose dumpy little wife, Sally, was very sweet about the whole thing, though it was pretty obvious that her man still had eyes for Oprah), and Geraldo did grossly obese men who must be moved by crane, three of whom were hoisted on tiptoe and danced around to the "Waltz of the Sugarplum Fairy," from "The Nutcracker," and Darin decided that even though six times as many guys at the Washington *Post* are wearing bras and panty hose as in 1969 it does not seem to affect their reporting so far, and Sally Jessy showed kids from *extremely* nice homes who were devouring dirt *by the shovelful*, and Morton Downey ran around the studio with a pickaxe and did one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of property damage.

Meanwhile, on "The Chuck Show of Television" (the Peterson Cable Network, Minneapolis) you saw four parents discussing the fact that the school had cancelled the late bus, which made it necessary for them to drive all the way into Tarryville every afternoon and pick up the kids after field-hockey practice and choir rehearsal. "It would've been nice if the process had allowed for some input from the parents," one parent said.

"*You guys are dumber than dirt! Gosh, you're a bunch of dummies! Whose dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb idea was this, anyway?*" said Chuck's producer, Al, when he saw how bad Chuck got creamed in the overnight ratings. "A zero point six! *That's as low as you can go and still be talking English! We're talking tiny!*" In fact, Chuck got beat out even by Miklo Pstachek's talk show, which is in Latvian. Mik had a woman guest who picked up and threw three spinet pianos and then lowered her head and busted through an oak door and ran down the alley with her clothes off. Mik got a one point two. By the time Al saw the overnights and sat the Chuck staff down for a meeting, however, it was Tuesday already.

TUESDAY

Donahue: Top Men You Like a Lot Until You Talk to Their Wives and Suddenly the Subject of Sex Comes Up

Oprah Winfrey: George Alone (By Audience Request) to Discuss "Sensuality and the Talk-Show Gal"

Geraldo: Big Huge Blubbery Guys in Their Poofy Dresses (Ones We Didn't Dare Show Yesterday, Afraid You'd Be Offended)

Darin: How About *Time* and *Newsweek*? Is Transvestism As Big a Problem There as an Awful Lot of People Are Saying Now?

Sally Jessy Raphael: They Eat Dirt and Touch Themselves in Bad Places

Morton Downey, Jr.: He Will Rage and Foam and Screech and Pound—He Will Rip His Clothes to Shreds and Shake the Bars of His Cage Until They Are So Loose You Are Sure He Will Jump Out in the Audience and Whomp You

Chuck: What's New These Days in Vocational Counselling in and Around Tarryville?

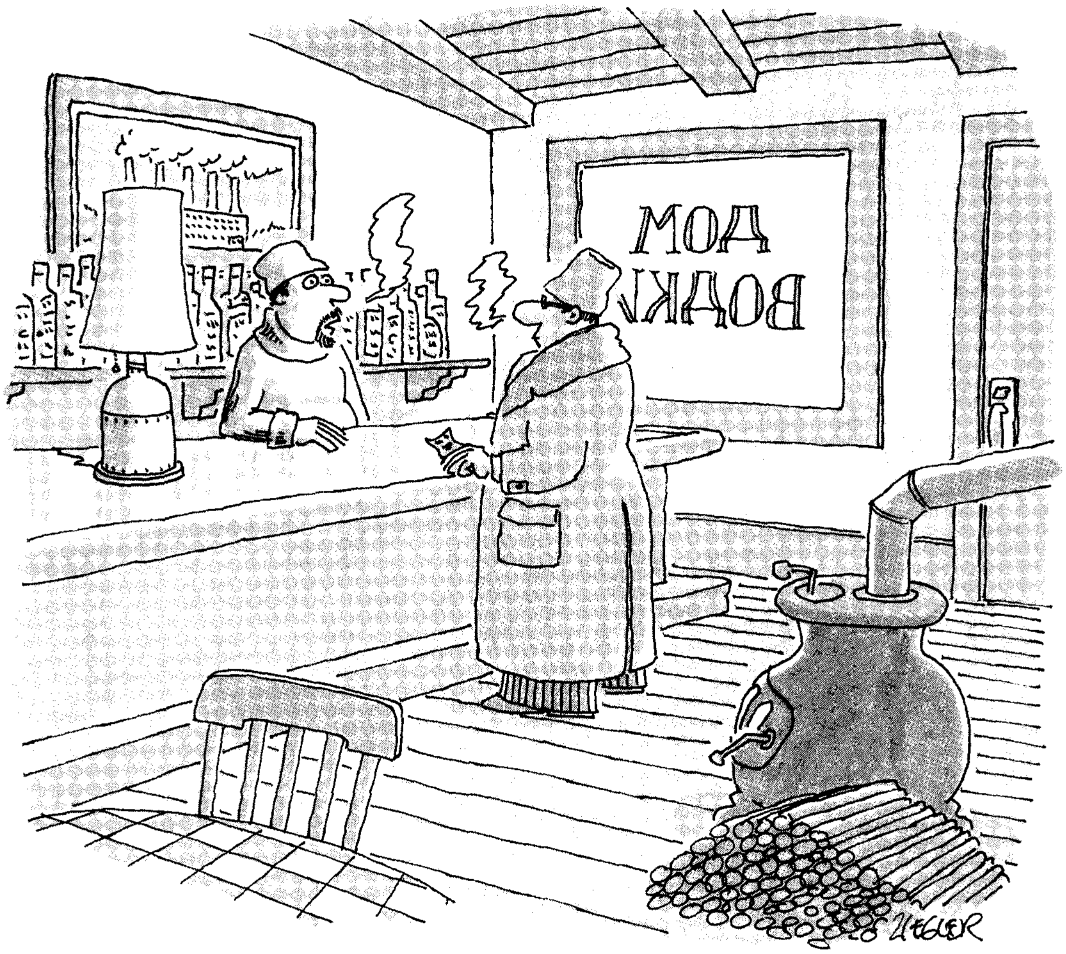
"*Who is killing this show by booking guests who are dumber than stumps?*" inquired Al when the whole Chuck crew assembled in his office on Tuesday afternoon—Mike and Melody and Fielding and Trevor and Shazzaba and Bob, all drinking coffee out of plastic cups, and each with a clipboard and a stopwatch. "*Fess up and tell me which one of you dumbbells is stiffing this show by hauling in dead meat on trucks and dumping it on Chuck.*" But in fact it had been the Chucker himself who booked those two shows, and here in the paper swamp on Al's desk was a Chuck memo saying they ought to do a show on recycling. Chuck's wife, Marge, is a lifelong recycler, a fanatic who carries a garbage bag everywhere, even to other people's garden parties, and collects cans and bottles, and one of Chuck's big interests at Peterson Cable has been recycling: he's the one who got management to put a recycling bin next to the soda machine.

"One problem is that here in Minneapolis it's hard to find that many cross-dressers—at least, any who care to come on TV and talk about it," said Fielding. "We have a few fatties, but nothing like what you see in New York or L.A. I was in New York once and I saw a man as wide as the whole sidewalk. He was driving himself along on a forklift and singing in a sweet, high-pitched voice and lifting up his T-shirt to show his belly button."

"*No more of these Dumb Dora guests or I'll throw you all out the window. We got to have some sad weird people—some people who make you go, Whoa-a-a-a—or else I'm going to start kicking some fanny around here,*" said Al. Ironically, he was an ideal guest himself—forty-seven, unable to read or write, terrified of cats, addicted to sugar, chronically depressed because of a rare disease called Phelps—but as the producer he needed to be in the control room, not sitting on the white couch sobbing over the bum hand that life had dealt him, though he could have cried plenty about his dad, who abdicated the parental role and married Al's beautiful Aunt Nora and became his uncle, a kindly but distant figure who sat on the porch chuckling and spitting but never giving the boy a smidgen of discipline. But was that the reason Al was lesbian? And did it matter? Loneliness was Al's big bugaboo. He felt like the only male lesbian in the whole world. There were no books about his ilk, not even a small brochure. The problem was apparently so unspeakably vile that nobody dared breathe a word about it. Was that why he always yelled—to cover up his unique sexuality? "*What's the matter with you people!*" he said. "*How come you can't think? You want this show to go down the toilet?*"

"I don't think it's just guests. The star has been looking a little peaked since the show started to cool off," said Bob. "We need him looking fresh and eager again, like when we had the barking spiders on the show."

True. That *had* been good. Six months after Chuck went into syndication, he had four Girl Scouts on the show, and one of them, a spider hobbyist, owned three rare barking spiders, and it was fascinating to see the tiny hairy insects and hear their unmistakable woofing and arfing. It got Chuck in papers from coast to coast, and the next day thirty-six million Americans tuned in, but his guests that day were four old farts from the Legion club who sat and grumped about high property taxes, and the Chuck show was dead in the water again. "*Animals*," said Al. "*Go out there and bring back live animals!*"



"In addition to our house vodka, we carry these distinctive imports: Gilbey's, Gordon's, Wolfschmidt, and Fleischmann's."

WEDNESDAY
Donahue: $500,000-a-Year Guys Who Come Home from Work and Lie Weeping in Dark Basements

Oprah Winfrey: George and Me and What We Said Yesterday *After* the Show—When We Thought the Cameras Were Off!

Geraldo: Will Guys This Fat Bounce if We Drop Them? Will They Roll? What Do They Look Like Hanging Upside Down?

Darin: What About the TV Anchors? Do One or Two of Them Wear High Heels During News?

Sally Jessy Raphael: Parents Who Sit and Watch Kids Stuff Fistfuls of Dirt in Their Mouths

Morton Downey, Jr.: He Escapes from His Trainer! He Leaps Into the Crowd of Innocent Bystanders! He Has a Small Child in His Hands and Is About to Crush Its Head Like a Beer Can!

Chuck: Rabbits Copulating in Cages

The rabbits belonged to Melody's brother Donald, three males and three females in heat. The males mounted the females and pumped furiously for six seconds like furry pistons and then fainted and toppled over and lay on their backs twitching, with their legs sticking up in the air, and then awoke and jumped up and remounted.

The PCN crew did some fantastic camerawork—slow-mo and stop-action and split-frame—and the minute Chuck went off the air all three major networks were calling and begging for footage. All three evening newscasts ran a story on it, and that night Al took the Chuck staff out for prime rib at Sammy's. He was so happy and got so drunk that he almost stood up and said, "I'm illiterate, sugar-dependent, catophobic, Phelps-infected, and lesbian, and every day I feel sadder than you'll ever know, but I still love you so much I could hug you to pieces!" Chuck wasn't there—he and Marge had Amnesty on Wednesday nights—but he sent a cake that said "Congratulations to a Great Bunch of Persons!"

"*The dumbest thing we could do would be to sit on our laurels at this point*," Al said. "*We've got our work cut out for us now. The hardest thing is to* stay *on top!*"

THURSDAY
Donahue: What Does It Take to Open These Men Up?

Oprah Winfrey: George—I Can't Stop Thinking About Him. It's Driven Me Off My Diet. I Sit in My $10 Million Chicago Apartment Eating Nachos and Chili Dogs and

Fried Potatoes, Getting Big As a Barn

Geraldo: Much Fatter People Than the Ones We Showed Before. Those Were Just the Tip of the Iceberg. These Fatsos Make Them Look Teeny-Weeny

Darin: I Must Confess That I Myself Am Wearing a Pink Lacy Slip Under My Suit—Would You Like to See It?

Sally Jessy Raphael: Mothers Whose Kids Eat Dirt: Should They Be Shot? Or Helped?

Morton Downey, Jr.: The Child Weeps Copiously, the Parents Scream in Terror, but It's Too Late—In Another Second, Mort Will Rip It to Shreds

Chuck: Hypnotizing Chickens

Bob's brother learned about hypnotizing chickens when he was in 4-H. You hold the chicken gently and stroke its beak until the bird's eyes cross and it goes limp in your hands. Then you can stand it up on the ground (the chicken locks its knees when it's hypnotized; nobody knows why) and it'll stand, motionless, its white feathers riffling in the breeze, the eyes focussed on the tip of the beak, until suddenly it falls over on its side. Or you can prop it against a stake.

The PCN crew shot some footage of hypnotized chickens on location at several egg ranches in the area, including the controversial segment in which a chicken under hypnosis is beheaded with an axe and tears around in circles for a full fifteen seconds, blood pouring from its neck. Some stations cut that segment from the Chuck show, and then all three networks did stories that showed the execution segment, and switchboards were jammed and Thursday night the radio call-in shows were full of it and Friday morning there were big newspaper stories and the overnight ratings showed Chuck with the highest numbers ever recorded by a daytime talk host. Phenomenal. Al burst into Chuck's office laughing and screaming, waving the survey, and what did Chuck say? He glanced at the numbers and said, "This is great. You know why? Because it gives us a platform to say some things about urban planning. I'm troubled by these Republican lobbyists and their three-hundred-thousand-dollar kickbacks on federal housing contracts, but in a larger sense I'm concerned about the whole urban picture nowadays. It's terribly serious."

Al felt sick. He thought to himself, *You dumb Chuck, we beat our brains out for you and all you can think about is your dumb agenda.*

Al went to his office and got a sawed-off shotgun out of his desk drawer and came back to Chuck's office and stood in the doorway with the muzzle pointed at his own head and told Chuck the truth. "*I cannot read or sign my own name, I am dying of Phelps, I drink three six-packs of Coke every day, my cat terrifies me at night, and all I think about is having unnatural sex with women. If you don't quit being so dumb and ruining this show, I am going to blow my head off.*"

1815

On the island of Elba
The emperor's reading Homer

On the island of Elba
As the faithful sigh or cry . . .

Is it possible, they'll ask,
Our little corporal's lost his marbles?

But, once a cuckold in his household,
Napoleon dreams of the Hundred Days . . .

Watching the sifting lens of the sun
Unravel its insistent rays

High above the ivy on the mountain,
With his bruised firecracker stammer

L'Ami de l'Humanité is
Demanding a triumphal procession . . .

Que sinistre homme!

Across the gaming tables
The Prince of Wales yawns

The Bourbons feed themselves
And think they've fed France

A thousand boyish dooms
Loll away in classrooms

Le Congrès ne marche pas,
Il danse . . .

Then giggles the emperor
That Achilles was a jerk

On the island of Elba
He's scavenging the big book . . .

Far off, a pretty bourgeois ninny,
In delirium, pees

With a bow, a blue-and-scarlet hussar
Is filling out her *carnet de bal*

—Robert Mazzocco

• •

Friday

Donahue: An Open Plea to My Wife: I Wield Vast Influence and Earn Zillions yet You and I Never

Talk Anymore and So You Have No Idea of the Depth of My Obsessive Fantasies. Love Me! Or I Will Don Female Apparel in Front of Millions!

Oprah Winfrey: Thinking About George I Put On 118 Lbs. in Four Days—but Did I *Really* Eat All Those Potatoes? Or Am I Carrying Elvis's Baby?

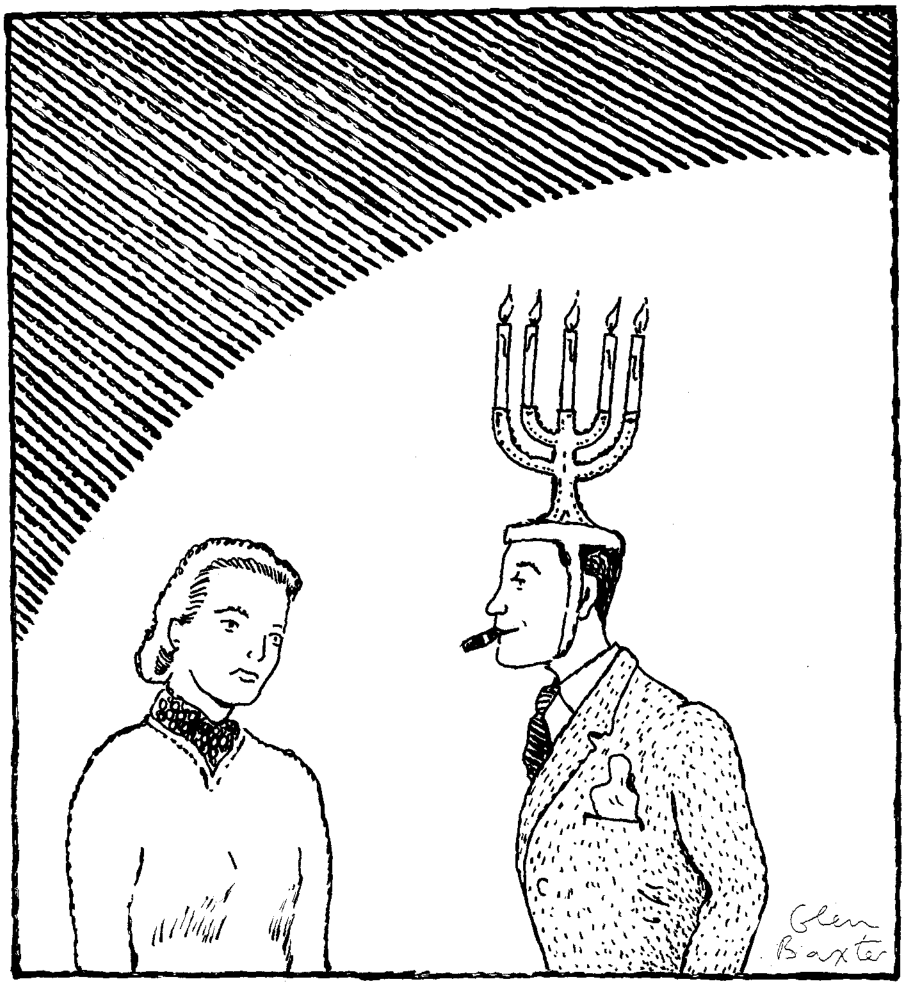
Geraldo: Obese Psychologists Discuss Inhumane Practices on Talk Shows: Is Chuck Kidnapping Cats and Torturing Them and Mutilating Their Bodies in Secret Satanic-Cult Rites? (Extremely Vivid Photographs. No Children, *Please*)

Darin: Four Topics I Refuse to Discuss on This Show, Including Bestiality, Phone Calls from the Dead, Rumors About Nuns, and My Recent Operation

Sally Jessy Raphael: You Were Right, Viewers, I Was Wrong! Millions of You Told Me, "Don't Knock It if You Haven't Tried It!"—So Today I Will! A Whole Big Bucket!

Morton Downey, Jr.: Look! A Dog Rushes In! He Barks, "Mort! Mort!" And Big Tears Run Down the Arch-Fiend's Cheeks and He Returns the Child Unharmed to Its Parents! It Is His Boyhood Dog, Chipper, Who Ran Away and Now Has Come Back! The Child Is Saved and the Monster Redeemed by the Love of a Pet!

Chuck: My Producer and My Best Friend, Al



CHESTER'S DEFINITION OF "DEBONAIR" DID NOT ENTIRELY CORRESPOND WITH THAT HELD BY CLARISSA.

• •

Al knew it was a major mistake the minute the "On Air" light flashed, but what could he do? Too late. He told everything in five minutes, and it was nothing. Male lesbianism—*big deal.* Adult illiteracy. Sugar addiction. Cat fear. Depression. Phelps. It was just a bunch of words. Noise. He wished so badly that he'd listened to the staff—the great stuff they'd gone out and found. The world's smallest horse! A cow with two heads and two separate udders with a total of ten teats! A pig with a wooden leg who rides a Harley and swims and attacks on command!

Chuck finished the week on top, and there were a hundred and eighteen press requests for personal interviews with him, but still there was quite a bit of soul-searching around Chuck Productions that afternoon. Chuck was gone—he and Marge were spending the weekend at a conference on Central America—and so was Al. His dad saw the show and called up, and they went out for dinner and drinks. Mike ran the meeting, and basically what he said was, "C'mon, guys. Lesbianism isn't what got us here. We gotta get back to basics." It was reported that Geraldo was planning a whole week on capital punishment and Donahue would do the Black Plague and Oprah the Inquisition.

"Don't worry about them," said Mike. "We're going to play our game and do what we do best. Otherwise you'll be fired and hurled naked into a vat of acid."

By five o'clock Friday, every slot on the Chuck show was filled for the next two weeks with snakes, lizards and horned toads, live rats, giant cockroaches, rabid dogs, alligators, weird neon fish with balloon eyes, mutant pets from isolated towns near Army testing sites, dogs that looked *exactly* like different celebrities, and a four-hundred-foot-long white whale, named Ruby, which was captured from the North Atlantic and which has swallowed several men (maybe six or seven) thought perhaps to be still alive inside. Doctors listening with powerful infrared stethoscopes hear what sounds like English from within. The gigantic creature will be carefully anesthetized and opened up on Monday morning at ten-thirty.

—Garrison Keillor

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MORE CLEVER BUSINESS NAMES WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

Squid Row, a tavern in Seattle, Wash.

Ash Kickers, chimney cleaners, Wichita Falls, Texas.

GHOST NIGHT

After I'd reached my late twenties and become more or less self-supporting, my father sat me down with a tumbler of bourbon and told me that when the time came I was to bury him wherever it was most convenient for me. He and I were sitting at the dinette table in the condominium in Phoenix, where we had been playing Yahtzee while my mother made dinner.

"It won't really matter to me," he said. "I'll be dead."

"I don't know," I said. "I don't *think I want to decide something like* that."

"Well, you should decide," he said. "It's the place you're going to have to visit for the next fifty years. Or the next thousand, if they figure out how to replace your organs with plastic."

My mother could hear us easily from the kitchen, which formed the lesser end of the L-shaped living room–dining area–kitchen. "Biological immortality is no longer in fashion," she said. "It went out with monorails and vacations on Mars."

She brought a platter of tortilla chips and salsa to the table. Since she and *my father retired to Arizona, she had* stopped styling her hair. She wore it pulled back in a ponytail, and she had a leathery tan. My father, prone to skin cancers, was white as the moon. They looked like a settler and his Indian bride.

"It's not really all that big a deal," my father said. "I'm sorry I brought it up."

I glanced at my mother, who shrugged away any stake in the conversation and returned to her chilis rellenos.

"Listen, Jonathan," my father said. "If your mother and I both dropped over right now, if we clutched our hearts and dropped face down in the tortilla chips, what would you do with us?"

"I don't know. I guess I'd have you sent back to Cleveland."

"That's exactly what I don't want you to do," he said. "You'll never move back to Cleveland. What would be the point of having dead parents there?"

"We lived there for years," I said. "I mean, it still seems like home."

"We spent thirty years getting out of Cleveland," he said. "That movie theatre nearly killed me, and the weather just about killed your mother. If you put me back there, I promise to come haunt you. I'll wake you up early every Saturday for the rest of your life and tell you to help me trim the hedge."

"Well, what about here?" I said. "You like it here, don't you?"

"Here I can breathe the air, and your mother has learned to make blue Margueritas. That's exactly how much Phoenix means to us."

I could not picture him buried in Arizona. It would be like a joke on him, having a grave in the Western desert with coyotes howling over his head.

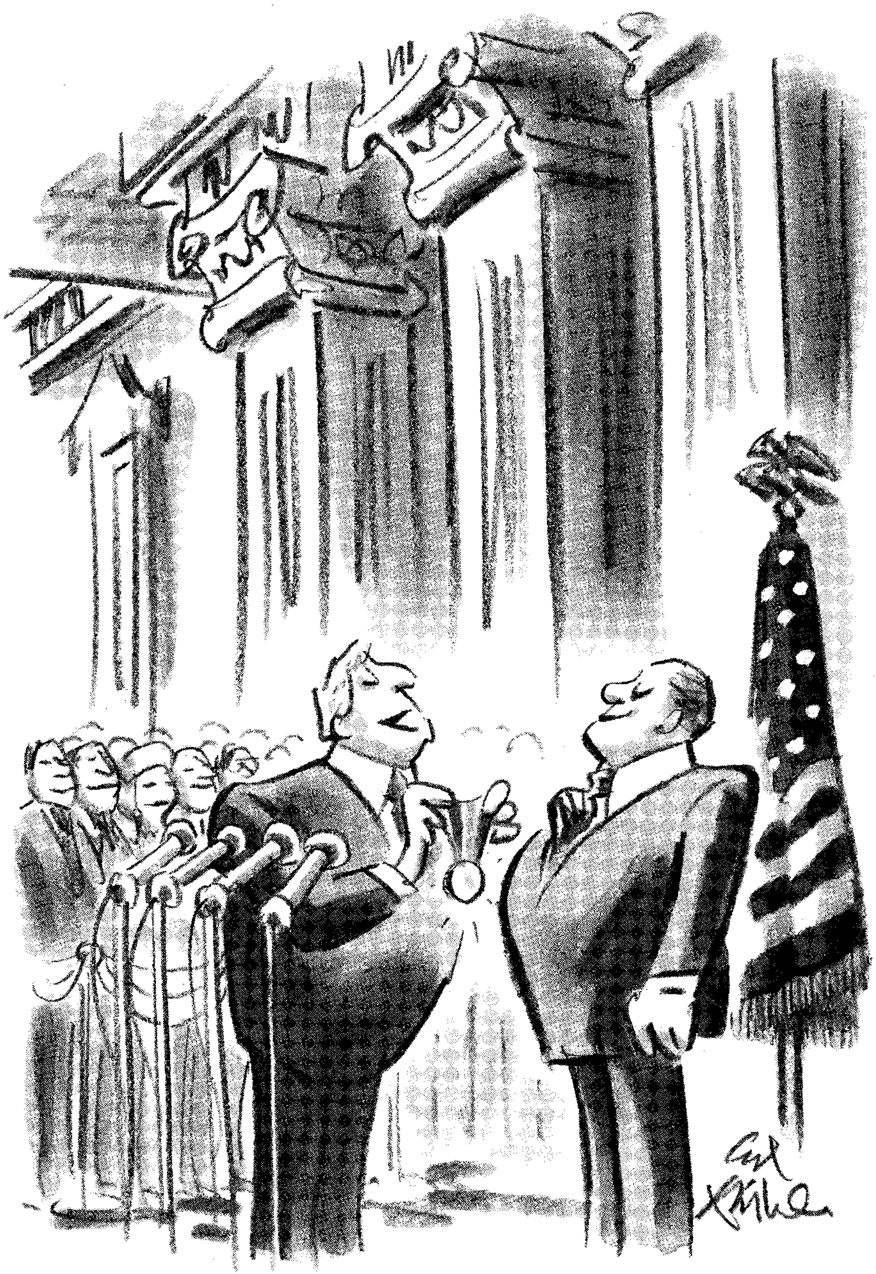
"I don't know if I can talk about this much more," I said. "I don't know what to say."

"O.K.," my father said. "How would you like to be trounced again at Yahtzee?"

"I think I'd rather lie down for a while. Do you mind?"

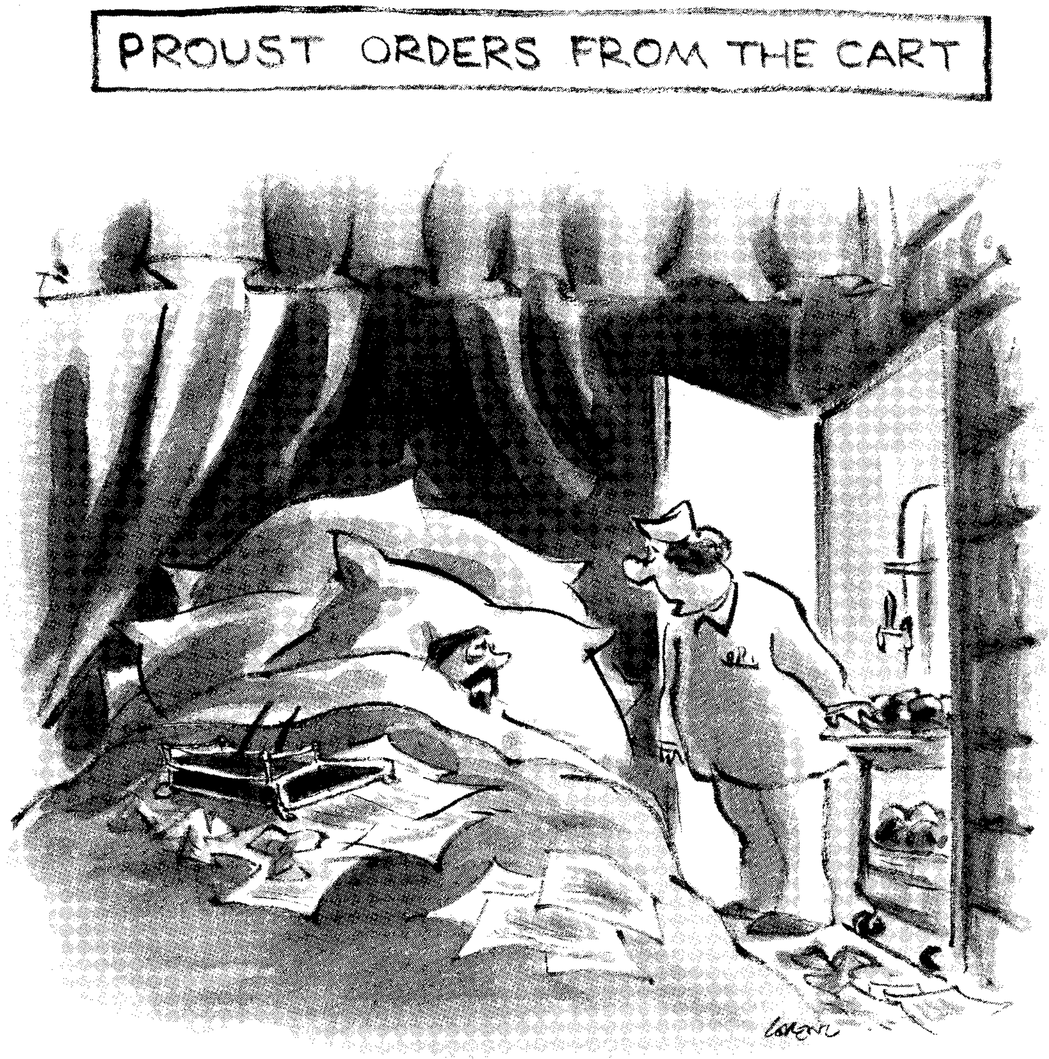
"Of course I don't mind. Are you sick?"

"No," I said. "I just want to close my eyes for a minute." I got up and went to the sofa—a near-facsimile of the Cleveland sofa, with primly knobbed maple armrests and a starched



"*. . . and for very conspicuous consumption . . .*"

Colonial skirt. My parents had bought this new one, which folded creakily out into a bed, especially to accommodate me on my visits, since their condominium had only one bedroom, as did all the others in the complex. It was a neighborhood of widows and widowers.


PROUST ORDERS FROM THE CART
Lorenz

"I'm out of madeleines, Jack. How about a prune Danish?"

• •

"Why don't you fold it out and take a nap?" my father said.

"No, I'll just lie on it like a sofa," I said. I lay down and propped a needlepoint pillow under my head. The sofa upholstery depicted red leaves, snug rust-colored cabins, and gray mallard ducks flying away in repeated series of three.

I had imagined a more extraordinary life than this.

"I'm glad you came home for a while," my father said. "You're looking a little pale, if you want to know the truth."

"Everybody in New York is pale this time of year," I said. "You don't notice how awful you look, because everybody looks like you do. Maybe I should move to Arizona."

"Why would you want to move here?" my father said, rattling the Yahtzee dice in their cup. "There's nothing for a young person to do."

"What do *you* do here?"

"Nothing. There's really nothing for anybody to do." He rolled the dice. "Small straight," he said. "Do you want another drink?"

"I don't think so."

As he went to the miniature bar to pour another for himself, I could hear the labor of his breathing. The bar, a narrow, closetlike contrivance between the living room and the dinette, displayed its neat row of bottles on a mirrored shelf. A chocolate-brown hand towel, never used, sat folded beside the miniature chrome sink.

My parents had brought their Cleveland sense of order to the desert with them. Here, where fine sand blew through the windows at night, where tumbleweed occasionally scratched at the door, the spices on the rack were kept in strict alphabetical order. Each houseplant shone with green, glossy life, and every morning my mother inspected them all, plucking dead leaves and dropping them into a plastic bag. My father had taken to hanging old pictures: his mother, a bosomy, secretive-looking woman long dead of cancer, and his father, a widower who raised two sons alone. Murky gray photographs that had languished for decades in albums stuffed in the backs of drawers now appeared on the walls, neatly chrome-framed, sealed behind non-glare glass.

"As long as you're having another drink, I guess I will, too," I said. I heard the particular gurgle the bourbon made as it flowed from the spout of the quart bottle.

" 'Atlantic City' is showing at the mall," my father said.

"We could go to the matinée tomorrow," I said. "It'd keep us out of the sun."

"Good." He brought me my drink.

"I really don't want to decide about, you know, funeral arrangements for you guys," I said.

"Don't worry about it so much. By the time we're dead you'll probably be settled down somewhere. Just bury us within commuting distance."

"What if I don't settle down, though?"

"You will. Believe me, it gets you sooner or later."

"I think I'll go see if Mom needs help in the kitchen," I said.

"O.K."

"It's just that I have no idea where I'll settle down," I said. "I could end up anywhere. I could go to Sri Lanka."

"Well, that's fine. You should travel while you're young." My father rolled the dice again, and cursed his dearth of luck.

"I'm not that young anymore," I said.

"Ha. That's what you think."

In the kitchen, my mother dried romaine lettuce with weary efficiency. She might have been diapering her tenth baby. I stood beside her at the sink. She had taken on a brittle smell, like dry leaves.

"Hey, Mom," I said.

"Will you look at what they call lettuce here?" she said. "I went to three different stores for this, and it still looks like somebody beat it all the way to Phoenix with a stick."

She delivered the complaint in a tone of skittish good cheer. On my visits to the desert, she alternated between fits of irony and folksy, high-strung friendliness.

"Pretty sad," I said.

We stood quietly as my father lifted himself from his chair and walked upstairs to the bedroom. Once he was out of range my mother said, "So. How's everything?"

"O.K. Things are O.K."

"Good," she said, and nodded enthusiastically, as if the answer had been full and sufficient.

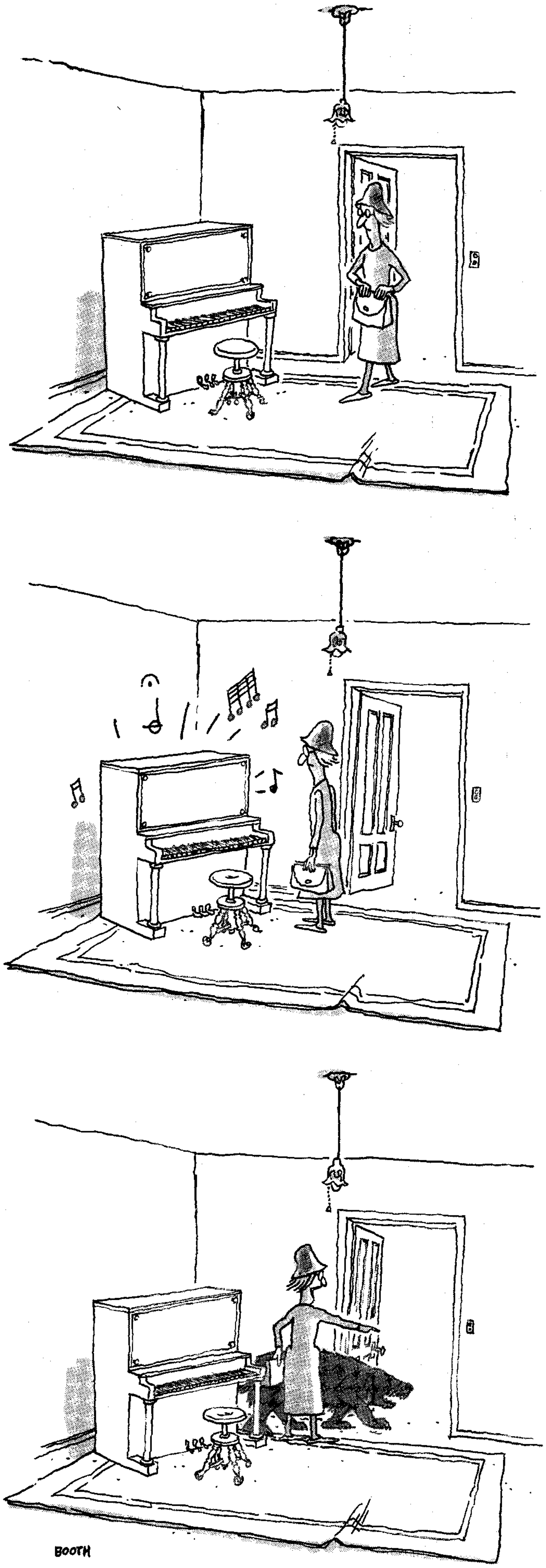
"Mom?" I said.

"Mm-hm?"

"To tell you the truth, I've been . . . Oh, I don't know. I sometimes feel so alone in New York."

"Well, I can understand that," she said. "It gets lonely, not having a kid underfoot. I was devastated when you went away to college. That's when I acquired all my hobbies."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Having *kids* isn't the way to feel like you're not alone. Do you really think that?"



She began cutting a cucumber into astonishingly thin, lucent slices. The knife blade seemed to impart illumination to the vegetable with every slice.

"I might have once," she said. "I don't think it anymore."

"You know what I've been wondering lately?" I said. "I've been wondering why you and Dad don't have more friends. I mean, when I was a kid I felt like we were marooned on another planet together. Like the family on the old TV show."

"I don't remember any show like that," she said. "If you had a baby of your own, and a house and business to run, you'd know how much energy you've got left over for running around the neighborhood meeting people. And then your kids pack up and go after eighteen years."

"Well, sure they do," I said. "Of course they do. What else would you expect?"

She laughed. "They do if you've raised them right," she said cheerfully. "Sweetheart, nobody wants you to have moved back into your old room after you graduated."

We were not a confrontational family. We did not attempt to draw one another out. As our lives changed, we strove instead to develop new ways of acting normal in one another's company.

"I've just been wondering lately if this is, you know, *it*," I said. "An apartment and a steady job and some people to love. What more could I want?"

"Sounds good to me," she said.

I asked, "Mom, when did you know you wanted to marry Dad?"

She didn't speak for a full minute. She finished with the cucumber and started in on a tomato.

Finally, she said, "Well, I still don't know if I wanted to marry him. I'm still trying to decide."

"Come on. Seriously."

"All right. Let's see. I was barely seventeen, you know, and your father was twenty-six. He asked me on our fourth date. I remember I was wearing white shoes a week after Labor Day, and I felt defiant and sort of foolish at the same time. Your father and I were sitting in his car and I was feigning contemplation when in fact I was still worrying over having worn those damned shoes, and he leaned right over and said to me, 'What if we were to get married?' Just like that."

"And you said?"

She reached for a second tomato. "I didn't say anything. I was so startled. And embarrassed, to have been worrying about my shoes at a moment like that. I remember thinking, 'I am the most trivial person who ever lived.' I told him I'd need time to think about it. And I found I couldn't think of one single reason why we shouldn't get married. So we did."

"You were in love with him?" I asked.

She pressed her lips together, as if the question had been impertinent and slightly irritating. "I was a *girl*," she said. "But yes, sure. I was wild about him. Nobody had ever made me laugh the way he could. Do you remember how serious Grandpa always was? And your father had the most beautiful thick chestnut hair then."

"You knew that of all the people in the world, he was the one you wanted to marry?" I asked. "You never worried that you might be making some sort of extended mistake, like losing track of your real life and going off on, I don't know, a *tangent* you could never return from?"

She waved the question away as if it were a sluggish but persistent fly. Her fingers were bright with tomato pulp. "We didn't ask such big questions then," she said. "Isn't it hard on you, to think and wonder and plan so much?"

From upstairs, I heard the toilet flush. I knew my father would be coming down again, ready for another round of Yahtzee. "How's he doing, really?" I asked my mother.

"Oh, up and down," she said.

"He's looked fine since I got here."

"That's because you're here. But Reuben says emphysema is funny. It can just start getting better. Like that."

"So you think he's getting better?" I asked.

"No. But he could. He could start getting better at any moment."

"And how are you?"

"Me? I'm healthy as a horse," she said. "I'm almost embarrassed by how good I feel."

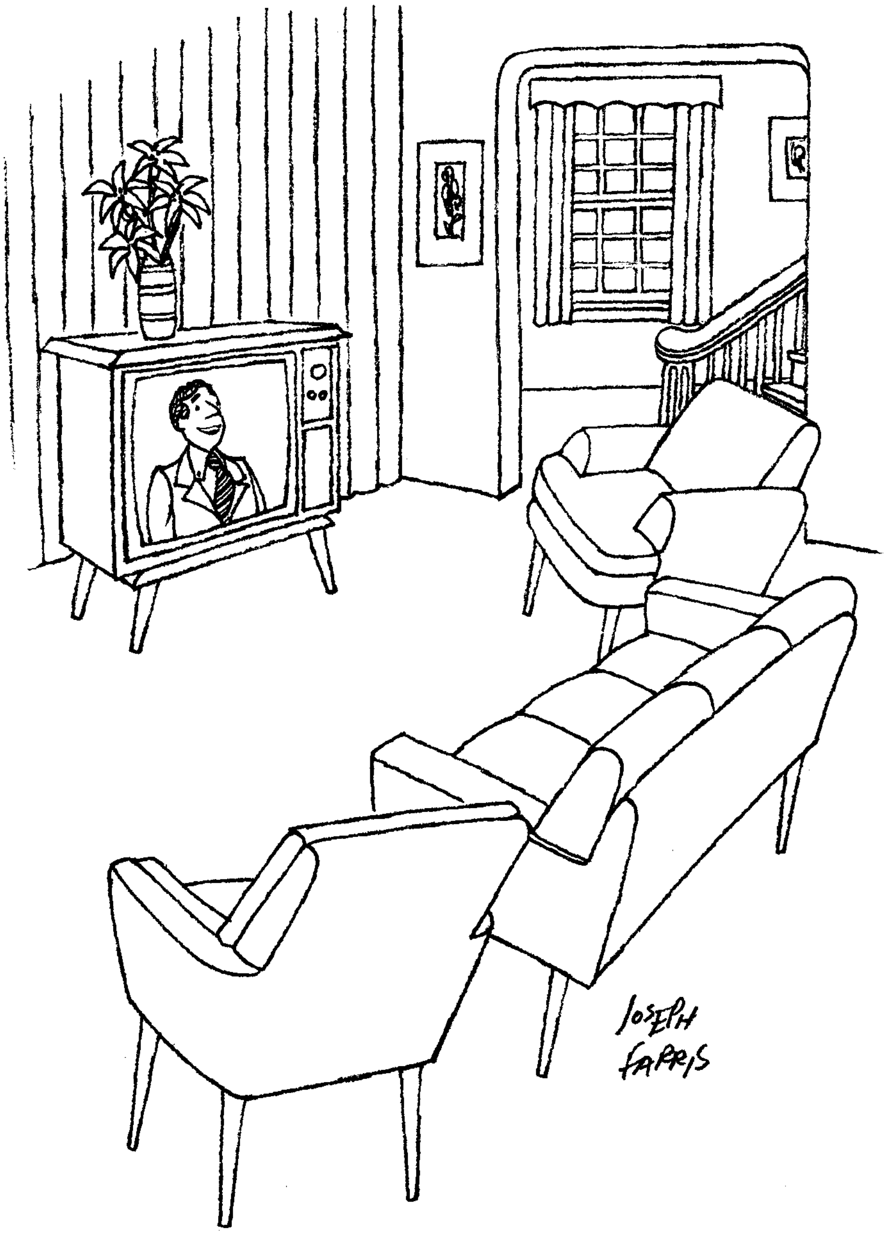
"I mean otherwise. You said you wanted to get a job here. You were talking about real-estate school."

"I should. I keep meaning to go out there and see what's what. But then your father would be alone all day. It's funny. He was always so capable when we lived in Ohio. He was at that theatre so much of the time, I suppose I just figured he liked being on his own. But now that we're here, he gets nervous if I'm at the *store* too long."

"Do you think he's getting senile?" I asked.

"No. He's just good and scared, is what he is. Your father was never all that introspective. And now, well, he wants something going on all the time. I'm like the social director on a cruise for one."

She smiled at me, rolling her eyes good-humoredly, but now the irony



"*Thank you for inviting us into your living room tonight.*"

• •

crackled through like tissue paper folded into silk.

"Two," I said. "There are two of you."

"In a manner of speaking," she said.

MY father and I went the next day to see "Atlantic City" at the Phoenix Cinema Eight. My mother, who claimed to have seen enough movies that week, stayed home to work on what she called her garden—a small plot of extravagantly watered grass and hardy, thick-stemmed flowers. When we left her she was on her way out into the heat, wearing plaid Bermudas and a faded straw hat and gardening gloves the size of Minnie Mouse's hands.

As we walked out the door my father said, "There goes the last of the gentlemen farmers." She gave him back a look she had developed since they moved to the desert: the patient, clinically affectionate look of a good nurse.

We drove to the movies in my father's Oldsmobile, a big deep-blue Cutlass, silent and ponderous as a submarine. He kept his hands on the steering wheel at three and at nine o'clock. He wore a pair of clip-on sunglasses over his ordinary glasses. Above us, the sky was a fiery, bottomless blue. Mountains shimmered in the distance, beyond the housing tracts and shopping centers. When we swerved to avoid a dead armadillo, my father shook his head and said, "Who ever expected to end up living in the desert, anyway?"

I shrugged. "Who ever expects to end up living anywhere?"

"That's too deep for me," he said, and turned into the mall's parking lot, following a line of neon cowboys on horses with flickering legs.

We were two of perhaps a half-dozen people at the movies, it being a weekday matinée. In its emptiness, the theatre reminded me of my father's old place. Although it was no more than a medium-sized room surrounded on all sides by a saffron-colored curtain, it had the same depopulated melancholy, and the same smell: mildew and old popcorn. An elderly woman two rows ahead of us turned to glance at us, because of my father's breathing, I thought. Meeting his eyes, she turned back and made a small adjustment to one of her earrings.

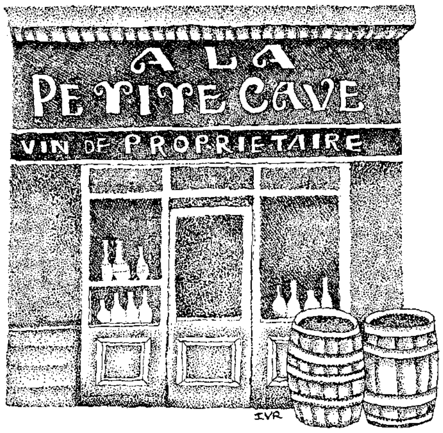
"Atlantic City" turned out to be highly satisfying, and afterward, in a shared good mood, my father and I browsed through the mall. It was a big mall, with a central oasis where floodlighted palms dipped their fronds into a fountain. The aged sat on benches, their lavender hands draped over their canes. Nearby, a smiling man in a pale-orange suit demonstrated the organ. "Arizona is the state of the living dead," my father told me. He hustled me past the interior grotto and into a Montgomery Ward, to see what was on sale.

We looked at stereos, miniature television sets, and aluminum window frames. We looked at power mowers arrayed on a field of Astroturf. "This is a good machine," he said, trying the hand brakes on a bright-red one.

"I'd rather have a Turf Titan," I said, referring to a crimson monster the size of a small tractor. "Look, you can ride on it."

"That's ridiculous for a young person," he said. "This one here is a third the price."

We so vividly impersonated customers that a young salesman with a baldness-concealing haircut strode over and began describing the virtues of a model more expensive than the one my father had picked. As the salesman worked through his spiel, a slender woman walked by carrying twins in a knapsacklike contraption. She was less than beautiful, with shaggy matte brown hair and a sharp, shrewd little chin. Her eyes—her whole body—looked tired in a profound, almost permanent way, as if no amount of rest would ever quite restore her. Still, she possessed an air of inevitability—a surefooted self-assurance that lent weight to the bright odorless aisle she walked in search of the correct yard tool. Her twins stared with puzzled absorption at the empty air directly in front of them. As she browsed her way along the aisle, I thought of how firmly anchored her life must be, for all its domestic hardship. A year from today her twins would be walking and speaking. A year from today she would know exactly how much time had passed.



She turned and disappeared into Lawn Furniture. The salesman pointed out safety features, indicating with his hands the three sensitive spots that rendered the mower incapable of snatching up an arm or leg and giving it back as a spray of blood and bone chips. His hands were white and thin, the thumbs so curved it seemed they must hurt him.

My father and I listened attentively, promised to think about it. My father, nodding as he received the salesman's card, looked waxily pale under the

REASSURANCE IN A HOT SUMMER

The woman and the dragon in the sand-colored room
are here forever, are here forever.
Regards, regards forever from one of the two.

The dragon the color of flame, the woman of salt
in a roomful of air, a room of sand:
the dragon is long and fierce, the woman is tall,

their arms are chalk or foam. They hold each other.
They feed one another sugar or flame.
Too sweet and hot and blind are the words they utter.

They and their days are covered with sand and water.
Merged and turning to bottle-green glass,
they hold us dear as wine as the days grow hotter.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

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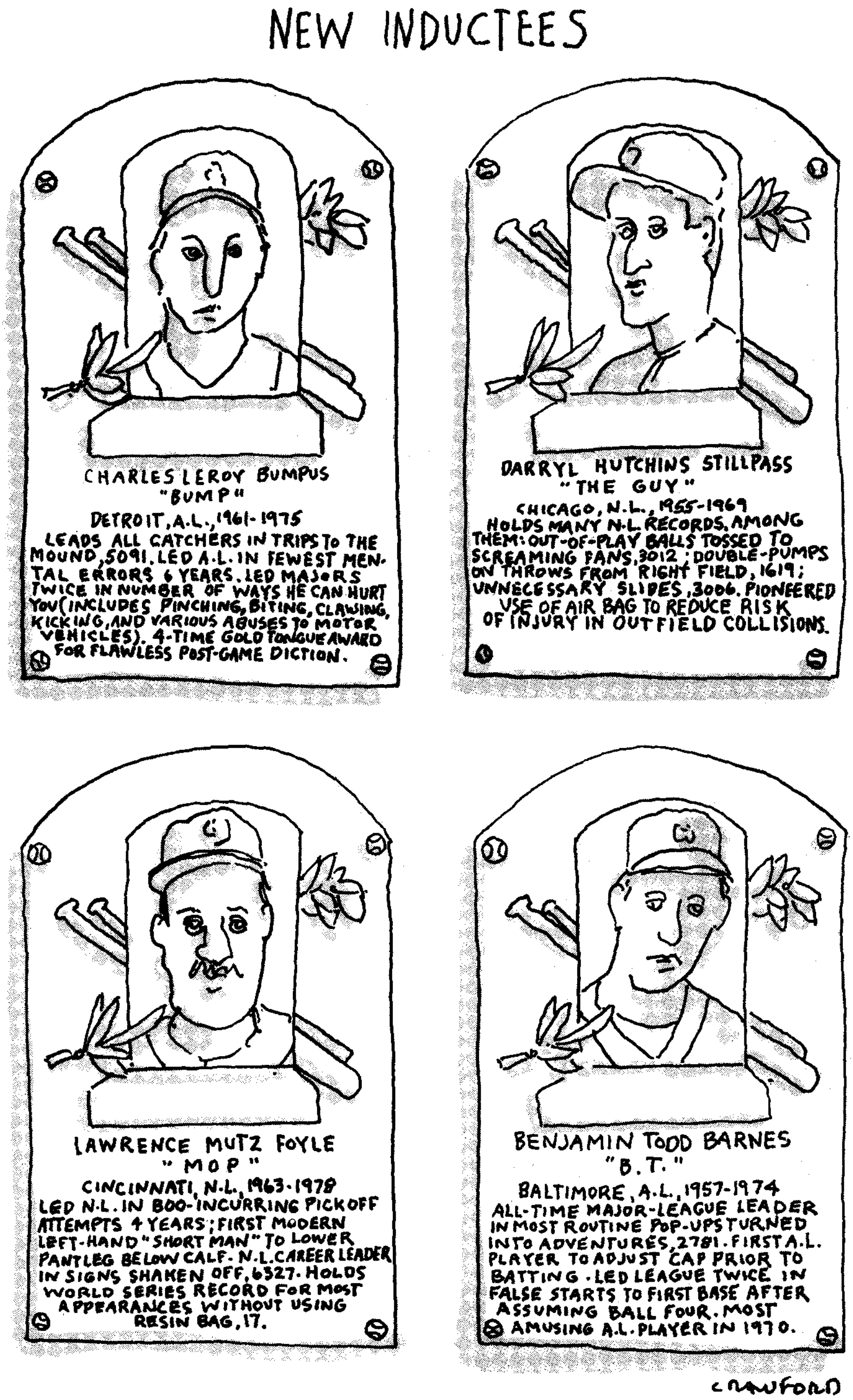

NEW INDUCTEES
CHARLES LEROY BUMPUS
"BUMP"
DETROIT, A.L., 1961-1975
LEADS ALL CATCHERS IN TRIPS TO THE MOUND, 5091. LED A.L. IN FEWEST MENTAL ERRORS 6 YEARS. LED MAJORS TWICE IN NUMBER OF WAYS HE CAN HURT YOU (INCLUDES PINCHING, BITING, CLAWING, KICKING, AND VARIOUS ABUSES TO MOTOR VEHICLES). 4-TIME GOLD TONGUE AWARD FOR FLAWLESS POST-GAME DICTION.
DARRYL HUTCHINS STILLPASS
"THE GUY"
CHICAGO, N.L., 1955-1969
HOLDS MANY N.L. RECORDS. AMONG THEM: OUT-OF-PLAY BALLS TOSSED TO SCREAMING FANS, 3012; DOUBLE-PUMPS ON THROWS FROM RIGHT FIELD, 1619; UNNECESSARY SLIDES, 3006. PIONEERED USE OF AIR BAG TO REDUCE RISK OF INJURY IN OUTFIELD COLLISIONS.
LAWRENCE MUTZ FOYLE
"MOP"
CINCINNATI, N.L., 1963-1978
LED N.L. IN BOO-INCURRING PICKOFF ATTEMPTS 4 YEARS; FIRST MODERN LEFT-HAND "SHORT MAN" TO LOWER PANTLEG BELOW CALF. N.L. CAREER LEADER IN SIGNS SHAKEN OFF, 6327. HOLDS WORLD SERIES RECORD FOR MOST APPEARANCES WITHOUT USING RESIN BAG, 17.
BENJAMIN TODD BARNES
"B.T."
BALTIMORE, A.L., 1957-1974
ALL-TIME MAJOR-LEAGUE LEADER IN MOST ROUTINE POP-UPS TURNED INTO ADVENTURES, 2781. FIRST A.L. PLAYER TO ADJUST CAP PRIOR TO BATTING. LED LEAGUE TWICE IN FALSE STARTS TO FIRST BASE AFTER ASSUMING BALL FOUR. MOST AMUSING A.L. PLAYER IN 1970.
CRAWFORD

fluorescence of Montgomery Ward. Hard white light shone through his thin hair onto the scalp beneath. As soon as the salesman had finished I hurried my father out of the store and bought him a drink in the hushed darkness of a steak house. A sign planted in a bucket of plastic tulips said that the "Early Bird Specials" were now in effect. We were the only bar customers at that hour.

"That kid in there was full of beans," my father said over his bourbon. "For an extra hundred dollars all you really get is a bigger grass catcher. You could have a grass catcher custom made for less than a hundred dollars."

"I haven't got a lawn anyway," I told him.

"Well, when you get one, you should know what lawnmower to buy."

"If I ever have a lawn, then you and I can do some serious mower shopping."

"I may not be around then," he said. "I may as well help you get the information now."

"Listen," I said. "I really don't know if I'm the lawn type. I don't have any plants. I don't even own a car."

"That Olds has less than forty thousand miles on it," he said. "It should still be in good shape when you get it someday."

"I didn't mean I *want* a car. I didn't mean I feel the lack. Nobody in New York has a car. I can afford a cab when I need to get somewhere."

"And you're pretty happy out there?" he asked.

"Yes. I mean, I guess so. Sure."

"That's all I care about. You can turn the Olds into a birdbath if you like. I just want you to be happy."

I drew in a breath, feeling prodigally—almost obscenely—healthy. I'd been waiting most of my life for him to express desires more detailed and possible than his single overriding wish: that I be completely happy, every minute.

"Excuse me, please," I said. "I've got to go to the men's room."

"I'll be right here," he said.

The bathrooms were at the front of the restaurant, behind the cashier's station. I realized that instead of going to the men's room I could walk out the front door without my father's knowing it, and I did so, with no hesitation and no reason beyond the simple fact that it was possible. I stepped through the smoked-glass door into the even, shadowless light of the mall's main concourse. I stood for a moment, blinking in the sudden brightness, as the door sighed shut behind me. When it had closed, a sensation of wild possibility opened up in me; a giddy vertiginous feeling. I threaded my way among the shoppers to the mall entrance, and passed through the hydraulic doors into daylight proper. The parking lot was filling up with husbands and wives just released from their jobs—golden afternoon sun gilded the windshields and radio antennas of their cars. It was an autumnal light without a hint of autumn's chill. I walked, thinking of nothing in particular, over the parking lot's western range to the line of stunted Joshua trees that separated the mall from the highway. Beyond the highway stood a scattering of mobile homes, and beyond the mobile homes was the desert, an immense cactus-studded flatness rimmed with irregular red mountains. I thought I would cross the highway and walk into the desert. I didn't think of motives or consequences. I saw for the first time that one could walk away on little more than a whim. You could elect to leave behind your father's death, your mother's ironic loneliness, your entire coalescing future. You could find a job and a room under a new name in a strange city, walk its boulevards without fear or embarrassment. I stood for a while, watching the desert as the cars whizzed by.

It was my father who called me back. Or, rather, it was the thought of his growing agitation as I failed to return. I didn't mind so much the idea of him searching the empty men's room, looking around Ward or Penney's and finally calling the police. I didn't mind thinking of the actions he would take. What I could not abide was the idea of him right at that moment, alone with his drink at the steak house, just beginning to realize something must be wrong. I jogged across the parking lot and had to stand for a minute in front of the restaurant, catching my breath.

When I returned to the table, he said, "Are you all right? I was about to go in there after you."

"I'm fine," I said. "A little indigestion."

"You don't look all that well," he said. "Maybe we'd better get you home."

"Nope. I am perfectly, perfectly fine. I guess I'm not really used to drinking in the afternoon."

The waitress, a woman about my age, wearing powder over bad skin, laughed at something the bartender said. They both smoked cigarettes. The bartender was a middle-aged man with the hopped-up, rampantly friendly look of a terrier. His reflection hovered in the smoked mirror behind the bar, dark as a figure suspended in ice. Above the illuminated bottles, a team of small plastic Clydesdales pulled a miniature beer wagon in an eternal circle.

THAT night after dinner, when my father pulled out the Scrabble set, I asked if he'd like to go for a walk instead. "There's no place to walk to," he said. "It's solid condos for miles around."

"Go on, Ned," my mother said. "Reuben said a little exercise might be good for you."

"Just a short one," I added. "Ten minutes."

He stood with a dry, papery expenditure of breath. "All right," he said. "But don't think you're getting out of Scrabble this way."

"I'm going to hit the bathroom for a minute," I said. "Be right back."

"This kid is in the bathroom more than he's out of it," my father said to my mother.

"I'm twenty-seven," I said.

In the bathroom, which was papered in pert orange rosebuds, I splashed cold water over my face. I just stood there for a while, under the low hum of the fluorescent panel. I did not look at myself in the mirror. I looked instead at the wallpaper, its rosebuds arranged in soldierly lines, each suspended over a single olive-drab leaf.

At nineteen, I had gotten tattooed—a miniature Japanese-style wave cresting just below my collarbone. At twenty I'd left Brown for a couple of years and gone to a school for blackjack dealers in Lake Tahoe. I'd thought I could turn into the kind of person who would do a thing like that. And now here I was, standing in a bathroom in Phoenix, with no idea of what to do with my father, either alive or dead. I'd never expected to find myself in such a usual situation. I stayed in the bathroom as long as I credibly could. I flushed the toilet twice by way of explanation.

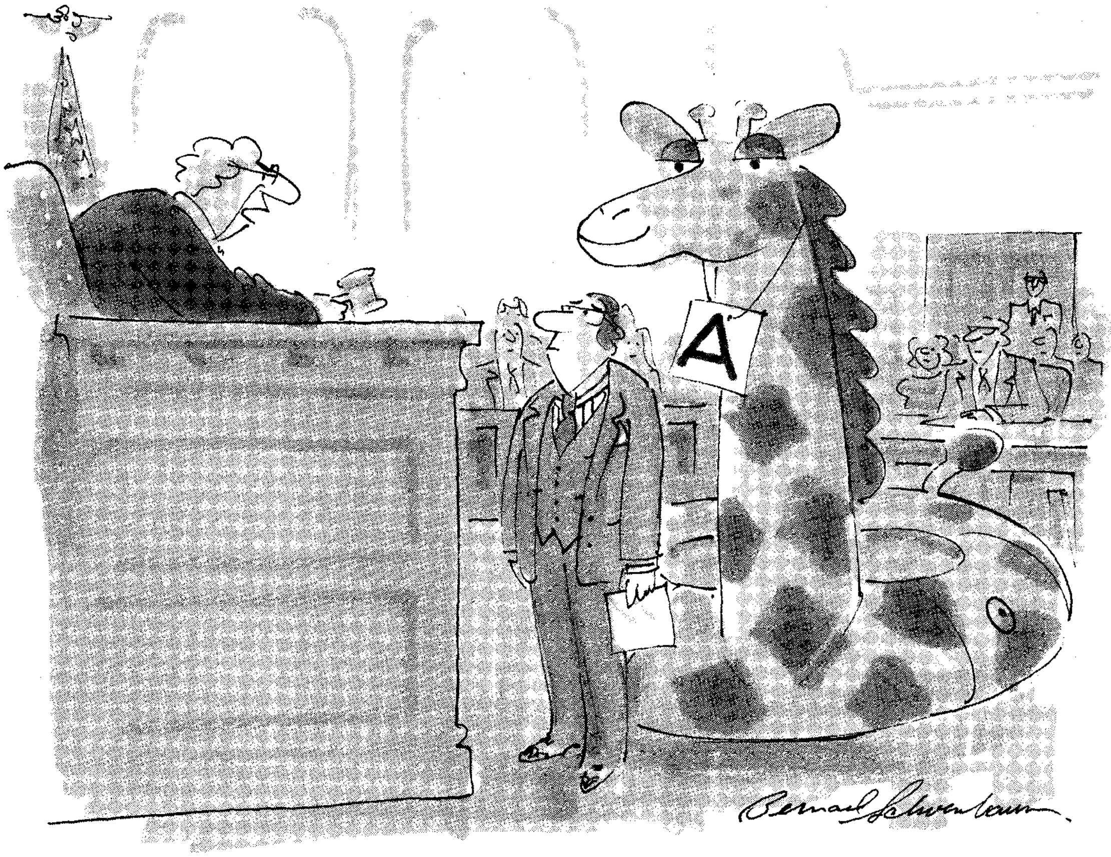
When I came out again my father said, "You sure you're all right?"

"I'm great," I said. "Come on, let's go for that walk."

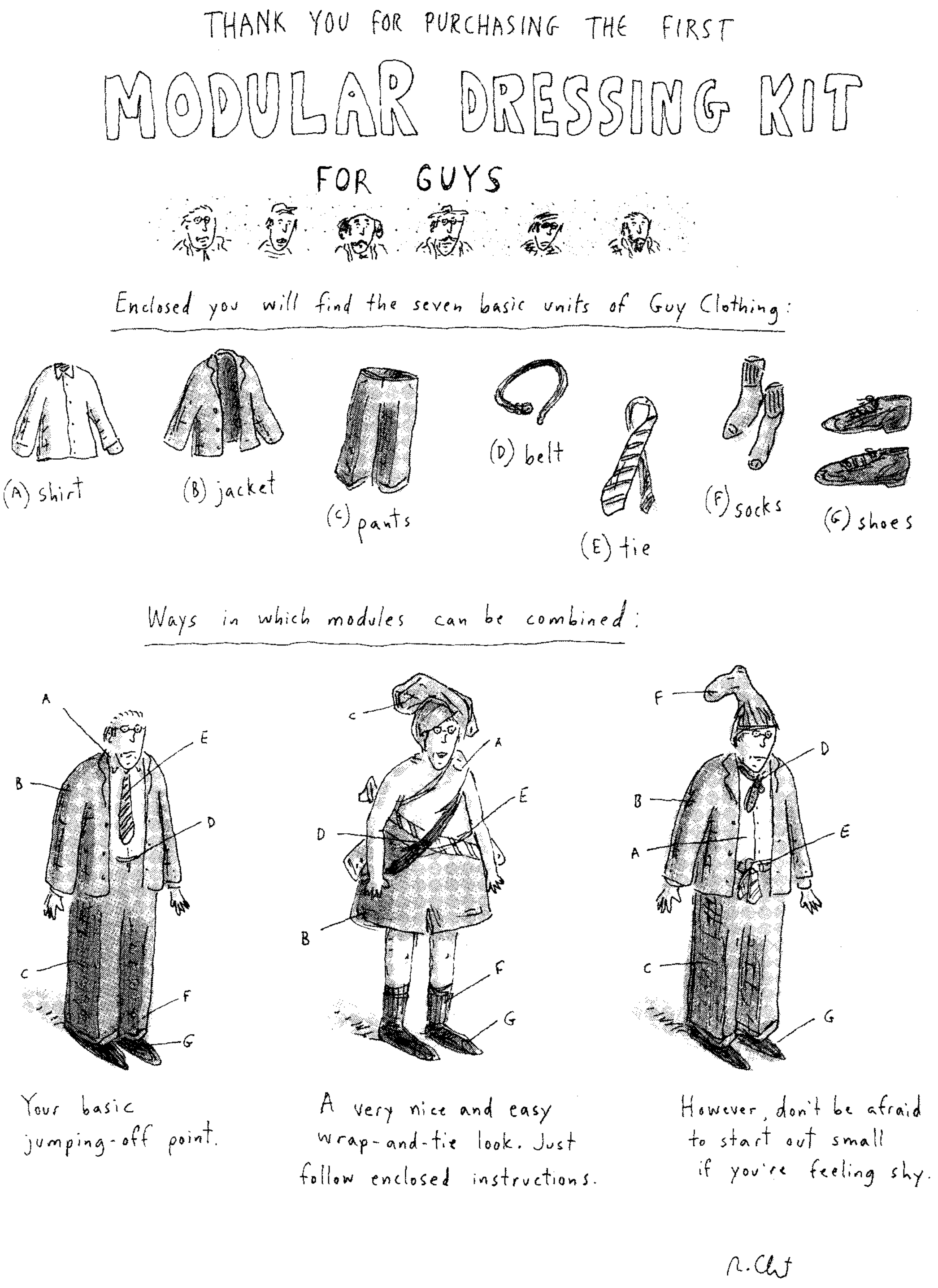
Outside it was a clear Arizona night, crazy with stars. When we reached the street my father said, "Which way do you want to go? There's nothing in either direction."

"Left, then."

We went left. On both sides of the road, windows glowed in the



"It would please the court if the air could be let out of Exhibit A."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snug, parchment-colored houses. My father started softly singing "Give My Regards to Broadway," and I joined in. After we'd gone a couple of blocks I said, "If we cut between two of these buildings, we'd be out in the desert, wouldn't we?"

"Snakes out there," my father said. "Scorpions."

The idea that Ned Glover, former Ohio theatre owner, lived in the same place as snakes and scorpions was so impossible that I laughed out loud. My father must have thought I was laughing at his caution. Saying, "Well, I hope you've got good thick shoes on," he headed out between two houses toward the open country.

I hung back, wondering about the snakes. My father walked twenty yards or so, turned and beckoned to me, then walked on. When he passed from the shadow of the buildings into desert starlight the wind blew his hair straight up. It was like seeing him emerge from a tunnel. I trotted after him, checking the ground as I went.

"Are there really snakes?" I asked.

"Yep. Rattlers. Mrs. Cohen two doors down found one drowning in her Jacuzzi."

We walked into the desert together. The ground was level as a movie set, spouting here and there the spiky black starburst of a yucca. Ahead of us stood the flat-topped mountain range, which brightened as it rose toward the sky. In the deep shadows at its base a few pale, watery lights shone—hermits' lanterns or Navajo ghosts or aliens setting up camp.

"Nice night," he said.

"Beautiful. Dad?"

"What?"

"Nothing," I said.

I had a feeling he might not live much longer, that without warning one of my visits would turn out to have been the last. There were things I wanted to ask him, but I could never seem to get them phrased in the condo or the Oldsmobile or the shopping mall. I had hoped for more resolve out here under the stars.

"Cat got your tongue?" he said.

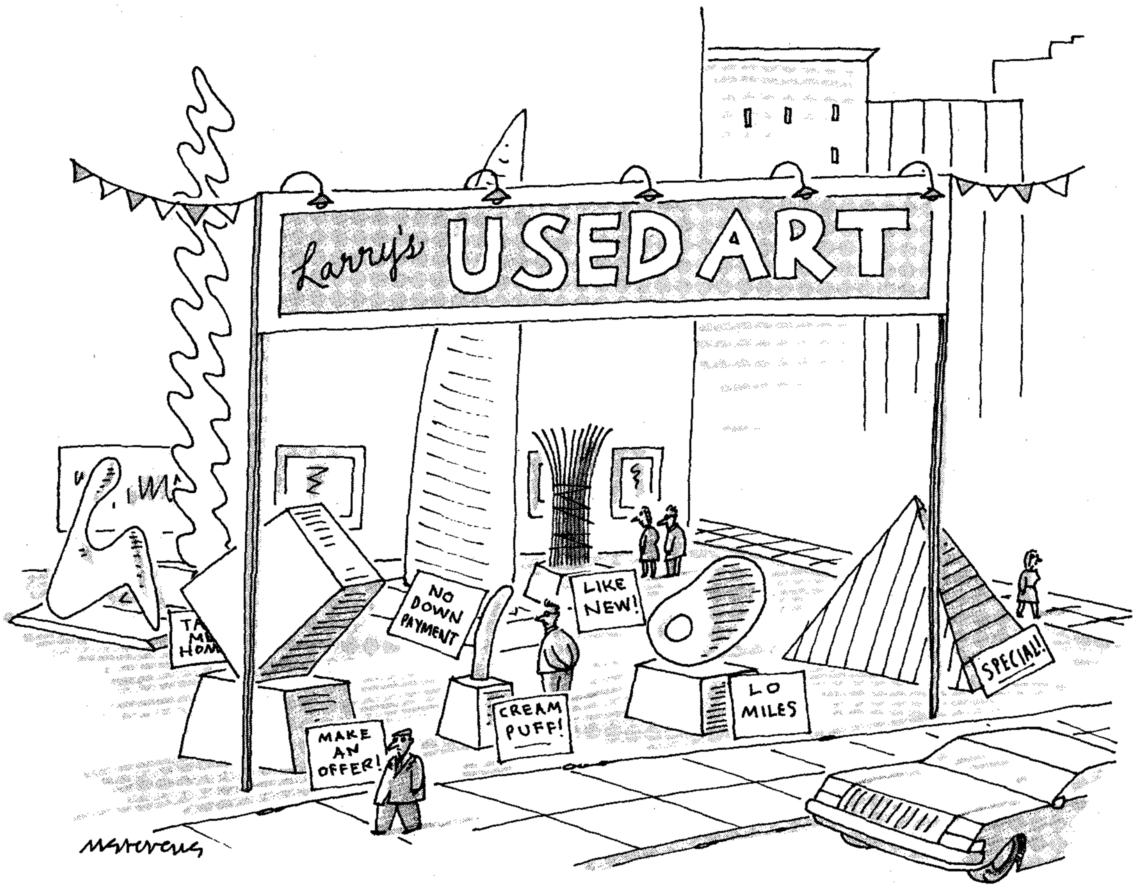
"I guess so."

I was still struggling to invent an alternative version of myself, someone proud and unflinching who could gaze levelly at his father and tell him his last secrets. I wanted him to know me; to have *seen* me. I'd been waiting until I was settled and fulfilled, so as to present myself in terms of a happiness he might understand. But time kept shortening itself.

My father said, "I've been thinking about that lawnmower."

"What about it?"

"It's such a good deal. Maybe tomorrow we'll go back and get it, and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I can keep it here until you need it."

"Would you use it in the meantime?"

"Me?" he said. "What have I got to mow my rock garden? We've got that big two-car garage—there's plenty of room."

"You mean on the off chance I ever have a lawn, I'm going to come out here and pick up this ten- or twenty-year-old mower?"

"They only make things worse and worse," he said. "Do you know how much your mother would give to have her old Hoover upright back again? You can't buy one like that anymore. Now vacuums are all made out of plastic."

"You're not serious about this," I said.

"Sure I'm serious. You'll inherit everything in that house anyway—why not inherit a good lawnmower at some future time when the only ones you can buy are made of rubber?"

"I don't want a lawnmower," I said. "Really. Thanks for offering."

"Maybe I'll buy it anyway," he said. "Then it'll be there, and if you don't want it, you can give it to the Salvation Army or whatever."

"Dad, I don't want the mower," I said.

"Well, wait and see."

"I don't want a power drill, or a microwave, or a Mercury sedan. I don't want season tickets to the Indians. I don't want a Rototiller, or a rod and reel, or a thermos that keeps coffee hot all day."

"Now, now," he said. "No need to get excited."

"What I'd really like," I said, "is to know what happened to me. Why am I so unhappy all the time?"

His face clenched up. It was a familiar expression of his, this gathering of the facial muscles under the skin—it happened when he was confronted by the contrary or the inexplicable. His face actually appeared to pucker and shrink as his features worked their way toward center. He *might* have been straining to see through a keyhole from a distance of several feet.

"You'll find yourself," he said. "You're still young, it takes time."

"What *happened*? You were there, you must have seen it. I keep thinking there must be something I don't remember. I've made a life. I have a decent job, I've got lovers and friends. So why do I feel so separated from everyone? Did you do something to me? I won't *hold it against you.* I just need to know."

He paused to take in a gulp of air. His face continued to shrink.

"I loved you," he said. "I worked hard. I don't know, I must have made mistakes. Your mother and I took the best care of you we could."

"Well, I know you did," I said. "I know. So how have I turned out so miserable?"

"You don't necessarily need a reason," he said. "I mean, sometimes—"

"Just answer the question."

"I couldn't tell you," he said. His eyes went glassy, and his mouth hung slightly open. I saw, suddenly, that he had once been a child himself. What was he remembering? There would of course have been *some*thing—a spasm of hatred when I would not stop crying, some meanness born of jealousy. Some little act or omission, a brief ordinary failure of love that would not, in the end, explain anything.

We stood for a while in silence, which was rare for us. Ordinarily my father and I avoided silence. We were both good talkers, and we knew how to keep the air around us thoroughly occupied with talk or games or snatches of song. The sickle shape of a hawk skated over the stars. An empty 7UP can gleamed in the moonlight like something precious.

"Dad, listen," I said.

He did not reply. It was only then that I realized how he was straining for breath.

"Dad?" I said. "Are you O.K.?"

His face was dark, his eyes unnaturally large as he concentrated on pulling in air. He had the shocked look of a fish yanked out of the water into a world of piercing, unbreathable light.

"Dad? Can you talk?"

He shook his head. My first thought

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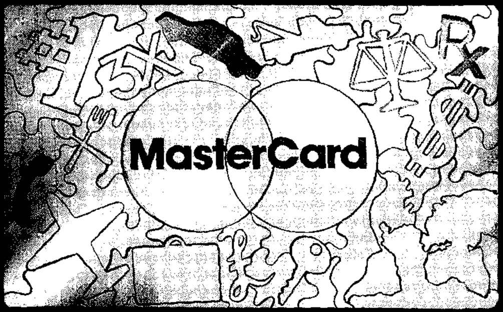

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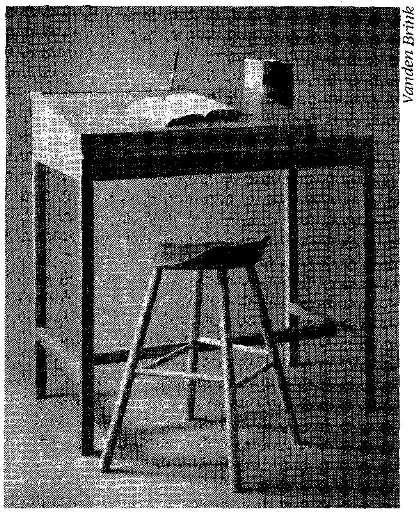
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was of flight. I could still get away; I could deny everything. No one need ever suspect me.

"Dad," I said helplessly. "Oh, Dad, what should I do?"

He gestured me closer. I took hold of his shoulders, inhaling his whiskery, cologned smell, which had not changed since I was a baby. His lungs squeaked like a balloon being vigorously rubbed.

Carefully, as if he were made of porcelain, I helped lower him to a sitting position. I sat beside him, holding him, on the talcummy earth.

So this is it, I thought. This is my father's death. I did not know how to help, what to do; where to bury him. I stroked his wispy hair, which had once been thick and prosperous enough to base a marriage on.

I opened my mouth to speak, and realized I had nothing to tell him. All I could think of was the deathbed clichés, which any stranger might have offered. Still, I offered them. The alternative was to let him die in silence.

"It's all right," I said. "Everything's all right."

He could not speak. His face was darkened and enlarged by the effort of his breathing.

I said, "Don't worry about Mom or me. We'll be fine. Everything's all right, really. Everything's fine."

I couldn't tell if he heard me. He seemed to have gone so far inside himself, to have withdrawn from his own brain and focussed his very being on the insufficient action of his lungs. I kept stroking his head and shoulders. I kept telling him everything would be all right.

And, after a while, he recovered. The air started catching in his lungs again, and his face, minute by minute, lost its wild, strangled quality. We sat together in the dirt while his lungs, worn thin as cheesecloth, somehow managed once again to negotiate the passage of oxygen.

Finally he was able to say, "Guess I overextended. I got a little carried away there."

"You'd better stay here," I said. "I'll go get help."

He shook his head. "I'll be all right," he said. "We just have to walk back very slowly. O.K.?"

"Sure. Of course. Dad, I'm sorry."

"What for?"

I helped him to his feet, and we began the long walk home. It would take us over an hour to cover a distance we'd managed in twenty minutes on the way out. Stars fell overhead.

WHEN I was fifteen, my father and I drove to Chicago together on a shopping trip and got caught in a storm on our way back. Rain fell in sheets; the sky deepened to the opaque green-gray that breeds tornadoes. It got so bad we pulled off at a rest area overlooking a muddy lake backed by the vast green of a barley field. Rain hammered on the roof and hood of our car. We sat in silence, occasionally clearing our throats, until a flick of lightning turned the lake's surface a brief, livid yellow. Then we both started to laugh. The lightning might have been the punch line of a long, complicated joke. When we were through laughing we talked about my future, about the possibility of getting a new dog, and about our ten favorite movies. After the storm passed we drove home with the radio playing and the windows open. Later we would learn that a tornado had in fact touched down in the vicinity, and had flattened a water tower and an Amish cemetery not twenty miles from where we'd been parked.

Now we walked together, very slowly, through the blue-white desert night. "Dad?" I said.

"Yes, son."

"Maybe we can go to another movie tomorrow. I hear 'Chariots of Fire' isn't too bad."

"Fine. You know me, I'm always good for a movie."

Unfamiliar insects produced a soft but insistent chirp, a crisp whir like the sound the earth itself might make rolling through the darkness if we all kept quiet enough to hear it. The lights of the condominium complex shone. They were not far away. Still they looked almost too real and close to touch. They were like holes punched in the night, leaking light from another, more animated world. My father and I might have passed over unaware into the realm of the dead, like television characters who believe they have survived an accident. For a moment I knew what it would be like to be a ghost—to walk forever through a silence deeper than silence, to apprehend but never quite reach the lights of home.

—MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

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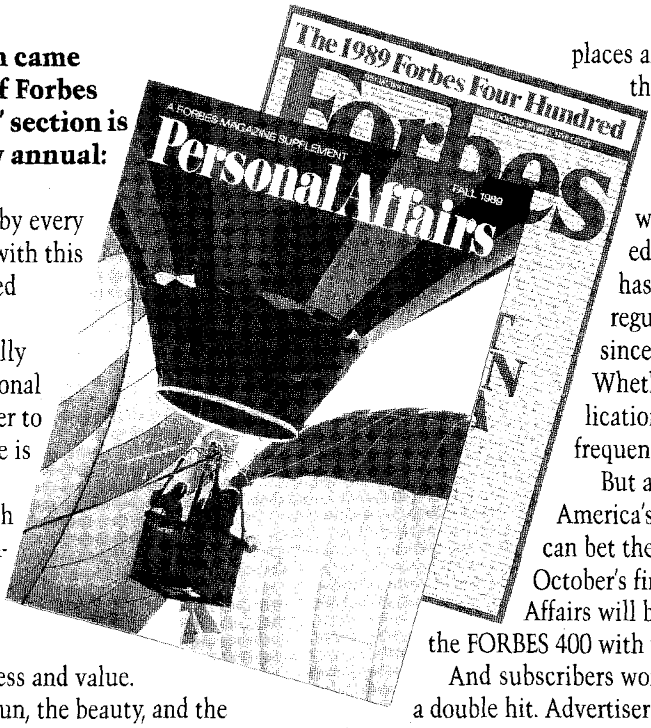

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BIG SUGAR—II

IN the fall of 1941, a number of black men in Mississippi and Alabama accepted invitations from recruiters or answered ads for work at the United States Sugar Corporation. An advertisement that circulated in Memphis said:

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Among those in Alabama who responded was Allen Slayton, of Tuscaloosa. A man from the sugar company told Slayton he would make thirty dollars a week in the cane fields. He left Tuscaloosa with other recruits in a truck provided by the company on a Tuesday at two in the afternoon. They were given their first food the next evening. The following night, they got more. The next afternoon, they arrived in Clewiston, where they were told that each of them owed the company eight dollars for the ride. In addition, each was charged seventy-five cents for a blanket, fifty for a cane knife, and thirty for a file. Mornings, the men were roused at three-thirty, given a small breakfast, and taken to the fields at four-thirty. At eleven-thirty, they were given a short break, then worked until dark. Slayton was paid a dollar-eighty for his first few days, then two dollars for a couple of days, then a dollar-twenty. The water supplied in the fields was dirty. For fresh water, the cutters paid the company five cents a gallon. They worked every day of the next several weeks. Word passed among them that they would be killed if they were caught trying to escape, and that if they made it to the road they would be arrested for vagrancy and put in jail. Slayton asked the supervisor if he could leave; the supervisor tried to discourage him. Slayton was bitten on the hand by a snake or a spider and the wound became infected. For four days, he asked to see a doctor but was ignored. His hands were swollen and he could not work. Another cutter, trying to treat him, cut open one of his hands, and Slayton was then taken to a doctor. Slayton's sister drove from Tuscaloosa to get him. Slayton asked again if he could leave. The supervisor asked if he planned to leave all this free doctoring behind, and then said he could go. Nine other cutters slipped out through one of the fields and joined Slayton and his sister in her car.

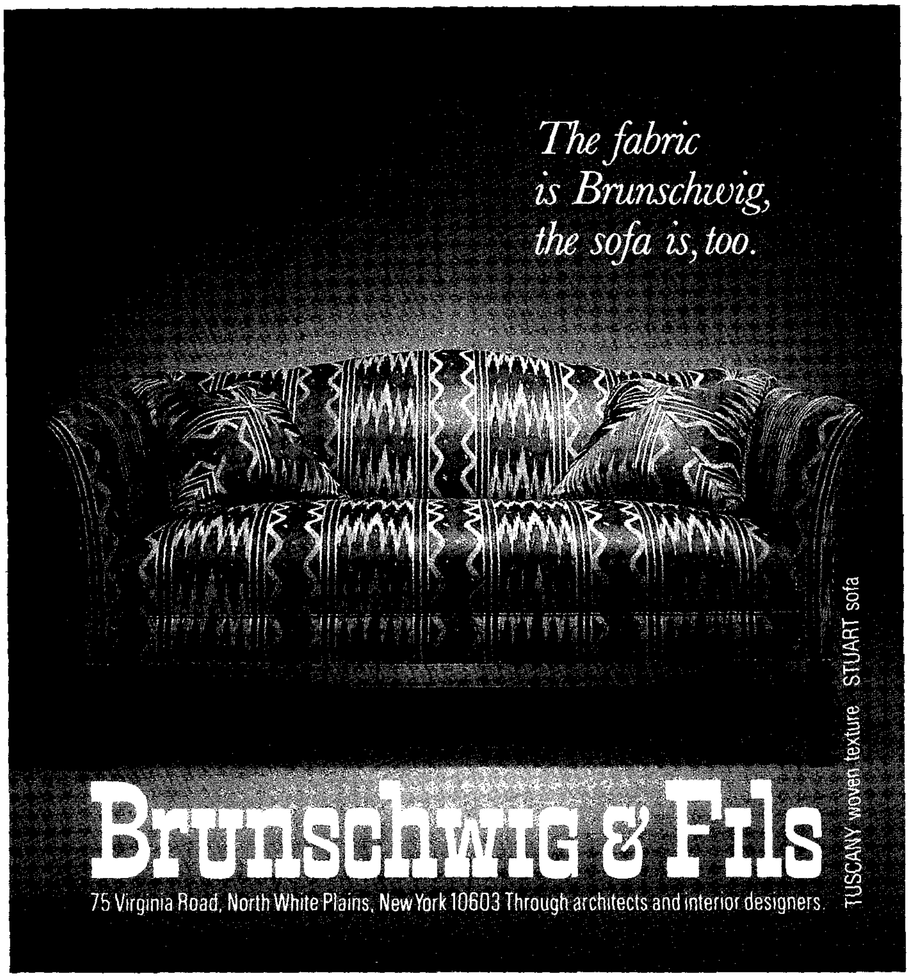
Johnnie Grey left Tuscaloosa a few days after Slayton. The man from the sugar company told him that he would not make less than six dollars a day. When Grey arrived, he learned that he would make a dollar-eighty, and that he owed six dollars for transportation (the company records show that he was charged eight), a dollar for a blanket, a dollar for a badge to identify him as an employee of the company, fifty cents for a cane knife, and twenty cents for a file. In Tuscaloosa, the company man had told him and the other cutters they would be well taken care of on the trip. Forty-three had left together on a Thursday afternoon and were given their first food—two pieces of bread and some bologna each—the following day. That night, they were given three more slices of bread, a slice of bologna, and three oranges each. Work began at three-thirty in the morning and did not finish until eight-thirty at night. When Grey complained to one of the foremen, the foreman said, "I know you are going to work if you stay here, and I am not worried about you staying here because I know you can't get away." The white supervisors carried guns and blackjacks; guards with heavy sticks patrolled the fields and camps. A supervisor overheard Grey saying that he was going to run away, and told him that he would be caught and brought back if he wasn't found dead in a canal.

Andrew Green, also from Tuscaloosa, saw a man beaten by the supervisor. Green and the others were paid once a month. Until they received their checks, they were in debt to the company. Meanwhile, they were given small advances to cover their board, which kept them in debt. During Green's second week at the camp, he and another man asked if they could leave, and were told they couldn't. One man escaped and was brought back. Green got away by giving a woman he had met a letter to his brother in Tuscaloosa and asking her to mail it for him. The brother drove to Florida and waited at night in his car on the highway, and Green slipped away in the dark.

Neil Smith would not buy the blanket the company was selling, because the bunks were too filthy. He and eight other men built a fire in the yard each night and slept beside it. He worked thirteen days, then got away by saying that his wife was sick and he was going home to see her and would return with his five sons to the fields. The supervisor was glad to hear that and let him go. Smith received forty cents for thirteen days' work. Mr. Mack, the supervisor, ran a bar on the plantation, where the cutters were allowed to gamble; Mr. Mack took a cut from each game. If the cutters gambled anyplace else, Mr. Mack arrested them (he was also a deputy sheriff) and had them taken to Clewiston, where they were fined twenty-five dollars apiece; the fines they worked off in the fields. Smith saw one man run away only to be caught by Mr. Mack and fined forty dollars and put back to work. He and the other cutters were constantly threatened by their supervisors and the guards: they were told that if they didn't behave they'd be whipped.

Johnnie Green left Tuscaloosa on a Thursday and arrived in Clewiston Saturday morning at four-thirty. He asked to be sent to the South Shore camp, where his brothers were. When he arrived, they were surprised to see him and asked what he was doing there, since in their judgment the camp was the next thing to prison. He got scared and ran off his first night and went home to Tuscaloosa, and then came back in a car and got word to his brothers that he was waiting for them. Nine men altogether slipped out through the fields and went back with him to Alabama.

A man named Long wrote to his mother from Clewiston saying that the food was poor, the accommodations were poor, and the place he was living in was worse than any prison in the world. He had left Tuscaloosa on a Wednesday afternoon and had got no food until Thursday morning, when he was given half a loaf of bread and a can of beans. At midnight on Thursday, at Tampa, the truck he was travelling in stopped by a store, and he was given ten cents and told to get whatever he wanted. He arrived in Clewiston at four Friday morning and was fed around ten, with some beans. At Clewiston, he was fingerprinted and examined by a doctor and sent to a camp. The food was so bad that many of the cutters bought their food from a commissary, where the scales were weighted against them. Long asked Mr. Mack if he could leave and was told that he couldn't until the season was over. At the end of February, he got a letter from his draft board, call-



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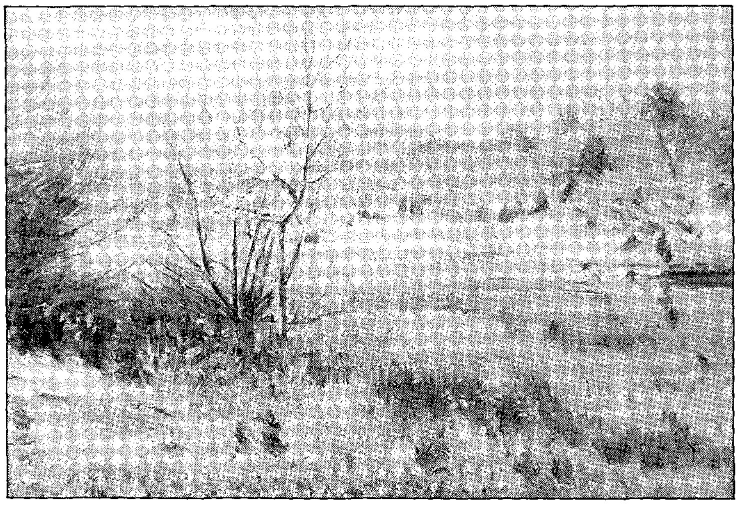

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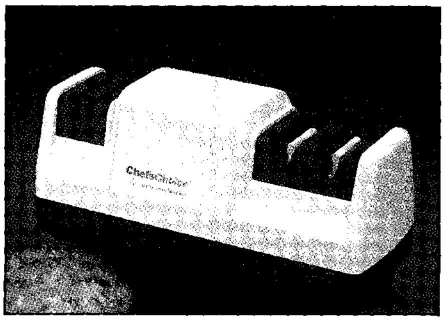
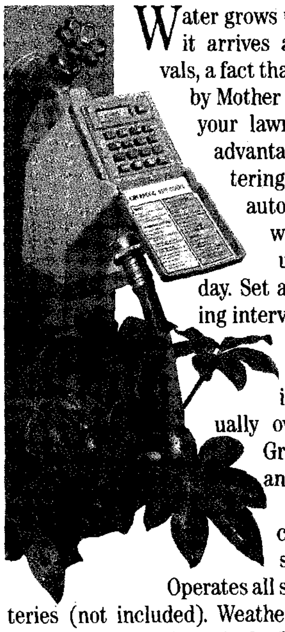


The Chef'sChoice® Knife Sharpener safely and easily hones the dullest of knives to razor sharpness in minutes. According to *Food and Wine*, the Chef'sChoice Knife Sharpener is "unquestionably the best." *Popular Science* call it "idiot proof." Its ingenious patented design is the brainchild of former DuPont engineer, Daniel Friel. His unique sharpening method uses diamond abrasives to sharpen a knife in three stages to form a progressively sharper edge. Since magnets hold the knife at the precise angle required for each operation, the guesswork of traditional methods is eliminated. The resulting triple bevel edge stays sharper longer. Only the minimum amount of steel is removed during each stage, making it safe for all high quality steel or alloy knives. World class chef, Pierre Franey, in his *N.Y. Times* column, hailed the Chef'sChoice as "unparalled, in my experience, for putting an exceedingly sharp and longlasting edge on knives of all kinds." This stylish and handy tool will complement any kitchen. Manufacturer's two-year limited warranty, UL listed, measures 9″ x 3½″ x 4″. **$79.95** #2450.

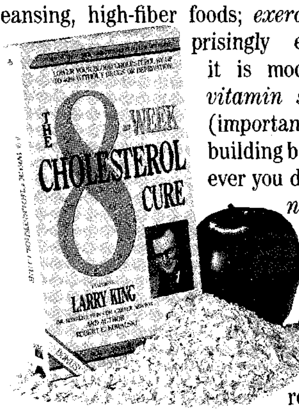
WORRY-FREE WATERING



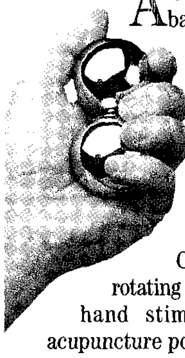
Water grows things best when it arrives at regular intervals, a fact that sometimes gets by Mother Nature. Now give your lawn or garden the advantage of timely watering. RainMatic 2000 automatically turns water on and off, up to four times a day. Set any length watering interval with your own schedule or use the simple built-in program. Manually override anytime. Great for sprinklers and trickle systems. An absolute necessity during restricted watering. Operates all season on 4-C batteries (not included). Weather-protected. LCD readout with digital clock. Locks on faucet. Manufacturer's 1-yr. warranty. **$49.95** #1081.

DON'T FLIRT WITH A HEART ATTACK OR STROKE!

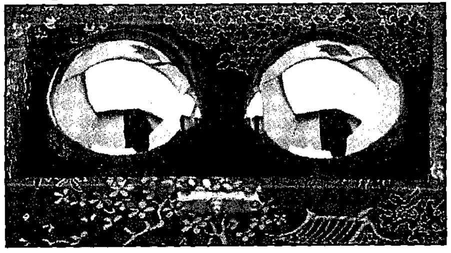
Avoid the danger zone of heart attack and stroke – reduce your deadly cholesterol count. "The 8-Week Cholesterol Cure" is a proven, sensible way: a fascinating 66-minute video based on the New York Times No.1 non-fiction best-seller. It shows you how to benefit from three solid risk-reduction techniques: *better nutrition* (including essential, artery-cleansing, high-fiber foods; *exercise* (as surprisingly effective as it is moderate); and *vitamin supplements* (important defensive building blocks). Whatever you do, get a plan *now* to reduce risk. Over one million Americans have started this doctor-recommended program. **$29.95** #2610.



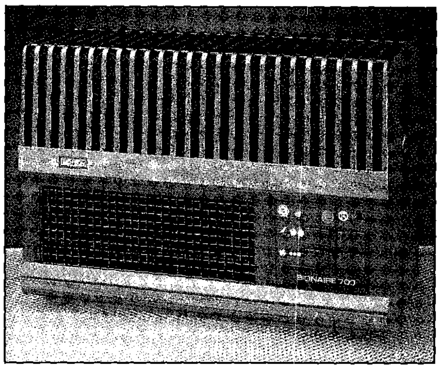
FROM CHINA TO YOUR HEALTH



Ancient mandarins dating back 800 years believed that these Chinese Exercise Balls induced well-being of the body and serenity of spirit. These treasured gifts were given to President Reagan and his wife while visiting the People's Republic of China. The Chinese say that rotating the balls in the palm of each hand stimulates the fingers and acupuncture points, and improves circulation of vital energy throughout the body. Sports enthusiasts, musicians, computer users and health-conscious people everywhere consider them great muscle conditioners. Arthritis sufferers feel a decided benefit from this gentle but challenging exercise. Very effective for relaxation and meditation, Chinese Exercise Balls emit a distantly mysterious chime as you turn them. Beautifully handcrafted, 45mm. hollow polished chrome balls are perfectly weighted and fit comfortably into the average man's or woman's hand. In exquisite silk brocade box. **$29.95** #1701.

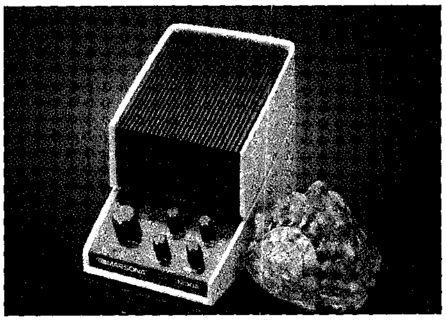


BRING MOUNTAIN TOP FRESHNESS INDOORS



The new Bionaire 700, *no bigger than a table-model radio*, will clean and recharge your stale indoor air to virtually mountain top freshness. Get relief from breathing allergy-causing dust, pollen, tobacco smoke, animal hair and dander, cooking odors, soot, and mold spores. The Bionaire 700 will clean and rejuvenate the air in a 12x12x8 ft. room 4 times an hour, while the filtering system removes up to 99% of all particulate pollutants as small as .01 microns in the process. The filtering process begins with an activated carbon pre-filter that helps remove odors and large particles; next, with the patented electret main filter, the Bionaire removes particles as small as 1/10,000th the diameter of a human hair. Finally, Bionaire's unique negative ion generator—which not only precipitates any remaining particles, but also generates millions of negative ions—reproduces the stimulating effect of fresh mountain air. Manufacturer's 2-year limited warranty, UL listed, weighs 5.2 lbs., **$149.95** #2070. Set of two replacement filters **$19.95** #2071.

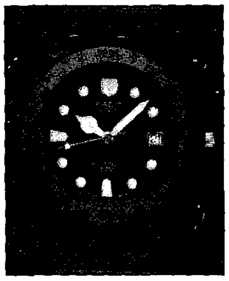
ZONE OF CALM



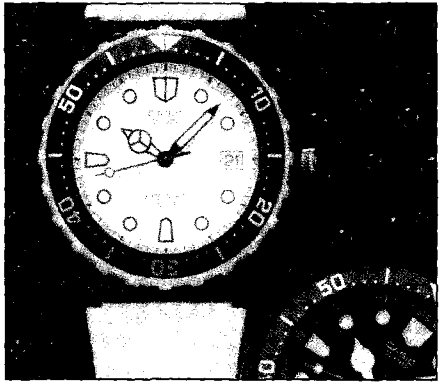
Noise produces stress in the human organism. Today the volume of civilization nearly everywhere seriously interferes with our abilities to relax, read, sleep, concentrate or otherwise function at optimum efficiency. But you needn't be victimized by noise pollution. The *new* Marsona Sound Conditioner electrically synthesizes a variety of pleasing natural sounds that help mask out and reduce the annoyance of unwanted noise. A 5-inch speaker brings you the sounds of ocean surf, summer rain, mountain waterfalls — as close to nature as you will find. You control the volume, the wave pattern, wave or rain rhythm and the seeming nearness or distance of the source. Solid-state electronics designed for continuous use. UL listed. Manufacturer's 1-year limited warranty. **$139.95** #2202.

THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE™

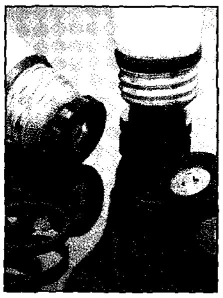
WHICH SPORTS WATCH?



Choose our precision, chrono-style, competition watch by Casio which has everything except a steep, chrono-style price (often from $150 up in pricier models). It's a faithful, sporty companion, strong enough to endure the hard knocks of running, swimming, cycling or washing your car. Precision quartz movement is accurate to ± 15 seconds/month. Stainless- steel case and water resistant up to 50 meters. Bezel rotates for elapsed timing – easily set with gloves on. Three luminous hands; date window; adjustable PVC wristband may be trimmed to fit. This watch accepts the challenge to combine quality and price – and wins! Manufacturer's 1-yr. limited warranty. Yellow with black #2630; Black with red #2640; Black with blue #2650. Only **$49.95** each.

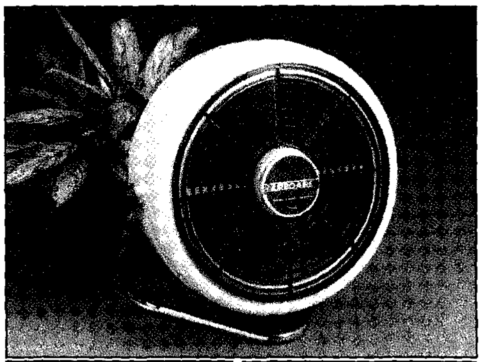


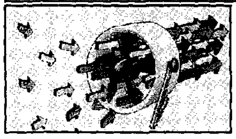
38,000 · HOUR LIGHTBULB



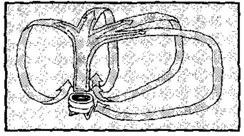
Our superior Power Mizers use an exclusive microcontrol switch to extend bulb life *nearly 40 times longer* with virtually no loss of brightness. You'll get 38,000 continuous hours of brilliant light *along with a 24% saving in energy consumption from a common* 100-watt, 1-way bulb rated for 1,000 hours! A blessing in hard-to-reach fixtures: no need to change bulbs often. Paying for themselves many times over by saving power and bulb costs. UL listed. Manufacturer's 8-yr. warranty. Set of 6 **$19.95** #2001; 12 for **$29.95** #1991.

AERODYNAMIC COOLING





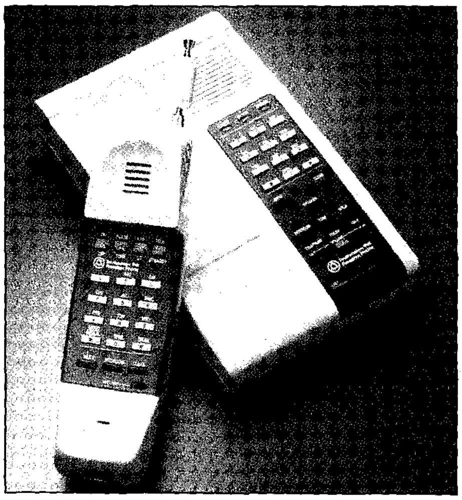
Turbo-Aire's jetstream



Hassock position - venturi effect

The Turbo-Aire fan moves more air and provides more cooling than ordinary fans—you get more than twice the air delivered by oscillating room fans. Patented and computer designed to maximize efficiency and minimize noise and vibration. This fan creates an exceptionally strong, smooth jetstream column that sets a room stirring with secondary air currents. Refreshes better than the intermittent blast of air from an oscillating fan. Aerodynamic housing increases blade-tip efficiency over conventional fans. Floor, table or wall mount, adjusts to any angle. Set in the hassock position, the five-bladed, 12″ fan redistributes air in an entire room, making it as useful in winter as in summer. Can reduce air conditioning costs and is 300% more energy efficient than ordinary fans with the same type and size motor. With a 3-speed fan control, the Turbo-Aire is the most advanced 12″ portable house fan. Weighs less than a case of cold soft drinks - and is more easily moved! Manufacturer's 2-year limited warranty. UL listed. **$79.95** #2161.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED



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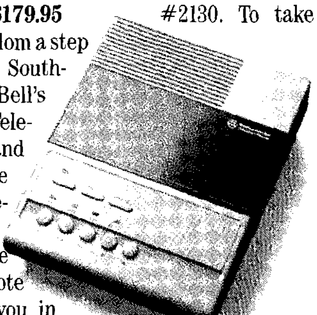
- *Hold button*
- *Tone/pulse switchable*
- *Jack for answering machine connection*

A leading consumer magazine article likens a person's first conversation while walking around talking on a cordless telephone to the exhilaration of that first bike ride minus training wheels. In the magazine's 1988 Buying Guide, the Southwestern Bell FF-1700 Cordless Phone is still rated tops for range in controlled tests among 21 brands and models. By handling incoming and outgoing calls to a range of 1000′ (the article rated a maximum of 1500 ft.), with outstanding speech quality and convenience features, the FF-1700 ended up on top of the consumer magazine ratings reports. Base unit serves as freestanding speakerphone with dialpad, so you get two phones in one. Plus intercom, paging and 10-channel selection. Digital security code protects line from outside access. **$179.95** #2130. To take your freedom a step further, Southwestern Bell's FA-450 Telephone Answering Machine gives you the latest technology and newest features at a most attractive price. Single-cassette operation, call screening, household memo function, voice-activated record, one-touch play back. Two-way record for messages or conversations. Beeperless remote lets you retrieve messages from any push-button phone, also allows remote announcement changes. These Freedom Phones connect you in without tying you down. **$99.95** #2140. Both in beige.



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THE MEDIA DEVELOPMENT GROUP

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ing him to service. In Alabama, he had been told by the man who hired him that he was going to work on a farm belonging to the government and that his would be a national-defense job. The foremen, who were also black, were always threatening to kill the cutters with their own cane knives or to run them into the lake and drown them. If the cutters tried to escape on the highway, the police picked them up and jailed them. A cutter found on the road without a discharge from the sugar company was jailed for vagrancy. Long worked six weeks, then was discharged.

One morning while George Mayfield was sleeping, Mr. Mack came into the barracks and hit him on the head with a blackjack and said it was time to go to work.

ON returning to Tuscaloosa or Memphis, a number of the men or their families made complaints to their county solicitors or to the local offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which was already familiar with U.S. Sugar; in 1937, the company had recruited in Georgia, and people there had complained when they got back from the fields. In 1942, the F.B.I. interviewed cutters and wrote up their statements, which were sent to J. Edgar Hoover, who reminded Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge (in a memorandum) that the F.B.I. had visited Mr. Von Mach, the personnel manager for U.S. Sugar, in response to the Georgians' complaints of peonage. Berge, replying to Hoover, wondered why, if conditions at the camps were as Von Mach described, U.S. Sugar could not find cutters in Florida.

The F.B.I. report is sixty pages and has a preface containing information about the background of the company, which includes these paragraphs:

> The United States Sugar Corporation was formed by the Bitting Brothers, Clarence, William and Charles S. Mott, all formerly of General Motors, when the predecessor company formed by Dahlberg Celotex went into receivership.
>
> The Dahlberg Company manufactured a type of wall board from cane sugar by-products. This was unsuccessful and resulted in the loss of about $17,000,000 due principally to the fact that mice ate the product with the sugar content.

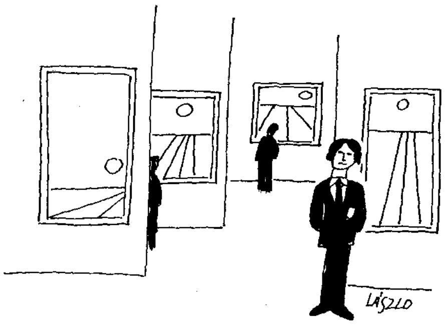
A summary gives the following facts: cutters were promised wages of between three and six dollars a day, free transportation, and housing, board, lights, and water in a company camp. When they arrived, they were told they were indebted to the corporation for travel and were charged for a blanket, a knife, a cane badge, and board at four-fifty a week. Instead of the figure they were promised, they were paid a dollar-eighty a day. Many cutters complained that the plantations were peonage farms, which they were unable to leave until they had paid off their debts.

The report says:

> There does not seem to be any dispute over the major facts: that the men are charged for their transportation to Clewiston; that they are not paid the wages promised to them when hired but receive, on the average, about $1.80 per day; that the work day starts before dawn and lasts until dusk, with several nights of "burning" cane until 10 or 11 o'clock; that the men are allowed to draw small advances two or three days a week and are paid but once a month; that the superintendents, and possibly some of the foremen, are armed with pistols and blackjacks; that the food furnished to the men is not of the best and that they are charged five cents a gallon for fresh water; that it is customary for the superintendent of the plantation to come into the barracks after the nightwatchman has awakened the men by banging on the door with a stick and use a blackjack to awaken the men who are still in bed. However, there is a dispute as to whether or not the men are locked in the barracks at night; whether the camps are guarded by armed men and whether the men are free to leave the employ of the company. There does not seem to be any dispute as to the fact that those men who have attempted to escape from the plantations and are picked up on the highway or shot at while trying to hitch rides on the sugar trains are returned to the plantations and forced to work.

The report also says that a woman at the federal employment service in Tuscaloosa gave a statement saying that she referred Negro workers to U.S. Sugar and that she had heard numerous complaints but thought that either the Negroes were afraid to complain directly to her or they had nothing to complain about except the hard work.

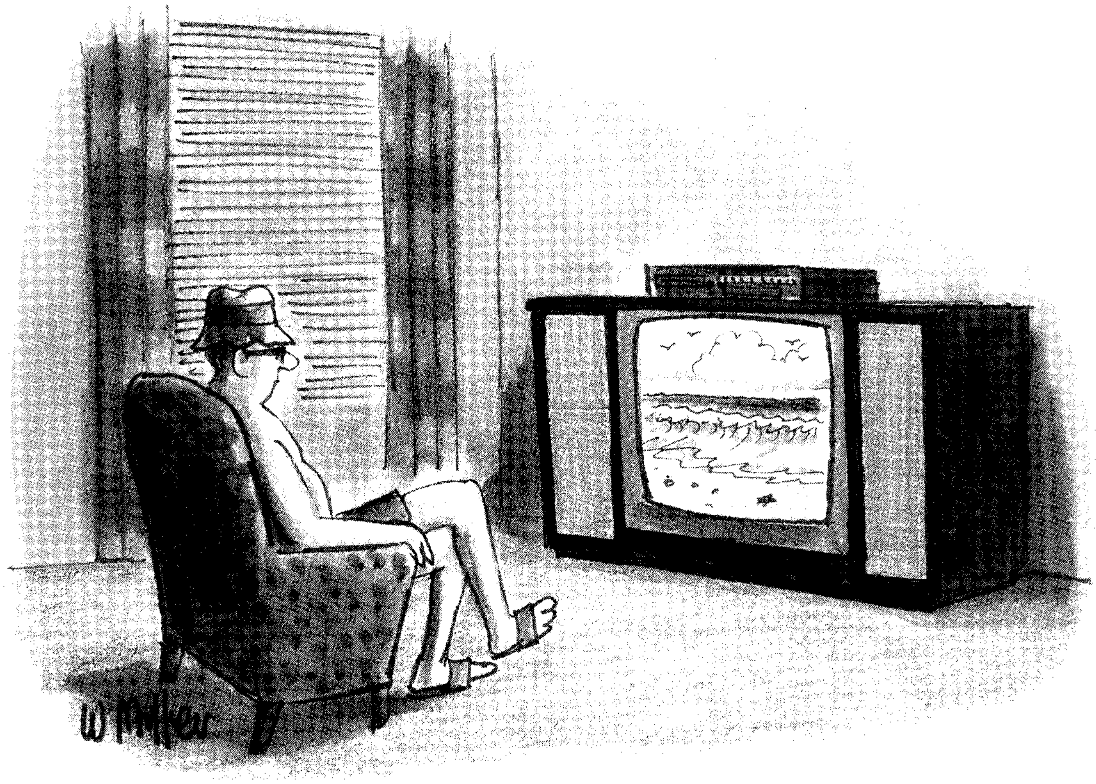
Cutters named Millard Jones, James Maddox, Joe Steward, and Franklin Mosley made statements to the agents in favor of the company. They said that they had never heard of anyone's being prevented from leaving, that none of the foremen were armed, that the watchmen were there to prevent fights and watch for fires, that some men ran off but they were ones in debt, that they themselves were satisfied with their jobs, and that most of the complaints came from city Negroes who were accustomed to city life and unfit to work all day in the fields.



Von Mach, the personnel manager, told the F.B.I. that the workers were promised free transportation only if they completed the harvest, in order to prevent the men from travelling to Florida at company expense and then leaving to work for someone else. He said that cutters were paid two dollars to start but at the end of two weeks they might choose to work at a piece rate paid by the ton or to continue at the daily rate. Paid by the ton, a good worker could make as much as four dollars a day. He said that a cutter was paid what he was owed upon being discharged, although a discharge was not easy to get. The company made it difficult because many workers would ask for a discharge, then return several days later, and that meant giving them another physical, plus a new badge. He said that all superintendents had been instructed not to abuse employees or to interfere in any way with their liberty, nor were any superintendents allowed to carry guns or blackjacks or intimidate employees.

Mr. Mack, whose full name was Evan Ward McLeod, told the agents that he never mistreated or threatened anyone, and denied that he carried a blackjack or a gun. He said that he had never had an employee arrested for vagrancy and that no employee had ever been forced to work off a fine on the plantation. He also denied that there was a bar on the plantation where gambling took place and that he took a cut from the proceeds of any gambling. McLeod's statement, on page 57, is followed, on page 59, by George Mayfield's statement that two months earlier McLeod had hit him on the head with a blackjack and told him it was time to go to work.

The report concludes with an index having entries under five headings: references in investigative reports to instances of threats (thirteen); to instances of the return of escaped victims



to conditions of peonage (ten); to the shooting of escaping peons or arrests for vagrancy (four); to gambling and to McLeod as deputy sheriff (two); to instances of beatings (twelve).

Assistant Attorney General Berge had a copy of his memo to Hoover sent to the United States Attorney in Tampa, who gave the F.B.I. report to a grand jury (in Tampa), which delivered an indictment against U.S. Sugar, and also against M. E. Von Mach, Evan Ward McLeod, a supervisor named Oliver H. Sheppard, and one referred to as Neal. (At the time of the indictment, it had not been known that Mr. Neal's name was Neal Williamson.) In addition to one count of carrying out a conspiracy to commit peonage, all were charged with one count of carrying out a conspiracy to violate "the right and privilege of . . . citizens to be free from slavery . . . and the right and privilege of . . . citizens to the free exercise and enjoyment of freedom from slavery and involuntary servitude secured to . . . citizens by the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States."

The four were arrested in November of 1942. Each made his bail, of a thousand dollars. Lawyers for each filed motions ("Said count fails to allege . . ." and "Said count is duplicitous . . ." and "Said count wholly and totally fails . . ." and "Said count . . . is fatally defective . . ."). Meanwhile, U.S. Sugar argued that it could not as a corporation be held accountable to laws made for individuals. In April of 1943, the indictment was quashed. The United States Attorney did not attempt to have it revived.

What had happened was that the lawyers had discovered a flaw in the way the grand jury was selected. During the August before the indictment, a district judge had ordered that names be added to the list of people available to serve as jurors so that it included at least three hundred. The clerk and the jury commissioner added eleven hundred and fifty, all from Hillsborough County, although the grand jury represented fourteen counties. This was done to avoid difficulties of travel during the period of wartime gas shortages; all twenty-three men selected to sit on the jury lived in Tampa. The lawyers argued that people who lived in Hillsborough County, of which Tampa is the seat, were prejudiced against U.S. Sugar and its employees. Proof of this, they said, was that two years earlier Hillsborough papers had carried a report of a speech by Senator Claude Pepper to the Tampa Chamber of Commerce in which Pepper said that he did not think he would be able to persuade Congress to increase sugar-acreage allocations to Florida until the share belonging to U.S. Sugar (eighty-six per cent) was reduced. Senator Pepper said that Congress saw no reason to encourage a corporate monopoly, and that he hoped to see smaller growers participating in any increase of acreage.

Among the members of the grand jury were a teacher, a clerk at an oil company, a salesman of dry goods, an architect, a bridge contractor, a president of a furniture store, two tailors, a man in advertising, a coffee broker, and the treasurer of a produce company. No farmers. Therefore, the lawyers said, the jury was "without knowledge of the intricate problems as between agriculture and labor."

The judge dismissed the reference to Claude Pepper's speech, but ruled that the jury was illegally drawn, and "Ordered and Adjudged that for reasons herein stated the said indictment in this cause be and the same is hereby quashed and declared to be null and void." By the time the judge signed his order, arrangements had been made to bring to America the West Indians who would work in the cane fields the following season.

THE camp I would drive past at Moore Haven, west of Clewiston, consists of three long, low dormitories like poultry barns, made of metal, with corrugated-metal roofs. At night, the lights were on inside and the doors were open, and for a second as I passed I could see rows of beds, and cutters lying on them. I would pass, turn around, pass in the other direction, turn around, pass again. There was time on each pass to notice one thing. A man gesturing in the air before him with his hand. A man laying a card on a table. A man on a bed reading a letter. A man on the phone. A man on his way to the sinks with a toothbrush in his hand. The profiles of two men talking. A figure in the yard watching the night, his arms at his sides or folded across his chest, his head turning slowly as he followed my car with his eyes.

I began to meet cutters on my own. It turned out that they were crazy about having their pictures taken; they couldn't get enough of it. I would trespass on the camps at night and take cutters' pictures and give them a print. When one man thought another had photographed well, he would tell him, "You catch good." One night after I had taken a couple of rolls, I put my camera down and said, "Enough pictures. Now you must tell me about cutting sugarcane." I was sitting among perhaps twenty cutters. I reached into my knapsack for my notebook, and when I looked up only one remained, the man on whose bed I was sitting. Through him I met others. I continued, though, to travel with Caveman, the ex-convict and tractor driver who had been serving as my guide, because I felt it was broadening.

A cutter: "At approximately five minutes to five in the morning, the lights come on and you leave your dreams. Then brushing your teeth, then putting on clothes, then about five-thirty it's time for the mess hall and approximately breakfast lasts twenty-five minutes, and by six o'clock you come back and get yourself ready for work, which leaves about six-thirty, and it starts about seven. It was always said that a slow start makes any job harder, so after we get ourselves beginning to work and the body becomes hot and start to sweat we just keep on going, because it is an everyday thing for us, so we continue to work and maybe boss man come around and see something that not right and say we should fix it, then we have a water wagon, then time to refile a new edge on our cutting knife, then smoking a cigarette, maybe one or two jokes, somebody may share a joke then somebody else always pick it up, and we make ourselves as one, make a unity among us throughout the field.

"At rice time, about ten o'clock or ten-thirty, the rice truck come around, bring your food. Maybe each man feel within himself that it's going to take too much time from the task, so he don't spend too long having a bite. I drink some petrol"—a drink made from a base of eggnog, sugar, and Guinness stout—"put some more edge on the knife, smoke a cigarette, cut a couple of jokes, then suddenly everything become silent and there is just the chopping sound. Start to concentrate again, that a feeling every man know for himself, because losing concentration, making a wrong move, suddenly you find yourself cut. Each man want to finish his row before the other man; that way when work is available he can cut another piece, maybe even another half. If you finish before Let's Go and you are within walking distance to the camp, maybe you go walk, maybe wait for the bus. You think, Another day has been completed successfully, without any hurt, or physical injury, or serious damage.

"Then wash. Then rest. After coming from the field, we generally speak about the day. Some guy may say he got stranded someplace, he may have got stuck on a rougher row than I, and maybe he only got about a row and a quarter. Mostly we always talk about the price. We say price is not good enough. Who has got the experience of cutting cane maybe seven or eight seasons, maybe twelve, say maybe price was right. Get some food, drink some petrol, maybe write some letters. Then think about tomorrow. Tomorrow is another workday; we always thinking about tomorrow. You see, this cane cutting is dangerous work. Grilling, backbreaking, strenuous, and rough. The bending is tremendous strain on your back, your shoulders twisting left, twisting right, bending up and down, lifting. Every day, every season, some may go through some kind of experience where he knows that he could have been hurt in so many ways, where he narrowly escape.

"My first year, that was my trying year. I came to get experience of it because I have friends at home that talk about cutting cane in America, and I thought I might like to cut a try. I didn't know much about cane cutting, they told me back home that it was very, very hard, rough, the sun burn you like you never been burn before. Well, I was intrigued by such a tale, and, being as a young man coming up in the world, I said to myself, I must have that experience. When I got here, it was much harder. Hearing is only one thing. Actually going into the business is rougher. No one is there to help you, and you are on your own. Sometimes I cry, sometimes I couldn't sleep at night. But I have a determination to really do it. I say to myself at night, I can make it. The next year wasn't as hard. I make some more money the third year, then more, then each year improves. The roughness, I know what it is now. I never have any accident or any real real real sickness that disable me to work. Maybe I stop one, two, three days at most with the flu; when you work, sometimes the rain come and quit you and you do not reach the bus in time and you find yourself catching the flu. I never want to be absent from work, I want to be there each day. That's my intention, not even to lose one hour, if that's possible.

"Now it's nearing the end of the crop, and each man have the intention that each day completed is another day nearer to home. Each man is thinking about the life he left, making plans, buying necessary things, saving some money, all that. If I was at home now with my friends, the season over, I would say, 'Imagine, look where I was last month, today the sun is hot, I was out there in a field, today here I am sitting in a cool place, reading a magazine, drinking a cool drink, like in a movie or a novel, and what was I doing on that date?' For example, maybe it is the fifteenth of July, I say, 'All right, compare the fifteenth of July with the fifteenth of February, when I was cutting cane, and here I am just sitting here looking back into where I came from.' And they are making some jokes, thinking about something someone do that make everyone laugh, or calling someone a name that he didn't like and had to accept, because everybody keep calling him by it and he just have to learn to answer and be cool.

"I would tell them then that back in 1983 I was working and I had about one week left before going home, and that time I was feeling good cutting cane, because I wanted to make some money, and I think the price of the row was thirty-five dollars, and there was work available for all through the day, and I did my first row early in the morning before the truck came, and I was way up on the second row, I have about one-eighth left on the second row of the whole thirteen hundred feet, and I was going so fast because in completing the second row I would make seventy-five dollars for the day, so I had about one-eighth row left, and I make a chop and I go down so hard and I feel something hit me in the right eye, and I had to come back up and I said to myself, 'Lord Jesus, I'm blinded now,' and I stop working. I trembling, shaking all over, I didn't know where I was, I was at a loss, so eventually I start to check how serious was my injury, I say to myself, 'There must be blood all over and that eye must be no more in use,' and after I say these things I start to imagine all kind of scary things that could happen, nobody would really need me, all one eye, and they would send me home and nothing be waiting for me there.

"I take my hand, I was dirty from the cane all over, and I had a handkerchief and I wipe off my hand with it, still trembling, though. I put the clean hand where the injury was, and after that I feel something sticking out of the corner of my right eye, at the same time it wasn't focussing. I am saying to myself, 'This eye is of no more use,' and after taking out the piece sticking there I say there must be blood covering my face, so I squinting. Still trembling, though, I start to notice I could see through it, and I sit up then ten feet in the air and come down. Still standing. The thing I took out was a piece of cane top about an inch long—it went right in the bottom lid and went right out—and then I put my hands on my head and I close my two eyes and it was like I start to preach, 'You guys over there when you go to your bed at night you should pray, because what has happened to me right now, it's only for the Almighty God above that has kept me from blindness!' And they are all dropping their knives to see what was the noise."

WITH Caveman and his friend Anthony: We had just driven out to Shawnee Farm again, a few days after our first visit, and had found no one to talk to and were driving back to town.

Anthony said, "Where you-all want to go now, man?"

Caveman said, "Hey, go round to

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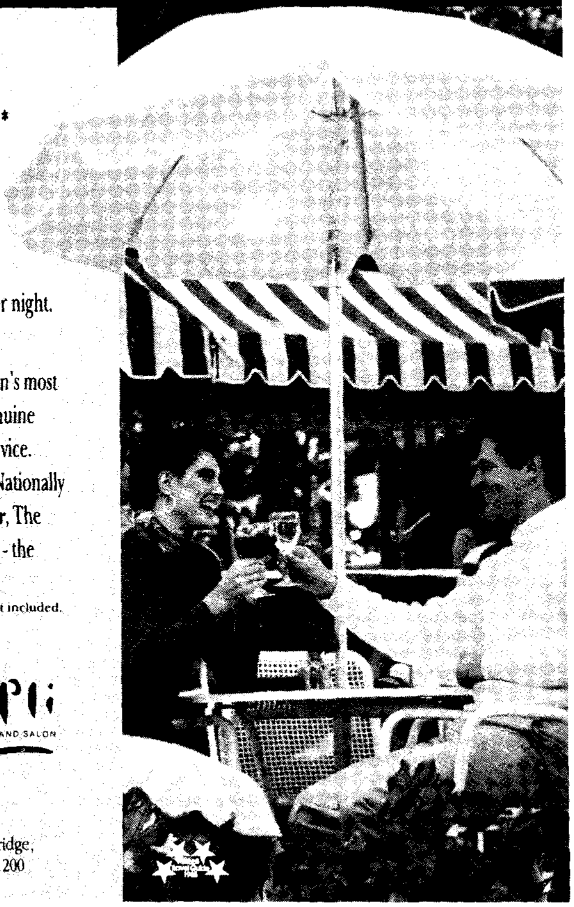

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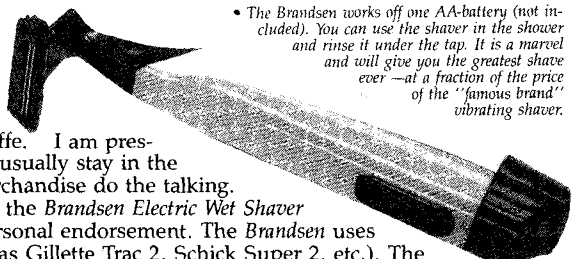


Miss Blunting," and Anthony said, "Hey, you think it's summer?"

Anthony saw some girls by the side of the road. He was driving my rented car. He waved to the girls, and they waved back. "Now at night they say, 'Anthony, where you keep your car at?' 'I let my brother keep it.' 'I just saw your brother.' 'I mean my *older* brother.' "

We drove into a yard in Harlem, the black part of Clewiston. There was a man standing beside a house. Anthony said, "Weren't you at the Chinese Farm a minute ago?"

The man studied us. He was older. He said no.

Anthony said, "You go out to the Chinese Farm you see a man just like you."

Caveman said to Anthony, "Where that tall dude live that married Felix? He used to cut cane, didn't he?"

"He never really cut it, he just picked it up."

Anthony pulled out of the driveway. He rolled down his window. The man was still watching us. Anthony said, "I believe you in two damn places at one time!"

We drove to the end of the block. A man with a cowboy hat walked toward us. Anthony said, "Ain't you a Jamaican?"

The man said, "Hell, yeah, and I'm a Barbadian, too. Look out for me!" He walked into the yard where the other man was standing. I looked back as we pulled away, and he was giving us an enormous wave.

Anthony said, "Man, he look *lit*."

We drove through the center of Harlem.

Anthony said, "Where you want to go?"

Caveman said, "Look for some more of those Jamaicans."

We passed a woman dancing on the porch of a house. Anthony shouted out, "Hey, I come by your house tonight!"

The woman, in a theatrical way, put her hands on her cheeks and made her eyes large and yelled "No!" and then broke out laughing.

We drove into Clewiston. Anthony said, "Damn, I was going to surprise my lady tonight."

Caveman said, "What were you going to do? Give her a rose?"

"Hell, no. I was going to go home, clean up some, kiss her, then tell her about the tire."

A young woman walking along the street by the mill saw Anthony at the wheel and yelled out, "Hey, Anthony, who car?"

Anthony yelled back, "Mine!"

She said, "How much down?"

Anthony said, "A thousand!" and waved.

THE cutters who live in the country at home do better with the contract than the ones who live in the city. Cutters living in the country are able to buy land and to build houses, usually of poured concrete. They can feed themselves from what they grow. They can harvest wild fruit. Those living in the cities and in the larger towns or around the resorts cannot possibly afford to buy houses. All of them rent, none at attractive prices.

Although the cutters who live in the country live with land all around them, their own plots, if they have any, are likely to be an acre or less and not likely to exceed two and a half acres. Two professors at the University of South Florida, Terry L. McCoy and Charles H. Wood, have specialized in the circumstances of the cane cutters at home. They say they have noticed that cane cutting in America never seems to buy the cutter a ticket out of his circumstances. At best, the cutters end up marginally improving their lot. When they retire from the work, they become dependent on others.

The white people in the industry like to say that the opportunity to cut sugarcane in south Florida changes the lives of the men who accept it. The white people like to say that the money those men make in America is used at home to buy a house or land or cattle or a gasoline-powered generator. They like to talk about the cutter who over the years worked so steadily and with such application that he made the money for his son to be trained as a dentist, but they can never recall his name or what island he was from or what grower he worked for or exactly what years he spent on the contract.

It was once claimed by the sugarcane industry that cutters helped the economy of their islands by hiring people to look after their farms or to tend their goats, but that was discovered not to be true. When the cutters go on the contract, the responsibility of keeping up their interests, whatever ones they might have, falls to the women and to their children.

The white people in Florida say that although work cutting sugarcane is available in the islands, especially in Jamaica, the men who cut in America scorn this work at home. Many white people say that a Jamaican considers a man who cuts sugarcane at home his inferior. The cutters say they do not cut sugarcane at home because the pay without the exchange rate is not as good as it is in America, because the harvest in Jamaica has already begun by the time they return, and they would be too tired to take part anyway, and because the hard soil there makes the work more difficult—the knife dulls faster in striking the soil, and the soil does not give as the Florida muck does. In any case, the crop is not large enough on any of the islands to provide work for even a small portion of those who go to America, nor would it be of any help to the men from the cities. It is clear that the cutters would never cut cane if work were available for them at home.

THE most persistent menace to sugarcane in Florida is frost. Cold air arrives mainly from the northwest. Crossing the lake, it may rise in temperature several degrees. Growers classify land as warm or cold. Warm land is less likely to suffer frost; most of it is land that is close to the lake. Bottomland and the land farthest from the lake freeze first, and that means that most of the sand land is cold land. After three or four days, frozen cane dries up and turns brown. One can then trace the progress of the cold by the pattern in the fields. Freezes are extremely specific. A field may be damaged on one side of a road and not on the other. Or a row may stand intact beside one that has withered. The pattern is not haphazard; it mainly reflects characteristics of the land, not eccentricities of the weather. After a freeze, growers tour their fields, then revise their harvest to send first to the mill what is damaged.

The most likely time for a punishing freeze is the full moon of February. Growers whose fields reach the waning moon breathe easier. Serious freezes seem to occur in cycles of nine years. Occasionally, a freeze is total; that is, it includes the whole Florida crop. Each time a field endures a frost, it returns fewer tons. Unless the freeze is particularly severe, the cane does not perish. At twenty-two degrees, the stalk cracks, and the cracks provide an entry for bacteria, which kill the plant. A freeze of any consequence kills the terminal bud, and that often starts shoots called la-las growing from the stalk at the joints; la-las sap the vigor of the plant and are full of water; a second freeze, if there is one, usually kills the la-las. The rest of the stalk can be milled up to three months later. As a rule, however, a grower has thirty to forty days following a freeze to get all his cane at a profit. Growers expect to lose ten per cent of their crop to frost in a bad year. Hand cutting becomes particularly efficient after a freeze. The supervisors examine the cane and tell the leadmen where to have the cutters chop the stalk so they send only clean cane to the mill. The top of the stalk is more vulnerable than the bottom; the ground warms the air. In addition, concentrations of sucrose in the base of the stalk are more resistant to the cold. People say that sucrose is the antifreeze in sugarcane.

CAVEMAN wanted one night to go to Belle Glade, a town southeast of Clewiston, so we drove down and went to three bars. Then we stood on the sidewalk and watched the line of cars waiting to use the drive-up window at Everglades Liquors. A man asked a woman standing next to me for her phone number, and she said, “Eight, seven, three, something, something, never mind, never mind.” Then a young man left the doorway of a club across the street. Caveman called to him and he came over and Caveman introduced him as Star Child. Star Child told me he was trying to scratch out a living as a disk jockey in the local clubs. Caveman told him that I was trying to meet some Jamaicans. Star Child said he could help with that. He took us across the street and back into the bar we had just come from. He disappeared into the crowd. Caveman and I stood there about three minutes. I bought Caveman a pint of wine. The volume of the music made it awkward to talk. Over the shoulders of a couple of men, I saw Star Child speaking with a man who looked Jamaican. I saw the man shake his head. Then I saw Star Child go out a door by the side of the bar. He came back a few moments later and motioned to us to follow him. Outside were several West Indians leaning against a car parked at the curb. When they saw me, they separated, and each walked off in a different direction. Star Child said, “What you doing that for?” He tried to get them back but couldn’t, and came over to me and said, “They think you are there to get them in trouble, jeopardize their working in cane.”

We went to the 2001 Club, down the block, following Star Child, and walked in, but Caveman turned us around abruptly and walked us right back out. All I saw was a stage and some beaded curtains. Caveman saw either someone he didn’t want to see or someone he thought might not want to see me. We went out and stood on the street corner. A woman came up to Caveman and said, “What you want?” Caveman said, “Well, if you giving it away.” She said, “I ain’t giving nothing away.” Then Caveman left for a few minutes. I stood on the corner, next to a pregnant woman. A man walked by and looked at her stomach. She said, “Why you looking at me? Some these women be getting eight and nine kids and you looking at me like I can’t even get one.” Then Caveman came back and we decided to leave. On the way to Clewiston, we saw Star Child hitchhiking and picked him up. Star Child said he was sorry he had not been able to arrange anything for me. Caveman said, “Those dudes keep their stuff in*doors*.” He asked Star Child if he had ever cut cane. Star Child said, “I don’t see it’s worth the rustle and tussle.” We left Star Child off in Harlem, and then I took Caveman home. We agreed to meet the next evening. “You tell me when you want me,” he said. “We going to find some Jew-*mai*cans tomorrow.”

A ST. LUCIAN:

“My father used to come to America some regular cutting cane. He travelled here about twenty-five years, then he retired, and decided to give his sons a try—we are four brothers, and I am the second—which they never wanted to take it on, so they pass it to me. My father tell us that the work is full of a hard something like, and when he tell the other brothers they shake their heads and decide to stay home. So I put myself on a mission to my father. He ask me to work hard and he ask me to get along good with the people. There were twelve of us from St. Lucia in the camp. Some got sent home: one cut his thumb off, another used to get sick regular, another run away, and another they sent to Atlantic Sugar Company on a transfer.

“One thing I find: Using the cutlass is a skillful trade. It is a dangerous weapon, and if you not skillful you getting hurt all the time. Sometimes just when you board the bus and hold it wrong, it cuts you. I sharpen it every single day. You have to be passing the file on it some regular. If it be dull, you feel the cane heavy like, and it break down your physical. Every time I reach the camp I wash the bill, the cutlass, and let it dry, and then I sharpen it. When I starting, some men actually hold my knife and say, ‘Francis, this is the way to cut the cane; now conduct yourself in this manner.’ Many, many times I cut myself. When you don’t know how to use the bill, you always getting touch and touch and touch. I think I have cut all my five fingers already. I got my boot chopped up to the fullest; I feel if I don’t have these boots my feet be cut up right now. Anytime I get cut, I cure very fast. Whether I feel the pain or not, I wrap the damage and still go to work.

“Cutting the cane in itself is also a skillful task, you must be skillful at it. When you cutting the cane you must have a free mind. You must not be frightened. You must try not to go in a doubt. To the point where you go in a doubt, you will never make your money for that day. In other words, take an example, you go in and you want to go, or you don’t want to go in that field that morning, you must go in *sure*. I come here to work, and rather than putting any other thing in my mind I put cane cutting in my mind. You have to say, ‘I’m going through that row,’ and go *through* it. You don’t know who is who, which is which, what is what.

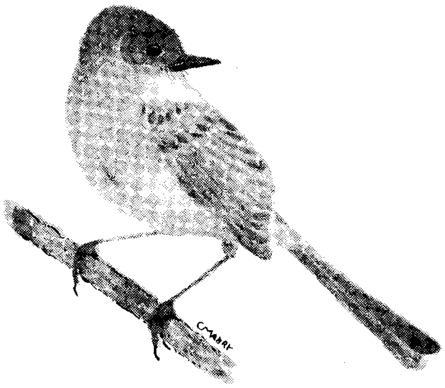
"In the training time, boss man always used to tell me must first cut the stubble low, must pile the cane good, throw the trash away good, then develop some speed, so that you do not get check out for slow, and any time that you get check out for slow in those days after the eight days' training they will be sending you back to your country, but getting check out for any other thing—too many stubble, for bad piling, or high stubble—that just get you finish for the day. I got checked out once only, for high tops, carelessness. The reason why I got checked out, I saw a nice piece of cane field and decided to go through it like mad, which is the first time I was ever choosing so much work for the day. In working the cane, there is much things that you must observe, you must be exact at every single thing, you must be watching, you must have so many things on your mind; canewise, you must be saying that you do not want to get checked out, you must make sure that you cut the tops right, that you pile right, and that you develop enough speed so that you make your day's work. I was only concentrating on the point of piling the cane and the low stubble, but not on the tops; I was just cutting like mad. When I reach a quarter row, the boss man pass me and he say, 'Too many tops from the beginning.' He have to give me a checkout, that would learn me a lesson so that the next time I cut cane I have to concentrate on every single thing. Many times if I do something wrong the boss man come and tell me, 'Francis, your tops is too high,' or I have too high stubble, and sometimes he cut it, but sometimes if he be mad at it he call you back, and if he call me back I feel like it is a fightdown, but still I can manage to do a day's work. I look more into the spiritual side in this world than I do the physical side. The spiritual will bring help to me when I am tired or when Babylon setups have me down-pressed. Anytime I been fight down I call on the Lord strongly. I call his help, and I get help most of the time.

"I work harder in the evening. The heat is then in my body and the work is in me. I develop more speed and all the muscles in me have been stretched out. I feel the morning cold hard; it get my fingers numb and to the point that it burn me I can't go through the cane the way I want to go through it. Your whole body, your fingers and everything, numb. Most time I go in the field, while the sun rising I praise the morning sun so that I get strength right through the day.

"When I wake up, I take care of myself by washing, and after then right away they will take us out of the barracks for breakfast. I try to eat a heavy breakfast, because sometimes when my belly hit me I get set back in the field. If you leave your row to eat, gone to another man. After breakfast we put on two pants for the field. On the bus everybody will try to sit by the door. Sometimes when we reach the field it is still dark and we can hardly see; every man will hustle to get a good row. I get cut many times when we rush out the door, and I cut one man then, too. Sometimes you standing on a row and a man come up and tell you 'This is my partner,' and then you just have to go, because you can't fight him. I never let myself get accustomed to anything in this world so that if I lose it I miss it."

A while later: "I have not worked for some time, maybe ten days, maybe two weeks. I cut myself. I was sharpening the cutlass. I took it and was shaping the handle—it was a new cutlass—making the handle feel good in my palm and just like that on the hand there was blood. The same day I go to work; I tape the hand. Too much pain and it not heal, just open the wound. But to the point I get cut I knew I would get cut. My dreams tell me that. So I know."

MOST of the cutters are recruited for the growers by the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association. U.S. Sugar recruits its own. Representatives of the association interview the candidates on their islands. They are said to reject men whose palms are smooth and uncallused, on the assumption that they are unaccustomed to physical work, and to reject masons for being too muscular, and fishermen for being prone to trouble with their backs. Any candidate with dreadlocks cuts his hair for his interview, because the recruiters are known not to favor Rastafarians.



The cutters' welfare is seen to by liaison officers who work for the West Indies Central Labour Organization. The cutters feel that the liaison officers are compromised by concern over losing their jobs if they antagonize the growers. They have no faith in the liaison officers' powers, and rarely consult them.

An older man: "I worked fifteen years cane cutting. I came here from Barbados, October 22, 1958. That was at Runyon Camp, in Belle Glade. At that time, it was pretty tough. It was what I call partially slaving yourself. It was what I call a kind of a way a man had to do all that he could in his body to make a dollar.

"The companies put ads in the papers: Who would like to go to America and cut cane? Then they came to the labor-organization centers and interviewed you proper. I mean real explanatory. A man ask if you eat rice and pork, he ask if you eat hog knuckles and rice, he ask if you eat pinto beans. He show you a cane knife. He tell you that where you work it would be like hell. He tell you there is a stipulation out there: if you don't cut your row like you supposed to, the foreman checks you out—your day is through. The hard talk wasn't nothing to downspirit you; it was something to give you courage. He wanted to make sure you have the equipment to withstand the everyday plunging, trudging, and boring task. Next, he select this one and that one. You go to the blood people, check your blood, you go to the venereal people, check your venereal, then you hit that plane.

"Where you live it was something like a military depot, but it was just a cane-cutting depot. But it had the same stipulations, when you could come and go. Wire and fences. After work, we would sit around, talk, watch TV. Sometimes, if you go in and you too tired to watch TV, you lay upon your bed. You close your eyes to rest and the next day started already when your eyes open.

"When I leave and go home, the most thing I did was go fishing. They won't give you a job, because you have been to America and now they think you are set. I'll tell you something: I have one brother living, and my mother had eleven children—ten boys and one girl. Only living are me and my older brother. They all died. That was in the days of polio and epilepsy. Then was the days on non-understanding of the kinds of medicines and drugs. Whooping cough, epilepsy, and all those things used to take children away from this world. So I saved my money and I could live off it economically, and an economical system is stability. Live with what you can live with, and don't live with what you wants to get. Everybody needs a little more, but if the more ain't coming why try to kill yourself? Make it on what you got. In this cane cutting, I have bought three homes in my country. It means I had the ability to work and the mind to continue by the help of the company and the Great Supreme.

"Cane cutting is not something you already learned. You just come up here and they say jump to it. You may cut cane for a week or so and figure your body can't take it, and you say you want to go home, and they will send you home, or they will coax you and coax you, because they need your body in the field. In Barbados, you paid by the ton—a man don't have to cut a mile of cane to get a pocket of money. When we came to America, we thought we would be paid by the ton, but when we got here and was addressed as to what we would be doing we was told that your money starts at the beginning of the row. Then it was up to you to work it out with the brain or whatever common judgment you got. They don't bring you here to have no party.

"You have to cut deep, because where the stubbles is is where the sugar is. It's supposed to be cut right down to the dirt. They don't want that sugar in the ground, they want that in the truck, they want that cane in the sugar mill to grind.

"You change partners to find someone whose speed is compatible. All season changing. They got some fellows that is smart on the game, and it is still a game in the crafty way of a man doing the task. If the fellow wants to keep you back, if he has ill feelings to you, he can pile you, he can stubble you down, he can throw his cane on your cane; he can get you checked out. It's a lot of tricks. I can do what we call backing up on the guy. Let us say that I

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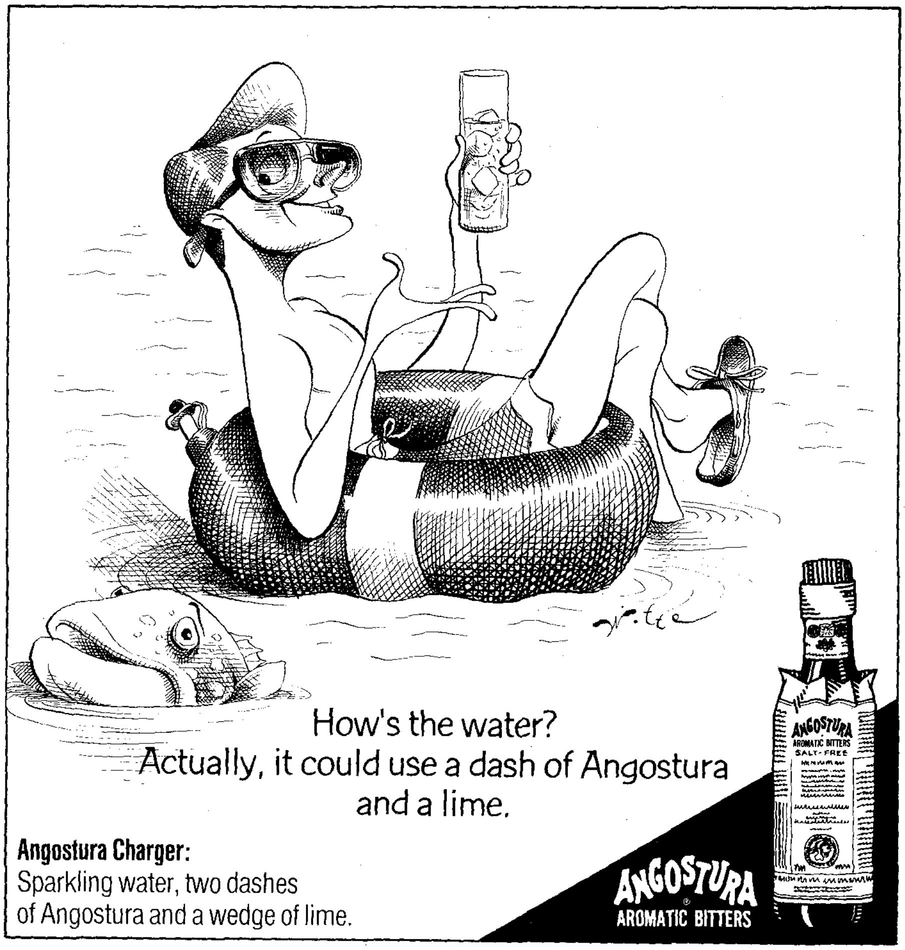
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have a partner I did not choose, he line up next to me on a day when I have no partner. I am smarter and faster than he is, and I want to get out of his way. He is keeping me back. He going to become a botheration to me. In order to make things more faster for me, I leave him when I get to a certain place and walk up the row and cut there. If you cut ahead in a cane row, you will cause the other man's cane to fall, because the wind will blow it over—it not have yours to rest on anymore.

"Sometimes you can account for a row and a half, a row and three-quarters, maybe two rows in a day—it all depends on the limits of your physical. Your money is on your cane knife—how you can use it, how agile you are. The ability of the cutter tells the benefit of the row. As you toil, you are learning more better the task, each day more and more. Then you hop up to the big money.

d. ehrenberg

"In the cane field, you wears good boots, good safety shoes, and you wears a hand guard to keep your hand from getting cut, and you wears a shin guard and you can wear one or two depending on how you know to use your knife. It makes you look a little like a robot, but many a time except for that shin guard some fellows would never go back with good feet. It's a lot of accidents in the fields. Most of your men getting cut. You using the cane knife, a fellow might fall over, and you cut him. It's what we call miscellaneous happenings. I saw a fellow cut another one time in the fields, and that was a grudge, but normally you don't get that. It happens that people get cut, but not in a malice way. In the camps, you get a lot of gnashings, and this body don't want to sit next to that body, you get a lot of people walking over each other, but normally you don't get men running one another down with no cane knife in the field. Not to my knowings.

"The worst thing about the cane field altogether is knowing that you have to make your day. If you are agile, you can make your row. You might not be agile, you make three-quarters. But you make your row and that's a better dollar for your pocket. The only thing to do is to have the faith—faith in God, and faith to take you to the end of the row. And when I reach the end of that row I say, 'Bless God, I made my day.' "

ONE year, I went to Florida to observe the end of the season. I spent most of it with a cutter called Turks, from Kingston, Jamaica, who lived at Streamline Camp, in Pahokee, and whom I knew from Click Farm, outside Clewiston, and with his friends Cyclops and Screw. Rain had held up the end of the harvest. The cutters tried to guess from the amount of work left when they would be returning to their homes. Even when the harvest is on schedule, the cutters know only approximately when they will be leaving. The companies know the dates they are closing the mills, and are supposed to give the cutters ten days' notice, but often don't let the word out, because they don't want any slackening in the cutters' production. The cutters hear this and that. Perhaps a field walker is in the camp office and sees a slip of paper or overhears a conversation. Because the cutters don't know when they are leaving, they can't let their families know when to expect them. No one meets them at the airport. The ones who live near the airport share taxis home. Others ride the bus. Sometimes the cutters are given a date, then leave the camp and are held in Miami for a day, perhaps more, until a flight is available. They return to their countries on scheduled flights, so it is a question of a seat's being found.

Screw lived at Streamline with Turks. He had punctured his eardrum with a cane stalk earlier in the season, and although it had healed he had found that every time he returned to work his inner ear began to throb and the pain forced him to quit. Cyclops lived at the camp in Belle Glade. Turks and I drove over there one afternoon and picked him up, then went on to Ritta, a U.S. Sugar camp. Turks had heard that the wife of one of the supervisors there was Jheri-curling cutters' hair, and the two of them wanted to make appointments. Turks Jheri-curled his hair each year at the end of the season. Cyclops, whose given name was Robert, was going to do it for the first time. "I go home looking smashing," he said. "All the girls will say to me, 'Robert, you look smashing.' " In addition, the father of the woman Cyclops lived with in Jamaica worked at Ritta, and Cyclops wanted to say hello. As it turned out, the man wasn't there. Cyclops left a note on his bunk that read, "We come here but we never see you. We leave Thursday. O.K. Robert." Cyclops placed the note near a small plaque that read "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Beside the plaque was a copy of the New Testament called "The Good News for Modern Man."

From Ritta we drove out past Clewiston to Shawnee, so that Turks could pick up some videotapes he was having copied by a man who worked there. He said that he had cut three rows that day. "I was set for it," he said. "I was in a good mood, I was in a spiritual mood, I was in a good mood to go."

At Shawnee, several cutters were standing in front of the house where Turks was picking up the tapes. One opened the car door and said to Cyclops, "Of you and your mother, who came first?"

A long, impenetrable discussion followed, which Cyclops brought to an end by saying, "I was before, and my mother was behind. A man was before a woman. A mother's a woman, I am a man, so I was before my mother. He's got to submit."

The other cutters nodded. Turks came out with a copy of "Death Wish 3" and a kung-fu film.

I did not go with Turks when he got his hair Jheri-curled. I had done that the year before, when he was living at Click and had arranged with the crew leader's wife to have it done. The crew leader's trailer was across the canal from the camp. I watched television while Turks went through the various applications and combings and stylings. A lot of television commercials in south Florida begin with a man standing in front of a car, or with a shoe in his hand, or beside an appliance, and saying, "Hello, I'm Frank," or John. In one commercial, a man said, "Men and women, if you're not happy doing what you're doing, stop and learn to drive a tractor-trailer!" Turks sat with his back to the television and held a mirror in one hand so that he could watch the television over his shoulder. A woman came on and said, "Hi, I'm Marlo Bender, can you be thinner? Can you lose weight? Can you reach that perfect dress size?" On the wall was a towel with an image of Jesus.

We watched a game show. The host said, “You have a special relative?”

The contestant said, “Yeah, my grandfather was the co-inventor of the photo finish at the racetrack and he was the first person to take a picture of a triple dead heat. We have it at our house.”

“That must be pretty exciting!”

Turks, with his hair all slicked back, looked like an Apache. On the television, a woman said, “I’m a model. I’ve been working for the major designers in Paris and London and I have moved back here to have my first baby.”

“All right!”

Written in pen on the back of the mirror was “He is the God of the Second Chance.” The camp was full of peddlers hoping to get a piece of the cutters’ money. Turks looked out the window and said, “Peddler, peddler, peddler, every minute of the day.”

When we got back to Streamline, we saw that a number of men had done their hair themselves in the bathrooms. They were admiring their images in the mirrors and paying each other compliments. The next few days, they walked around the camp wearing shower caps to keep the dust and dirt from ruining their hair.

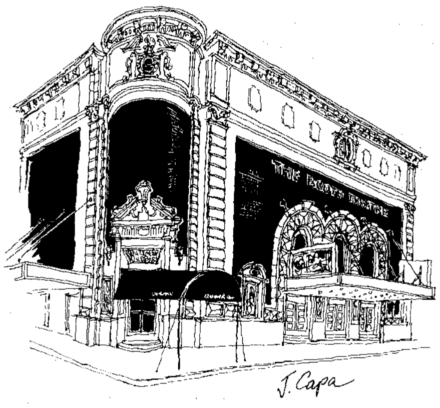
Once Turks had packed, all that remained for him to do was sell his gun. Over the last few seasons, a number of cutters had been robbed, particularly in Pahokee; one had been robbed on the highway near the camp, and more than a few had begun carrying guns to protect themselves. When Turks bought his, he said, “This a gun country, everybody need security.” At Streamline, one cutter had shot another by accident. The shooter had borrowed a gun and walked out the door of the barracks and pointed it at the fields and pulled the trigger just as the other cutter turned the corner. He took the bullet in his arm. The man with the gun ran inside the barracks, gave the gun back, then ran through the yard of the camp and into the street. Turks saw him there. “He was just walking around clapping his hands,” he said. “You could see the sadness on his face.” New Year’s Eve, Turks and a friend took their guns and some beer to the fields and spent an hour drinking and shooting in the New Year. Turks bought his gun in Pahokee for seventy-five dollars and sold it to a cutter from Barbados for a hundred and forty. The Barbadians are said to be checked less carefully on returning than are the Jamaicans, and Turks didn’t want the gun anyway.

One night at the end of a season a few years back, some cutters stuffed cane trash into a shirt and a pair of pants and tied a belt at the waist and a bandanna around the head and fastened a cutlass to one hand and hung a sign on a cord around the neck. The sign said:

> I hear about cutting canes in America, and I leave my home and came here, and now I got here the condition is so rough that I had to run down the Charley’s, and this is how they have me. Although the crop is finish I still have to come out to see if there anything to do. The White Man Does Steal Us Very Bad.

The cutters set the figure on the porch of one of the cabins and put a water jug beside it. A college student saw it the next morning and took pictures of it. Some time later, his professor asked some white men at the company what they made of it. They said they had consulted an anthropologist, who told them that the slogan and the figure had no practical meaning. Probably they had something to do with juju. More than likely they were a charm to keep evil away.

Turks had taken up with a woman from Pahokee named Lucy, whom he had met at a bar. By the time I arrived, they had been together two months. She had plaited his hair into tiny braids. She used to let him borrow her car and he would sometimes fill it with cutters and drive as far as Palm Beach or Miami just to see what it looked like. I picked him up one night at the camp and we drove down the street past the Streamline Bar and he saw Lucy’s car and then Lucy herself, standing by a pay phone in the parking lot. She was a short, wide, and formidable figure against the side of a building. Turks likes fat women. He pronounces “fat” with the soft Jamaican “a,” and almost a second elapses between the “f” and the “t.” He pulled up beside her and introduced us and then got out to talk to her. When he came back to the car, he said over his shoulder that he would see her later at home. Lucy said that she wouldn’t be there. He said, “Be home,” and she said, “*You* ain’t home.”



The following afternoon, work finished early. Turks and I went to Lucy’s house, which amounted to a shack on stilts on a back street in Pahokee. Lucy and three other women were on the porch drinking liquor mixed with Coke and watching their children on the lawn. One of the women was Lucy’s sister. She was slim and pretty and slow-moving. She looked at my rental car and said, “I’d drive that car.”

Lucy came down off the porch to talk to us. She was wearing a dress of sheer orange material that clung to her because of her size. Turks touched her backside, and she said, “Don’t you be petting my ass in front of people. I told you about that.” A bit later, his hand brushed her chest and she took a swipe at him. They arranged to meet later. The women all seemed a little affected by the drink. The sister sat as still as an Indian and watched her child. Instead of smiling when she was amused, she would look away across the lawn and you could sense the slightest relaxation in her manner.

When we picked Lucy up later, a child was crying inside the house. On the porch was a young girl, Lucy’s niece, dressed up in bluejeans and a paisley shirt to go to town. Lucy went inside to change out of her housedress. Turks played with the children. One of them, a little boy, called him stepdad. He said, “Who told you to call me that?”

The boy said, “No one, I figured it out.”

Turks and Lucy and I drove to Click Farm, so Turks could say goodbye to the crew leader, who now had another job on the farm. Lucy had never been out there before; she had never been west of Belle Glade. She slept in the back seat most of the way—until we left the highway for the fields outside Clewiston—and then she stared out the window, and eventually she said, “Man, you were back out in Nowhere Land.” Turks’ friend was not at home, so we went back to

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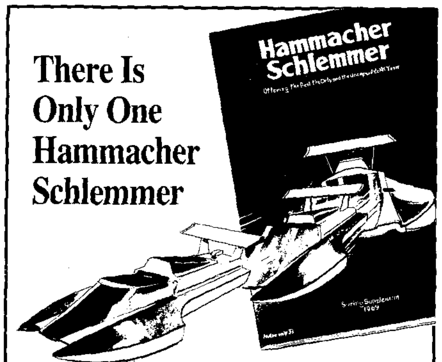

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Pahokee. The crop rows spun past the windows. A flock of egrets in the middle of a field stood as still as statues on a lawn and watched us pass. It occurred to me that we had driven nearly forty miles to reach Click Farm and had followed cane fields practically all the way. "In those fields is a lot of tribulation," Turks said. Lucy was asleep again. "I don't think I will do this anymore," he went on. "It's too much. I been cutting cane for so long I should be able to buy a house. I cannot buy a house. I'm trying my best, but it bend my mind, it break my heart. Sometime when I think about it, I think I'll just go home. I'm on nine seasons straight. I need a Christmas back home."

The next night, Turks' last, Lucy came by the camp to say goodbye. When she arrived, Turks was wrapping a blanket around his VCR in order to pack it. Lucy stood outside in the dark and spoke to Turks through a window, half of her face in shadow. Turks invited her in, but she said there were too many men, she wasn't coming in and having their eyes all over her. I went over to say goodbye. She asked if I was coming to their wedding.

I left Turks talking to her and went to find Screw. He had dreamed the night before that he had seen his wife and that she was crying over a dead body, so he was using one of the dream books for gamblers the cutters buy in the supermarkets to predict combinations in the numbers and was looking up "crying" and "seeing a lover" and "seeing a dead body." He was not going to play, he had no money, he was just passing the time. He was fairly sure that because of the length of his injury and the time he had missed at work he would not be asked back the next season. (He wasn't.) He had seen *on television* the advertisement of a West Palm Beach lawyer who he thought might be able to help him get a settlement from the grower for his injury. He said that it had been a very disappointing season for everyone—especially the cutters who had been at Click Farm the year before. They missed it and said they had not realized how good they had had it there. "This camp like some barren ground," he said.

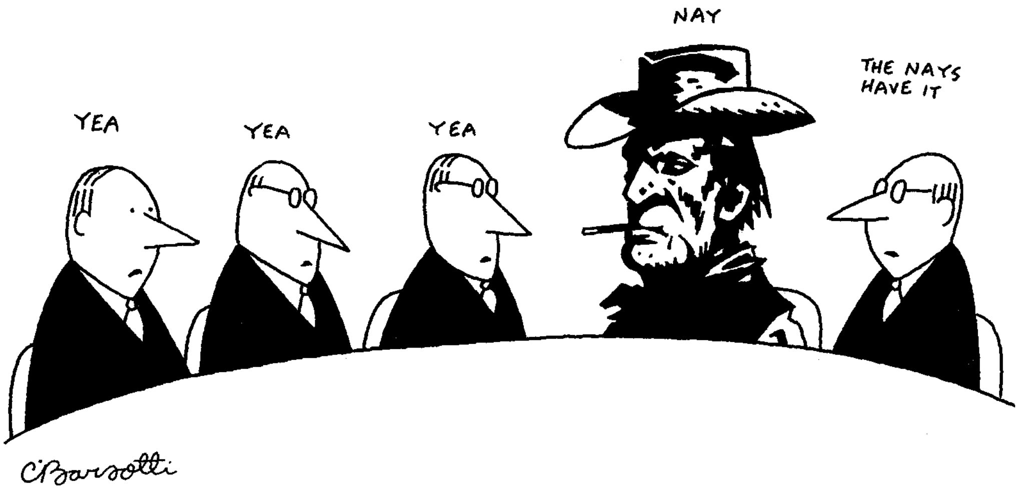
I went back and asked Turks if he was really going to marry Lucy. He said, "I don't know." I said I had never heard him say that he wanted to live in America. He said maybe for a little while, but only so he could make enough money to go back to Jamaica on better terms. Then he said that he couldn't marry Lucy because she had five children and he would not be able to take care of them properly and anyway his girlfriend and their son in Jamaica were ahead of Lucy in line.

Under the terms of the contracts that the cutters sign with the growers, a deduction of twenty-three per cent is made from their wages and deposited in savings accounts in their names on their islands. The original purpose of such an account was to give the cutters an incentive to return to the Caribbean. The cutters resent being forced to contribute to these accounts. They say it is a dead money that they give, no interest gets on it. The governments of the various islands concerned take the interest. Turks, an exceptionally capable cutter, went home with three hundred dollars, plus about fifteen hundred in the enforced savings account.

A JAMAICAN:

"They call me House, since in Jamaica we play a lot of card games in my home and every sixth hand I take a dollar from the pot, because my light is burning. This cutting cane is like a trade for me, like a carpenter or a mason or an engineer. I'm a veteran at it. When I return to Jamaica, I got nothing else to go with, then sugarcane time come, I journey back here. In Jamaica, I'm a poor man, I'm a pauper. In America, everyone can afford a house and a car. I have no car. I can build no house. In America, you can sit there and the next day you will be a millionaire because of that game 'Chance of a Lifetime' that we watch on TV. In Jamaica, we don't have that, it more harder in Jamaica.

"In America, we work the roughest way to make a living. Coming over, they ask if you're willing to work seven days a week, willing to wash your own clothes, willing to eat poor, willing to obey, work in all style of weather, eat rice seven days. We take eye test, hands test, feet test; they test the entire structure to show you are perfect. When we going home, don't you think they should give us a test? Going home, we get no test. Whatever time you go home with some pain from the contract you must spend from your pocket to mend it. The food they never fix properly. Too many men to cook for, too much hurry to get that food fixed.



Sometime they cook that rice all night. The meat one time it was spoiling—it stink. Boss man don't need cook, he need men to cut his cane. If I complain, he carry hatred for me.

"A lot of accident happen in the cane. When you working, your hand is sweaty, maybe the bill slip and fly up, maybe take your hand or your foot. Maybe take your partner. Sometimes cane fly up and lick me in the mouth. Call that flyup cane. You mash up your back from the never-ending turning and bending. Your hand become like part of a machine. Look at my palm, the bill rest here—it make a channel for its shape. When you go home, that one hand you have been cutting with you can't use. It's no good for anything else; you got to use the other one until it heal. Whatever time you are working in the cold, you feel it right up your arm to your heart. If a piece of cane hit you then, it is terrible. First camp I go to, in 1979, I see a big man cry from the cold, and they had to take him back to the camp. All day we breathing the soot and ash from the fields. Our lives one day shorter for each day we cut cane.

"We complain, but only to one another. We know it hard and you got to survive. God is with us, we take Him with us day by day, we got to work with Him, we got to watch dangerous things—snake, bobcat, ants climbing up your pants leg to sting you, the cane stalk strike you in your eye, pierce your eardrum. Sometime to make money we got to eat no lunch, we got no time for it, sick and still working. Maybe you sick and you go to a doctor but he say go and try it, and you must, because otherwise they say you refuse your work. Racing, we get chop. You got to be wise and understand yourself and be quiet, otherwise they send you home. It is very disappointing, the way we are treated. We are slaves. They pay us money, but really they buy us. Our government sell us to the contract. We live in captivity, we must obey our master, anything he say we have to do. For we it is rough. We have always a struggle. We are all of us under a sufferation.

"When I lie in the bed and look back home, I look at my wife and I feel so disappointed. I want to see her now. Whatever time I in the field, I wish she could see me there. Sometimes we lie on the bed and say something like 'Joe Grind, he pick your apple,' or we getting a letter and we say Joe Grind writing us for money. Joe Grind is at home jumping up on your bed and taking his cap and backhanding your son, saying 'Go away.'

"Returning back home, it is strange, the separation we have passed through, great tribulation. You become a foreigner because you are away so much. Most people like experience and travel, but that wear off. It is lonely being away. Right now I feel lonely. Sometimes at night, nature just kill me."

THE last time I saw Caveman, he said that he had run into Noel, his Barbadian friend, the night before in Harlem, and that Noel had said he would talk to me and had told Caveman where he worked and that we should pick him up at the end of the day. Noel worked for the water-management board. At a store, Caveman asked directions from a man who was holding a jug of distilled water by its handle with the thumb of his right hand. He had no other fingers on that hand. Caveman called him Six. When we drove off, Caveman said, "The first time I saw Six was in a bar. He asked for some credit, and they called him Six, and I said, 'Why did you call him that?' "

I asked about Star Child, the young man who was trying to make a living as a disk jockey in the clubs, and Caveman said that the first time he saw Star Child, at a club in Belle Glade, Star Child had been wearing a diaper. He said it was part of an act, for publicity.

We passed some canals, and Caveman said people who wanted to swim in them would study them first for gators. He said you could see gators because they parted the surface of the water just slightly, like a fish, but big. He said that anyway they only struck from the top.

When we arrived at the water-management board, about three-thirty, there were six men playing basketball on a fenced-in court inside the parking lot. Noel was watching. He came over to us and said he couldn't leave until the boss man, who was playing, left. Caveman said he used to love playing basketball. He said that he had been at college on a football scholarship but had given it up. "My head be all the time hurting up," he said. "Had to keep the aspirin bottle with you. Those guys that hitting you be three hundred and ten pounds and moving at fifteen, twenty miles an hour. I called up my mama and said I was coming home. That be too much." As soon as the boss man left and was out of sight, everyone else started his car and left, too.

At Noel's, we sat on the steps of his trailer. It was hot, and he wore his shirt open. He had a scar in the center of his chest, on the breastbone. He said that a woman had stabbed him. He was living with her and she saw him out with another woman, and when he came home he walked in the door and she jumped out of a closet and planted the knife in him. He stepped back outside and down the steps and into his car and drove to the hospital with the knife stuck there. He said he had also been shot twice by women, and then he showed me a scar on his shoulder where the mark left by the four tines of a fork planted in his shoulder by a woman showed plainly, like a little constellation.

Out in the fields, a loader collected the day's harvest. Noel said that he had been hired to manage this farm and given the trailer to live in, but the farm had failed, so he was looking for another place, closer to town. What he told me about cutting sugarcane I pretty much already knew, but it was pleasant sitting on his porch and looking out over the fields.

When we got back to Harlem, Caveman wanted to check the street. "Let me see what the night be like," he said. "I can always tell by this time of the afternoon how the night shaping up."

By Betty's New Suite Inn, a man stepped from the curb and yelled to Caveman. We turned around and went back and got him. He said he had driven a tractor for one of the growers until earlier in the week, when he had overturned a wagon and got fired. Caveman saw his girlfriend pass in her car, and we followed her until she pulled into the driveway of a trailer several lots from Caveman's. He got out and went to see if he could talk her into giving up the car for the night. He came back a few moments later saying that in exchange she had wanted him to accompany her to the washhouse to do laundry and then go shopping for food. "I don't go shopping with no woman," he said. "I did it one time. I didn't *like* it."

We drove back toward Main Street. Caveman said, "I got to get me a new piece of car. I wrecked my last one."

"I remember that," his friend said.

"Time before that took me five years to get a new one."

"Damn."

"You know Charles?"

"Tall dude from Belle Glade?"

"Hang out up on the street there?"

"Yeah. Always wearing that hat?"

"That the one."

"Charles."

"They say he's crazy."

"Word up."

"You see what he's driving?"

"Check it out."

"Brand new."

"Where'd he get all that money?"

"Being crazy," said Caveman.

"Check it out, man. Charles."

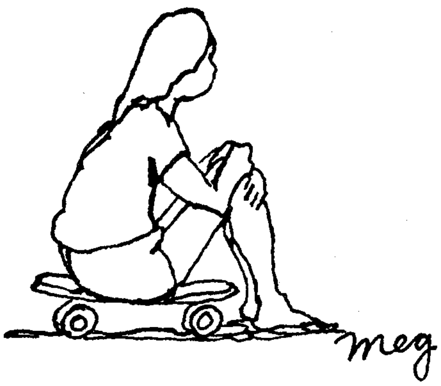
"Maybe I ought to go that road," Caveman said.

His friend said, "You probably wouldn't have to go that far if you took it."

AN issue of the fashion tabloid *W* from February of 1987 contains an article about a family named Fanjul, who own the Okeelanta Corporation and the Osceola Corporation, and whose fortune the writer estimates as at least five hundred million dollars. The article bears a dateline from Palm Beach. It includes the information that the two oldest brothers in the family are named Alfonso and José. Alfonso, called Alfie, is married to a woman named Tina, and José, called Pepe, is married to Emilia. Tina is quoted at lunch on the patio of her home. Palm trees are in view. Also a butler wearing white gloves and gray-and-black livery. Crista, her daughter, describes a ritual having its origins in the behavior of her ancestor Señor Gomez-Mena, a sugar baron:

> "He walked into a Havana cafe, ordered an espresso and filled his cup three-quarters full of sugar. The cafe owner shrugged and said, 'Who do you think you are . . . Senor Gomez-Mena?' Nowadays, when we go to a restaurant or a diner, we do something very similar. We each open about five or six packets of sugar and pour them out into our saucers."
>
> Everyone laughs. A little frivolous waste for tradition's sake is relished as charming.

Accompanying the article are photographs: a handsome dark-haired woman in a silk print dress, seated with a small dog on a flowered sofa in a room with many objects ("Tina Fanjul and Tai," according to a caption); two cabin cruisers, one of them equipped for sport ("The houseboat for guests and a fishing boat"); three figures having lunch at a table in a garden, attended by a man in a white jacket and dark trousers ("Allan Ryan Sr., Tina Fanjul and Bobbie Ryan"); a corner of a house surrounded by shrubs, with a lawn in the foreground ("The spacious lawns around Alfie and Tina Fanjul's home"); a family portrait; a white house under a blue sky ("The Pepe Fanjuls' new home"); another woman in a room with a dog ("Emilia Fanjul and Heather"); a library with chintz-covered couches and drapes and many objects, as well as a few books ("The library in Tina and Alfie Fanjul's home"); and a young woman seated on a hammock with a different dog ("Crista Fanjul and Bumpa").



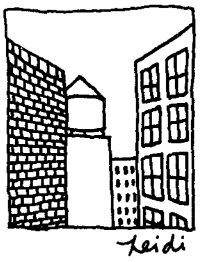
Emilia and Pepe live in a twenty-six-room house that belonged to a man whose family supplied arms to the Germans during the Second World War. Pepe drives a red Ferrari. Alfie has a blue Mercedes, with "AF" on the license plates. Pepe is a former president of the Florida Sugar Cane League. He also wanted to be President of Cuba. The family have lunch together every Sunday, occasionally on fish caught among reefs that Alfie has had built beneath his dock on Lake Worth. Formal dinners at his house are served on a table made from the skins of goats and boars and finished to a gloss. On such occasions, it is the family's habit to burn candles hand-dipped by monks.

The article also mentions that the family's companies recently paid a fine of eighty-five thousand dollars to the Environmental Protection Agency for violating federal air-pollution standards, and that the family recently reneged on a promise, made by Gulf & Western when that company owned Okeelanta, to exchange lands in the Everglades-restoration area (which would then be preserved) for other state lands.

I OFTEN think of Turks in his house. It is so small. It is one room. It is hot and dark. To obtain privacy—to leave his bed in the morning and dress, say—he turns his back on Paulette, his girlfriend, and Robert, their son, who is seven and shares the bed with them. In Jamaica, it is not unusual to live in quarters so restricted.

Turks' house is in Kingston, among a number of small houses forming a settlement beside a road leading into the hills. Between the houses and the road is a culvert for carrying rainwater to the sea. At the head of the dirt road entering the settlement is a tavern—a bar with a couple of stools. Beyond the tavern, on the left side, the culvert; on the right, a low wall, then a break of several feet forming an entrance to a yard, then a higher wall, part of a structure that has been abandoned.

The yard is common to several houses. Nothing is growing there; the dirt is packed hard, like a floor; where it passes their doorways the women sweep it clean. The houses are made of concrete and finished with plaster mixed with sand. They are built on sloping ground, some are higher than others, a number share walls. On one of the walls a person has written "Sad Christmas, No Money." Sheets of corrugated zinc form the roofs. Rocks and cinder blocks hold the tin against the wind. By the entrance to the small courtyard that Turks shares with his neighbors is a shade tree with a root that has been exposed by erosion. This is a gathering place. The haunches of the people who have sat there have polished the root to the texture of finished wood, like a piece of furniture.



Cats lie in the sun. Women dry sorrel on tables for tea. Dogs forage in the culvert. Goats stray into the road beside the settlement. When cars run them down, the owners can't collect damages, because the goats aren't supposed to be loose. There are no lights in the yards; the darkness at night is complete.

Turks' house has doors on two sides. When someone is home, the doors stand open for a breeze. Around the doorframes are holes in the plaster plugged with pages of the *Daily Gleaner*, the Kingston newspaper. At the head of the bed is a curtain draped in a circle, which serves to conceal clothes and some suitcases that Turks takes nearly empty to Florida.

In his house are one bed, a stove and a refrigerator bought in Clewiston, a table with an oilcloth, a couple of chairs, a sideboard of stained wood that has on it a television (also from Clewiston), a VCR (bought secondhand in Moore Haven from a woman who Jheri-curled Turks' hair one year, and whose husband cooked at Click Farm), and a pair of ceramic collies from the Coronation Market, an outdoor market in downtown Kingston. Turks is fond of figurines. Around the television screen he has strung small colored lights. The floor is covered with painted tiles. The ceiling is low and made from canvas. It is not possible to walk three steps in any direction without meeting an obstacle. In the evening, children often come to the back door to watch movies and because Turks gives them parts of his meal.

Turks carries water from a pump in the yard. There is no sink in his house. He washes dishes, washes himself, removes the plate from his mouth and scrubs it, in view of his neighbors. In yards nearby are vines bearing pumpkins, as well as trees that bear coconuts, bananas, akee (akee and salt fish is a popular Caribbean breakfast), papaw, guinnap, guava, avocado, two kinds of mango (Bombay and Kitney), breadfruit, nessberry, custard apple, and star hopper. The arrangement of their planting is accidental, and they bear without being maintained.

The tenants rent their houses by the month. Because many cannot raise the sum all at once, the landlord visits weekly. He comes on Sunday. In Jamaica, this kind of landlord is called a Sunday landlord.

In the country, people build stands beside the roads and display the produce of the area, or sell drinks. The stands are the simplest kind, with no elaboration, unless it is to have a counter or some shelves. Sometimes on a road there will be nothing but scenery for miles, then a stand with a few coconuts, and a woman's face behind the counter (the eyes cast down or to the side or meeting yours as you pass), then nothing again for miles; sometimes there are five or six stands in a row, selling oranges or mangoes or breadfruit or Red Stripe beer. At night, most of the stands are empty. At some, the proprietors light rags stuffed in Mason jars filled with kerosene and place them on the counter; a woman sews, a man reads to some children by the light from the flame.

I went with Turks to the Coronation Market one day. He parked in front of Gimme de Break Boutique, which was closed, its windows shuttered, and went looking for a man who owed him money for a watch. In the center of the market is a huge open-sided shed with a tin roof; underneath it, venders sell from stalls or handcarts. A man stood beside a barrel on the top of which he had laid out tripe, and waved off flies with a rolled newspaper. Next to him, a woman sat beside a table on which were old rum bottles filled with root juices the color of tea. Next to her, baskets made from wicker, next

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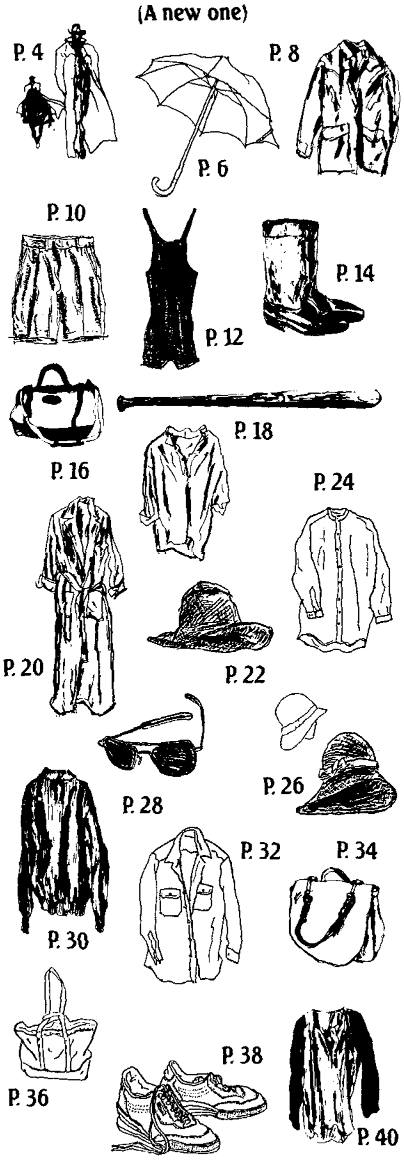

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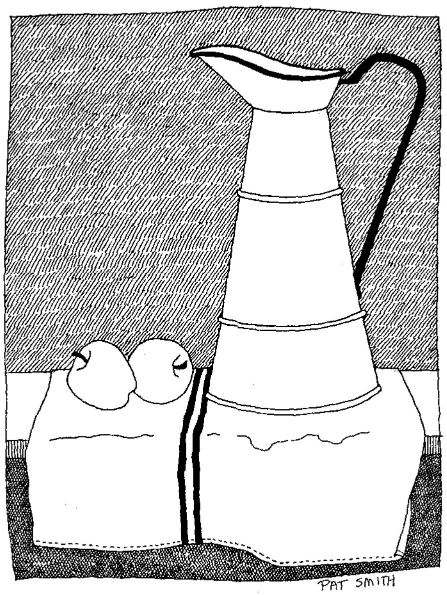
to that bananas, next to that yams, limes, and scallions, next to that red peas, next to that custard apples, next to that plantains, next to that pigs' tails, next to that red corn and cucumbers, next to that fish that were blue and red and were laid out on top of barrels in the shade, next to that more tripe, next to that salted fish, next to that molasses, honey, and olive oil in old rum bottles on tables covered with newspaper, next to that more roots, next to that teas, rice bitters, dried soup, and chicken feet.

Outside, around a square of low, flat-roofed buildings painted in fading bright colors, women were selling from handcarts or from trays balanced on boxes. On the trays were arrangements of vegetables—three tomatoes beside three tiny peppers beside fifteen small onions—next to rows of spices in small plastic bags closed with wire, or in piles shaped like cones. There was no breeze. The women squatted with their knees splayed and drew their skirts up between their legs, like diapers. Against the sun at their backs they opened up cardboard boxes and wore them like hats, the flaps spread over their shoulders and backs, the front edge resting on their foreheads. Or held umbrellas. They made change from the pockets of their aprons without standing up or sometimes without even looking at the person they were dealing with; they just held their hands above their heads, and the customer took his money from their palms. Turks found the man who owed him, but the man had broken his arm the day before in a fall and was in pain, and Turks decided not to ask for the money, although he could have used it and the man had owed him for some time. On the way back to the car, he bought a soursop from a woman who handed him a scale with a basket and told him to weigh it. Then he bought a pineapple to squeeze for its juice.

At a storefront butcher just off the square, a line in the doorway ended in front of two small windows, like betting stalls at a racetrack. What was left for sale was written by hand on sheets of paper taped to the walls and the windows: pig trotters, pig heads, turkey necks, chicken backs, local mutton, beef liner, goat head, and tripe. Turks bought cowskin, which we had boiled that night for dinner. Above the square and the old-fashioned buildings, buzzards rode the currents of heat.

A few weeks before I arrived, Turks had been walking the road through the settlement when he heard Paulette shrieking. A letter had come for him from America, with the address written in a woman's hand. Paulette opened it. "And she write to my house!" she was screaming. Everyone agreed it was an outrage to write Turks at their home. Turks turned the corner and went up the street and stayed away two nights and a day, until she calmed down.

FEW Americans apply to cut sugarcane. People who live in south Florida know about the danger and the drudgery of the task and are mostly not interested, and few who live outside the area would ever know that the opportunity existed. By the terms of the arrangements through which the industry obtains West Indian cutters, the growers are required to make jobs available first to American citizens and legal aliens. When the growers have satisfied the Department of Labor that an insufficient number applied, they can request cutters, the number being based on the estimates of the tonnage in their fields. In considering the requests, the Department of Labor assumes that a man cuts a ton of cane per hour. The growers are hostile toward American applicants and protective of the supply of West Indian cutters, who, in addition to being skilled, form a labor force that is docile; the growers solve labor difficulties of any seriousness by shipping the discontented cutters home. Atlantic Sugar Growers sent three hundred cutters home during a strike in 1982. In 1986, Okeelanta sent home about three hundred and fifty. The trouble that year began in a field one morning three weeks into the season, over a row price so low the ticket writers would not give it out. The cutters had been discouraged by the prices all season; some had cut the same fields in seasons past for better money, and felt that the situation was dire and was not going to improve. They left the field and went into other fields asking cutters to stop working. The liaison officers arrived and said that they would try to negotiate a price but that the cutters would have to return to work while they were doing it. Some did; most began walking back to the camp. Work was called off, and the rest of the cutters were rounded up and taken back to the barracks. The next morning, the buses were late. Some cutters stood on the lawn waiting for them or talked to the liaison officers; others stayed in the barracks. At some point, a vice-president of the company came out of the camp office, spoke to some people who worked for him, and returned to the office. Moments later, the Belle Glade police arrived, as well as deputies from the Palm Beach County sheriff's office, as well as troopers from the Florida Highway Patrol, as well as canine officers with dogs, as well as an ambulance. A number of cutters ran into the barracks. Some of the police pointed shotguns at the cutters, who saw the ambulance and the dogs and thought they were going to die. The dogs chased the cutters in the barracks. Two cutters were bitten, one of them was arrested. The police began loading cutters from the lawn and others who had fled the barracks onto the buses. No one told them where they were going. Some realized they were not headed for the fields and went out the emergency exits at the back of the buses and kept on travelling and never returned to the camp. Seven buses, some of them driven by policemen, took the three hundred and fifty cutters to a Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association office in Hialeah. A number of cutters asked for their jobs back, saying they were never part of the strike, they were just waiting in the barracks when the dogs arrived, and were herded in with everyone else and forced onto the buses. They were refused. Over the next three days, as room could be found, the cutters were sent home on commercial flights. Hardly anyone had been able to bring anything with him



from the camp; there had been no time. At some point during the three days, a van showed up at the association's office and dumped a collection of cutters' belongings on the lawn, through which the cutters sorted, each hoping to find something of his own. Some cutters had no shoes; most were wearing only their work clothes. Humiliation is what they felt at returning home with no pay and with nothing to show for the time in America, which had once held such promise. People at the airport gave them money to take buses and get something to eat. The Jamaican television station filmed some of them arriving; one man I spoke to in Jamaica a few months later told me that he had got back to his house and heard from his friends that they had seen him on television. Because of the shotguns and the numbers of policemen wearing helmets and visors and the dogs and the atmosphere of war, the cutters in describing the events of the strike refer to the Okeelanta camp as the Vietnam camp.

DURING November of 1982, the Department of Labor notified the Mississippi state employment office that jobs were available cutting sugarcane in Florida, the people at the employment office said they had candidates, and the department had the sugar industry send someone to explain the work and interview anyone interested. A hundred and seventy-seven men, two of them white, boarded buses on December 17th for the twenty-four-hour ride to south Florida. After a little more than two weeks, a hundred and seventy-six had quit or been fired.

Men I will call Emlen, Thomas, Oscar, and William, from Mississippi:

Emlen: "What I remember, I had gone to the unemployment service looking for work and there was none. Either I was overqualified or it was a job I didn't really want. The man at the veterans' council called me up and said that the representative of the sugar company was going to come get guys to cut sugarcane in Florida, so I went to the place, and the representative was there, and they were letting in only so many people at a time, because the building wasn't really big enough for the people that wanted to get in to cut sugarcane. Inside, the man was talking about all the things that would happen while we were in Florida, the equipment we would be using. They told us that it was going to be some hard work. I never ran away from no hard work in my life. I looked at hard work as a way to keep myself in shape. Some of the other things that he told supposed to be to our advantage: we would be in a camp that had pool tables, basketball courts, that if someone got hurt there would be a nurse on duty twenty-four hours a day, we would be paid minimum wage for eight days and then we'd go to four sixty-nine an hour. It was told to us also from the beginning, if any of us don't make the training period we had to pay our way back, and the food in the camp would be five-fifty a day. He told us the most nationality there was in the camp, that would be the type of food we would be eating. They gave us a physical—get your weight, get your height, tell you to void in a cup. O.K., you void in a cup, the doctor comes in and checks your lungs, and that was it."

Thomas: "The bus left that morning and get there the next day. Some dudes wanted to bring their cars. They told you you don't need to bring no car. They told you you'd be around a lot of quicksand. They said if you wanted to go into town they would take you. As we were coming into the Glades area, it was early morning. I saw nothing but sugarcane plants everywhere, like a jungle. My first impression was, Wow, we are in a desert place. We were watching the Jamaicans arriving in the cane fields. There were already some cutting. We didn't even look to see how they were doing it, because we didn't know that what it was we were looking at was what we would be doing. Most of the guys on the bus drunk anyway from the bus stopping at liquor stores all the way from Mississippi. Only thing I noticed was when them Jamaican dudes come back at the end of the day they looked real bad. That had cause to stop me to think that something was awfully wrong at that camp. I said, 'I *know* that's hard.' "

Oscar: "When we got off the bus at the reception place, we don't see nothing but Jamaicans. The company man told us to stand outside this building and they would call us. The group I was in was called in finally and they told us then that we were going to have to work pretty hard. They said any man that think he can't bend down and get on his knees and use a mercedes, what they call the cane knife, better withdraw his application. The con-

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tracts were on the table, and a couple of people picked it up to read it, and the man said, 'Well, you don't really need to read that, we need to get you signed up so we can send you on.' "

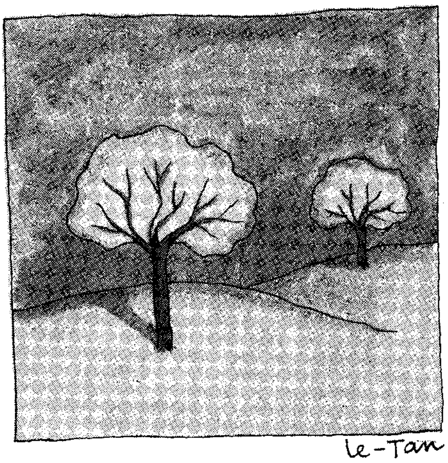
Emlen: "Next step be out in the sugarcane field. I never cut sugarcane, but I willing to learn. They said we could have a rest day our first day there, but I started out the first day to familiar myself. I was really enthused being down there, and what really hyped me up the most was I was going to be making four sixty-nine an hour, and I felt like I could make enough money to come back to Mississippi and work in a barber hair-style, because I had gone to school for it and it wouldn't have taken that much for me to get the equipment I needed. They put you on a row, gave you some kneepads and all that fear gear that they wear, and told you to cut the cane. They got a guy that walks in a field, which they call a field walker. He showed us one time how to cut the cane and stack it: say cut it at the bottom, cut it at the top, fold it in your arms and lay it down. After that, if you cut it too high he would call you back."

Thomas: "We pick it up from the Jamaicans. What they did, we did. When we cut one sugarcane, they cut about eight. When we behind, they way up the field. I was studying them a little from the bus when we going to the field, but once I get out there I see I never be able to catch up to them. We'd start out at the same time in the morning, and after twenty minutes they would be about three or four car lengths ahead. They were swift with their knives. They could take them and throw them across their legs real quick, sharpening them up. I don't know if they trained to do or just born to do. They looked like they had been trained for about five years before they even went out there to cut."

Emlen: "Some of those stalks, it's like cutting down a miniature tree. Jamaicans was on both sides of us and if we got beside a guy we had talked to in the camp he would help us. We didn't know anything about sharpening the knife, but luckily the Jamaicans showed us, because one time I said to these guys, 'Hey, how come you guys hit a stalk one time and it falls over, and I hit it six or seven times?' "

William: "Sugarcane is endurance, you got to be a *man* to cut sugarcane, there's nothing you can play with. I was determined to take the toil, because I had picked cotton, chopped beans, picked tomatoes. I thought maybe picking cotton was the hardest thing a man could do. I found out it was not, till I cut sugarcane. But I challenged it, I had a mind to do it. If I didn't do it, how was I going to get back to Mississippi? Either I was to swim or drown. A couple days and I started getting a little endurance, then I got a blister, but I handled it, I used mind over feelings."

Oscar: "Except for the mercedes and the shin guards and the file, they didn't give us no equipment. No gloves, no shoes, no boots. I had a pair of cloth shoes I had worn over on the bus and they tore up in the fields. I had to go get my dress shoes—pair of white patent-leather shoes—and wear them after. Got the patent leather all nasty. I needed a pair of boots, but we weren't issued them out. I would have brought them if I had knowed, but they didn't tell us to bring what, they just said, 'Pack up your clothes and go.' After the eight-day training period was over was when I found out that they did take a measurement of how much you cut, and they did measure a certain length off, and you had a certain amount of time to cut that amount, and if you didn't cut that they would send you back to the bus. We knew the first day, though, something was wrong, because we was wondering why they give us these slips with how much on it we cut if they paying us by the hour. About three or four days after we had been there, they started talking about some piecework. I didn't know nothing about some piecework. I never heard that. I thought it was like a job chopping cotton, where you go out in the field and you work all day, cut some weeds, nobody bothers you. They said it was going to be nasty, but they didn't say nothing about no piecework. I started getting my first check, the check look mighty fine in my hand, then I see it only for sixty-two dollars, and that was after I was there about twelve days. Go to the man, he explain what the difference is, he say it written down there in the contract. He say, 'Look at that paper, see what it say,' but I'm a little slow on reading. My last check was thirteen dollars. They took out for the transportation and their lousy food."



Emlen: "My hand swole up where I couldn't even make a fist. The man in charge at the camp asked me did I have twenty-five dollars and I said no, and he said if I didn't have twenty-five dollars I couldn't go to the doctor. And I told him if I couldn't go to the doctor I couldn't go to the field. And that was when I was fired. Around that time, the super come in one morning about three-thirty with a list of guys that had missed more than three days of the fields, and he went to their bunks and shook them up and said, 'Hey, you got to go.' The guys that were fired were slipping off to the orange groves. They said it was more money than sugarcane and easier, too. There was a bus that would come by the store nearby to the camp; one of the first guys to get fired, he was standing on the corner and he heard people talking about it, so he ran back and got some brothers, and they went ahead and jumped on the bus. The super didn't know those guys were still sleeping in the dorms—they would leave early in the morning to catch the bus to the grove and stay away all day, so by then they could come in.

"On a day off, a lot of us got together and went out into the orange groves to make some money to celebrate the New Year. When we got back to the sugarcane camp, the sun was just going down. The super had collected all our gear and he told us that if we weren't gone by the next day he was going to lock us in the building. Now I *know* I don't want to get locked in no building that far away from home, so we got our stuff—there were eight of us—and walked out the camp to the road, where we met this lady from Yazoo City who had just got an apartment and knew the manager and talked to him, and he told us that if we could get up forty-five dollars a week we could rent this two-room apartment, so with the money that we had made to celebrate New Year's we put it all together, the eight of us, and used it to get a place to live. We didn't have any lights, no gas, no hot water. The money we made in the grove on the days to come we put together, so much a day, to buy candles and something to eat.

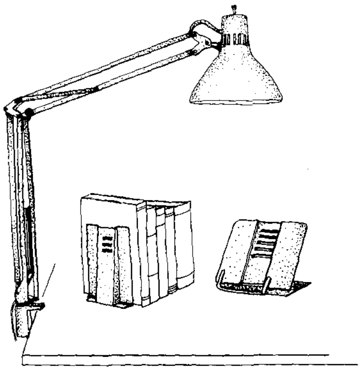
"I stayed a month and a half. Wasn't really making enough money in the grove to get out, because some days we couldn't go—either the bus was broke down or it was raining. The days that we didn't go out to the orange groves, we would go looking for work. We didn't get any. We got some promises. We tried a packinghouse for fruit, tried some stores in Belle Glade. We used to go out three and four in a group. The lady from Yazoo City started cooking short-order meals for us; she gave us credit until we made money in the orange groves. Seven of us stayed there a month, and then we just started leaving one by one, because we were calling our families to send us money or send us a ticket. When I took off, I left five guys down there. My cousin was there with me—he played poker with what he made in the groves to get money to get back, and he lost it. Which I hated to leave him down there, but I stayed as long as I could. The sugar companies tried to paint it like we were lazy, and I said, 'Would you call a man lazy that travels this far from home to find work?' "

BY 1983, some six thousand Haitians had settled in Belle Glade, whose population before that had been seventeen thousand. Most were from a part of Haiti that resembles Belle Glade; it is called Léogâne and is one of the few parts of Haiti without mountains. Haitians harvest the sugarcane crop in the Dominican Republic; in 1980, thousands of Haitians throughout Florida applied for jobs as cutters.

One was a young man who had arrived in Florida in June of 1980 after spending fourteen days in a small boat adrift with twenty-three other people. In Haiti, where he was a fisherman, he belonged to a class called the unfortunates. He came to America to find a means of supporting his wife and child, as well as his mother, his father, and his grandmother. Federal immigration authorities detained him for twenty-two days in Miami, then released him in the care of someone from his home town who was living in Belle Glade. That fall, he had work as a cane cutter, and it turned out that he was particularly good at it. One morning after he had been working about a month, a Haitian man in his crew objected to the task he was given—the man said it was not possible to cut the length of cane in the time he had. At some point during the discussion, the supervisor ran to his car. The cutter thought the supervisor had gone for a gun, so he picked up his cane knife and held it at his side. He was the only cutter who did this. All eighteen Haitians in the crew were taken then to the office, and the supervisor told a superior he had been threatened by everyone in the crew. All of them were fired. The young man went then to the state employment office, and he was told that nothing could be done for him. "If you were fired, you were fired completely," they said. The following season, he applied for work cutting sugarcane. He was asked by the recruiters if he had ever cut cane in Florida. When he said that he had, they looked his name up in a book and told him that he would not be hired by any company that year.

Another Haitian cutter reached Miami in 1981 after twelve days aboard a boat with a hundred and seventy-seven others. He spent fifteen months in detention centers in Florida, Texas, and Puerto Rico, and was then flown to Miami and discharged with no money. A cousin living in Belle Glade met him at the airport. He lasted thirty days as a cutter, during which ten of the fifteen Haitians in his crew were fired. He lost his job for cutting too slowly. His field boss told him that he was finished cutting cane. "When you are fired, you are fired forever," the boss said.

Thirty-eight hundred Haitians were hired that year, just over seventeen hundred started the season, ninety-eight finished. Growers claimed that the Haitians would work well one day and not the next. A number of Haitians were injured or fell sick and discovered when they returned to the fields that they no longer had jobs. Most simply failed the productivity test, which, they claimed, had never been explained to them, and were gone after the eleventh day. The following year, those who reapplied stood in line, gave their names to the recruiters, watched them consult the industry's books, then heard them say that no work awaited them that year in sugarcane. Many of



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those who had not shown up at the start of the previous season had never received word from the state employment agencies that they had been given the jobs. When they reapplied, they discovered that their names were also part of the industry's records and heard the same answer. The blacklist discouraged the Haitians from working in sugarcane, and they did not return.

What had happened to the Mississippians and the Haitians became the occasion for a report entitled "Job Rights of Domestic Workers: The Florida Sugar Cane Industry," which was prepared by the Subcommittee on Labor Standards of the House of Representatives Committee on Education and Labor. During the first half of 1983, the subcommittee staff held interviews, read documents, and went three times to Belle Glade, where the subcommittee conducted a hearing in April. It published its findings in July. It concluded that a person hoping to succeed as a cutter faces an obstacle in the form of the expectation that after eight days of practice he will be able to account for a ton of cane an hour—the amount on which the piece rate is based, and the standard set by the West Indians, three-quarters of whom, the subcommittee determined, had experience at the task. By means of a statistical sample, the subcommittee figured that fewer than one in ten of the Haitians had come close to cutting a ton an hour (the best managed eighteen hundred pounds, ninety per cent), and that led it to conclude that the standard was unreasonable. The report says, "Clearly a piece rate productivity standard that was achieved by less than 10 percent of the workforce after the eleven-day training and trial period violates the Department of Labor's policy that employers . . . should set 'a reasonable rate of production required of a worker in order to continue on the job.' " At the hearing, a representative of the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association said, "Our industrial society considers a piece-rate system 'fair' if sixty-five per cent to seventy-five per cent of the workers can earn the minimum while working by the piece rate." He then claimed that ninety-five per cent of all cutters managed to achieve the standard after eight days. How they do it the subcommittee explains under the heading "Why Foreign Workers Are More Productive":

> The "unique and awesome form of management power" that sugar cane growers exert over their foreign workers provides a supermotivated workforce. As a Vice President of U.S. Sugar once said, "If I had a remedy comparable to breaching"—that is, firing and deporting—"an unsatisfactory worker which I could apply to the American worker, they'd work harder too."

Additional obstacles the subcommittee identifies are the blacklist, arbitrary firings, and "a clear preference for foreign workers," who "can be summarily dismissed and sent home, never to return to the United States, for the slightest infraction or sign of organized protest over wages and working conditions." It finds also that because of an endless supply of West Indian cutters the sugarcane industry is protected from competition that might cause it to raise wages, improve working conditions, adopt attainable standards of production, and concern itself with safety, and that this amounts to a "hidden subsidy of considerable magnitude." Moreover, it finds that the attitude toward improving the opportunities of domestic cutters on the part of the Department of Labor, which ought to interest itself in such things, is "near indifference, apathy and disdain"; the department placed in control of the program a middling official in Atlanta, who, in reviewing the lawfulness of the industry's practices regarding the hiring of domestic workers, relied exclusively on the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association for information and never spoke to a cutter who had been blacklisted, or challenged a single firing. Furthermore, the subcommittee finds that the department's failure to protect the employment rights of the Haitians "has had a devastating effect" on their community in Belle Glade.

In treating the experiences of the Mississippians, the report concludes that the recruiter who visited Mississippi had not properly explained the piece-rate system, and had allowed the Mississippians to believe that they would be paid by the hour, or that the piece-rate system would be based on a minimum requirement that they would likely surpass, which "was hardly in keeping with the reality of the situation." The portion of the contract the Mississippians signed that deals with the manner of payment says, "The employer agrees to pay wages to the worker at not less than $4.69 per hour. Where the prevailing rate in the area for the work performed is higher, the higher rate shall be paid. Piece rates shall be designed to produce hourly earnings at least equivalent to the applicable hourly rates indicated in this Article, and in no event shall the worker be paid less than such hourly rate."

The Mississippians were given a document titled "Summary of Employment Conditions Specified on Job Order." From the report: "The omission of any information under the headings 'Piece Rate' or 'Estimated Hourly Wage' reinforces the workers' contention that they were misled into believing that they would receive $4.69 per hour, irrespective of a piece rate requirement."

When the subcommittee visited Belle Glade for the hearing, it found three of the Mississippians. Two were sharing a room without electricity in a boarding house the writer of the report describes as "filthy," and one was living in an abandoned bus. The report ends with a deposition taken from Mose Rhodes, who said the recruiter had promised him at least four sixty-nine an hour, as well as free room, and board at five twenty-five a day. He said the recruiter told him that the cutters would receive raises for working hard. The recruiter also explained that the work was dirty and difficult and showed the men the cane knife and the hand and shin guards

SIMLA
René Hendriks

that cutters wear. The "Summary of Employment Conditions Specified on Job Order" noted that Rhodes' employer would be the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association, that his period of employment was to last until April of 1983, that his hourly wage would be four sixty-nine, and that the task to be performed was to "cut sugar cane as near the base as possible on assigned rows, cut top from cane and place cane in pile row."

Rhodes and nine others were boarded at Streamline, the Osceola camp in Pahokee. He went to work the first day, which was Sunday, because he was eager to get started. He was put at the head of a row and told by a foreman to cut it. No one explained to him how to do it. By the time he had been given a row, the Jamaicans were far enough along in their rows so that he couldn't see how they were doing it. At the close of the day, he had cut about one-half of his task. When he got back into camp and was given his time sheet, he learned from talking to the Jamaicans that he would be paid for his partial accomplishment of the task, and not for the hours he had worked. The highest row price earned for that day by any of the Mississippi workers was eleven dollars. Row prices were between thirty and forty-four dollars, and that means that no one cut as much as half a row. The rest of the week, Rhodes cut for half a day. Work was then considered completed by the supervisors. When the Jamaicans finished their rows, they were assigned the Mississippians' rows, so the latter made almost no money. Rhodes always cut a row next to a Jamaican, so that the Jamaican quickly got ahead, and that meant that Rhodes had the extra difficulty of the pile row against him.

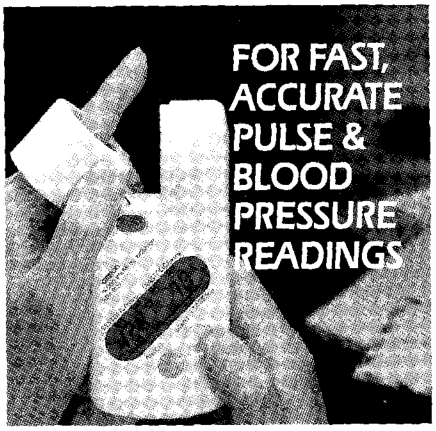
On the ninth day at the task, Rhodes was told that on the following day he would be judged to see if he was up to speed, and that if he wasn't he would be fired. That day, he and the other Mississippians were awakened at four by the supervisor, who told them they no longer worked for the company. Rhodes was told that someone had reported to the supervisor that he and the nine other men from Mississippi in the barracks had missed work to pick oranges. Rhodes said he hadn't, but was fired anyway. The supervisor said that since the men no longer worked for the company they would get no food for that day and would have to leave the camp by nightfall. If they were not out, the supervisor said, he would lock the barracks and call the sheriff.

The nine went into town and found a room and, since they had no money, joined an orange-picking crew being assembled. When they returned to Osceola for their pay, Rhodes got no money, only a check stub. For his ten days' work cutting cane he had made ninety-three dollars and two cents. At the time he was interviewed, Rhodes was living in Belle Glade, picking oranges two or three days a week, for fifteen dollars a day, and trying to raise the money to get back to Mississippi. He was to be evicted from his room in three days, because he was behind in his rent. While he was in Florida, his children were living with his mother-in-law in Mississippi, because his wife was dead. The deposition concludes, "I still need a job, and I would be willing to cut cane for the $4.69 per hour that I was originally promised."

WHEN the cutters leave the bus for the fields in the morning, the stars are out. On the horizon in the east is a band of orange as straight and precise as the inlay on a piece of furniture. They use the exits at the front and the back, holding their cutlasses before them in order to keep their eyes on the blade. Some line up at the closest row, others race ahead, searching. Fog blankets the fields and the headlands, the road ahead and behind, and the ditches; it looks like mist rising from the surface of a lake, and it looks as if the fields were steaming. It is too early for birds. The only sounds are the ones the cutters make: shouts on meeting the cold, the metallic click of their shin guards as they walk, the muffled thud of the blade. By the time the pusher reads the row price from a slip of paper held up to the headlights of the bus and calls out the figure, the cutters are at work. Sweat rises from their shoulders and backs like vapor from the back of a horse. The pusher shouts, "Cut that stubble, pile that cane good. Too much stubble. Get that stubble, man. Do good work. Cut that top, man. It get you warm in a minute. Yeah, yeah, yeah." As they move down the rows, they first become shadows, then disappear into the mist.

—ALEC WILKINSON

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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THE THEATRE

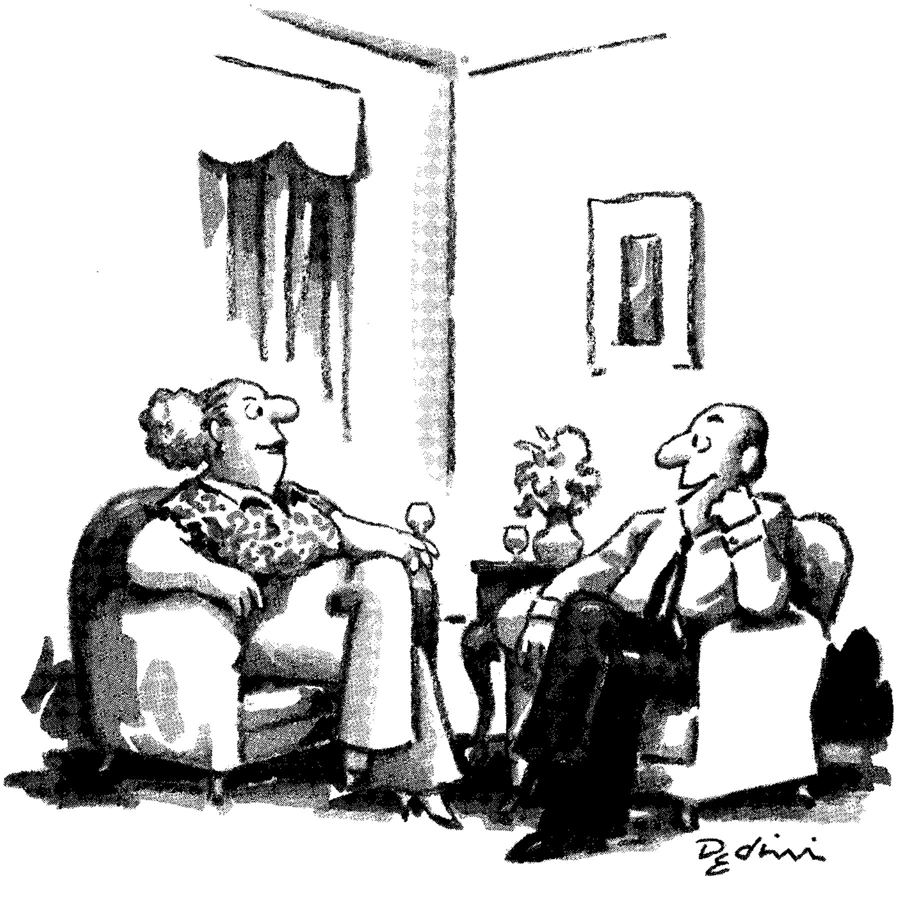
Murphy's-Law Shakespeare

AT the beginning of Harold Guskin's production of "Twelfth Night," in Central Park, Gregory Hines runs onstage and jumps onto a stone balustrade. From there he employs his gifts as an actor-dancer to communicate the idea that he, Gregory Hines, is happy to be famous and well loved. The crowd cheers (and what else can the crowd do—this is most definitely an Entrance), and Hines uses body language to acknowledge the ovation, the way a member of royalty—the Queen of England, say—might acknowledge the cheers of an adoring public, waving now that way, now this. He raises his arms to Heaven in the rock star's victory sign, knees buckling with emotion. The fact that the character Feste, whom Hines is playing, is neither famous nor well loved and would probably never raise his arms in a rock star's victory sign seems not to have occurred to anyone connected with the production. That Hines is there to play a character at all is purely parenthetical. What the production expects of Hines—and expects the audience to expect—is that he be himself.

This "Twelfth Night," which opened July 9th at the Delacorte Theatre—with Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio playing Viola, Michelle Pfeiffer playing the Countess Olivia, Stephen Collins playing the Duke Orsino, Jeff Goldblum playing Malvolio, and Fisher Stevens playing Sir Andrew Aguecheek—is the most depressing offering yet in Joe Papp's ongoing "marathon." With it Papp has succeeded in turning the Delacorte stage into a symbol of commercial theatre at its cheapest and most sterile. Where most Central Park productions offer one or two creditable performances and a not very well-unified vision of a play, which is further marred by incidents of shtick acting, this "Twelfth Night" consists entirely of shtick. The actors, by and large, carry on doing whatever they have become famous for doing: Hines tap-dances a little, Goldblum does his imitation of a human fly (all tongue-flicking and sudden, frenetic gestures), Michelle Pfeiffer tries to remain beautiful while manifesting temperament—something she seems to confuse with acting. Her Olivia is remarkably high-spirited for a girl bent on a life of mourning and celibacy, but then Miss Pfeiffer seems to have decided that Olivia's withdrawal from the world is just for show. She's really interested in men: she giggles girlishly with her waiting women when Viola (disguised as Cesario) comes to call; plays silly flirtatious games; and seems unduly concerned that people should think her pretty. You've never seen a woman who would be more at home in a singles bar. She even waves ta-ta to Cesario at one point, like Jean Hagen in "Singin' in the Rain"—and, come to think of it, she sounds a little like Jean Hagen, with those cramped, petulant vowels and Long Island dentals.

Little girls put onstage for the first time sometimes get confused about what acting is. A nine- or ten-year-old may understand that acting means "playing a part," but since most little girls like to think of themselves as nice and sweet and prettily behaved, when they get onstage they act mean—shrewish or bossy or angry or hard to get—manifesting aspects of aggressive personality or behavior that they would like to dissociate from their image of themselves. This is more or less what Michelle Pfeiffer does in "Twelfth Night." Her Olivia is bitchy and vain, selfish and unfair, irritable, domineering, and seductive. She pouts and shouts and flounces. Most of all, she whines. It is as though, faced with a role that is essentially different from the ones she has been asked to play in movies—bored beauty ("Scarface"), passive object of desire ("Dangerous Liaisons" and "Tequila Sunrise"), dumb blonde with natural instincts ("The Witches of Eastwick")—and vaguely aware that stage acting is different from performing for the camera, Michelle Pfeiffer had found nothing to fall back on but childhood narcissism.

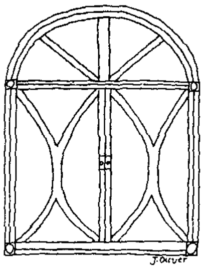
To do justice to Miss Pfeiffer, it should be pointed out that Olivia has been got up to look like a silly flirt—beneath the mourning robes, which she sloughs off impatiently, she wears a ruffled bathing costume (the production is set, for no reason at all, in turn-of-the-century Monaco)—and that John Lee Beatty's scenic design makes nonsense of her withdrawal from



"Over the long haul, it's been a long haul."

society. Her house, high on a hill, remains visible to the audience at all times, so that for Olivia to come onstage is for her to enter a café, a bathing area, or a casino.

Actually, Mr. Guskin's direction makes nonsense of much in the play. He seems to have given more thought to celebrity entrances than to what is supposed to be going on in any given scene. He has Feste upstage himself during the riddle scene, mooning Malvolio and making faces at him behind Olivia's back. He has Malvolio go for a dip, and catch flies during the letter scene. And the song "Come Away, Come Away, Death" is played for laughs. Even Miss Mastrantonio, a veteran Shakespearean actress, is hamstrung by Mr. Guskin's direction (or lack of it). Her Viola delivers the line "And what should I do in Illyria?" as though the place were famous for its lack of recreation, gets choked up during the "Patience on a monument" speech, and seems at times to be coming on to Olivia. Miss Mastrantonio has the makings of a fine Viola, but under Mr. Guskin's misguidance nearly everything she does is inappropriate or ineffective, and what is appropriate proceeds so heavy-handedly as to constitute an insult to the audience's intelligence. There is no need for Viola to draw a diagram of the relationships in the play on the stage floor, any more than there is for Orsino to point to flowers when he speaks of them. (Besides, it makes little sense for the Duke to indicate "sweet beds of flowers" on the set when he is going off in search of them.) And why have Orsino caress Viola's cheek and pat her behind? You can emphasize the homosexual undertones in the relationship between Orsino and the disguised Viola, or you can play it straight; what you can't do is have Orsino constantly touching Viola the way he would touch a girl.



But the strangest thing about this production is the nontheatrical dynamic: the way no one—with the single exception of Miss Mastrantonio—is bothering to act the play. When Feste comes downstage and dances with a female member of the audience, it's all about Gregory Hines dancing with a member of his public, and when Graham Winton, as Sebastian, is overcome and astonished at being embraced by Olivia, it's a joke on the idea that every male in the audience would like to wake up in the arms of Michelle Pfeiffer.

In other respects, this "Twelfth Night" amounts to a typical Central Park Shakespeare experience: a monotony of amplified, unmodulated voices relieved only by undistinguished music (in this case, by Peter Golub, whose settings for the songs have nothing to do with the play or the period it's set in) and staccato eruptions from the sound system. There is the usual dearth of black faces in the audience, countered by the casting of black and Hispanic actors in comic or subservient roles—John Amos as Sir Toby Belch, Charlaine Woodard as Olivia's gentlewoman Maria, Stephen Mendillo and Andre Braugher as the sea captains who befriend Viola and Sebastian, respectively. (Has nobody ever pointed out the offensiveness of this practice?) Next to Miss Mastrantonio, Fisher Stevens comes off best: certainly he gives a more specific, play-related performance as Aguecheek than Peter McNichol did in the last Central Park "Twelfth Night," in 1986, and he's the only one of the comic actors who manages to get any sense into his line readings. Miss Woodard and Mr. Amos, one feels, would be giving the same performance no matter what Shakespearean play they were in. (Miss Woodard seems not at all sure what "gull" means but puts a lot of expression into the word, while Mr. Amos, emphasizing the wrong word in Sir Toby's famous line about cakes and ale, renders it meaningless.) Goldblum probably comes as close to reducing the role of Malvolio to gibberish as is humanly possible; and Hines combines an impenetrable show-biz veneer with a complete inability to sing unaffectedly.

According to a program note, the man whom Papp called in to direct this star-studded production runs a special workshop for Papp wherein he instructs television and movie actors in how to perform Shakespeare. The lesson he seems to be teaching is that, with Papp behind you, you can strip Shakespeare of all poetry, feeling, and meaning and still call what you have a hit. —MIMI KRAMER

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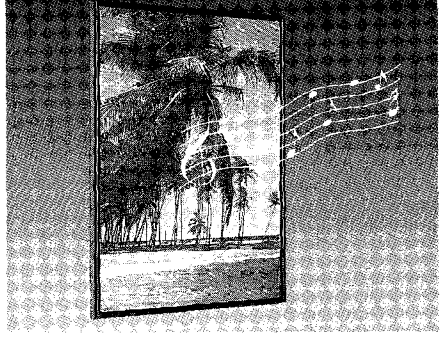

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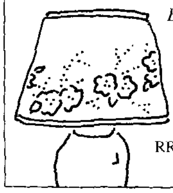

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THE SPORTING SCENE

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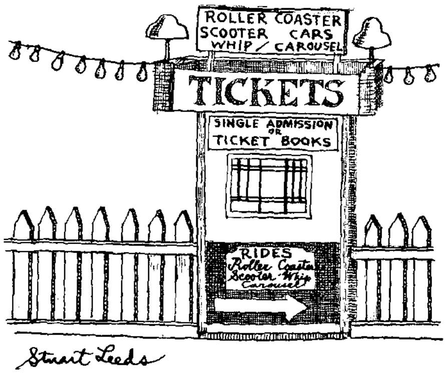
ONE of the most enchanting aspects of the early years of American golf is the signal way in which the leaders of British golf participated, directly and indirectly, in some of the most important developments when the game was starting to take hold on this side of the Atlantic. For example, take the case of Thomas (Old Tom) Morris, the four-time winner of the British Open championship—in 1861, 1862, 1864, and 1867—who was the professional and greenkeeper of the links at St. Andrews from 1865 through 1904. In 1891, at the suggestion of John Sutherland, the highly respected secretary of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club, in northern Scotland, Donald Ross, a young carpenter's apprentice from that town, went south to St. Andrews to study golf and golf-course architecture with Old Tom. Ross learned such basic tenets of the profession as selecting pleasantly undulating linksland for the fairways and greens, situating some fairway and greenside bunkers at the base of hillocks and ridges to make the recovery shot stiffer, and, when the lay of the land allowed, avoiding the earlier practice of routing nine holes that marched away from town and nine holes that marched back in favor of building two nines that looped into the prevailing wind from opposite directions. When Ross returned to Dornoch, in 1893, Sutherland appointed him the professional and greenkeeper at the Royal Dornoch course.

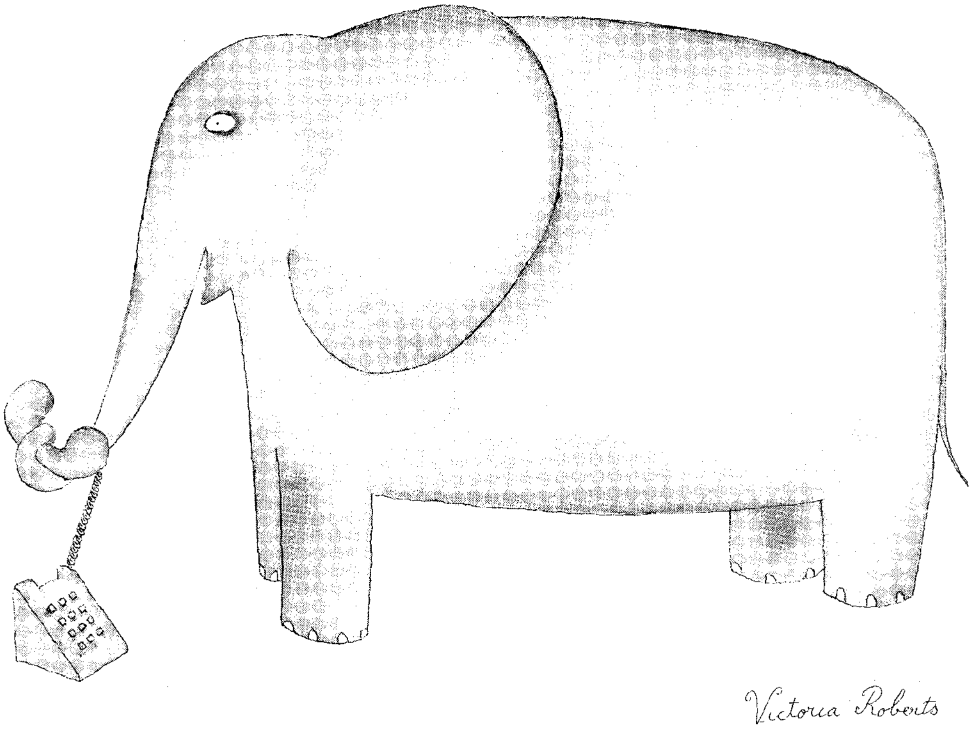
In 1898, Ross emigrated to America, and had the good luck to be appointed the professional and greenkeeper at the Oakley Country Club, west of Boston. One of the club's prominent members happened to be James W. Tufts, the president of the American Soda Fountain Company, who in 1895 had founded a winter resort called Pinehurst by buying five thousand acres in the Sandhills country of south-central North Carolina. A man who suffered from recurrent bouts of illness, Tufts had discovered that the mild air of that region and the balmy scent of the longleaf pines did wonders for his health, and he thought that wintering at Pinehurst might prove popular with people who found the Northern winters hard but couldn't afford the long trip to Florida. Pinehurst proved an instant success. Even before the century ended, it was able to offer its patrons, in addition to nature walks, bridle paths, and croquet courts, a nine-hole golf course. At Tufts' invitation, Ross took over as the golf professional and greenkeeper at Pinehurst in the winter of 1899. Along with giving lessons to aspiring golfers, he revised the rather artificial nine-hole course into a sound and attractive one, and, that same year, added a second nine holes. In 1901, he laid out the first nine holes of Pinehurst No. 2, and he completed this outstanding course in 1907. Some 5,860 yards in length, Pinehurst No. 2 was not only one of the longest but also one of the finest courses in a country that was becoming increasingly smitten with the game. Three years later, Pinehurst No. 3 was unveiled. In 1919, when the No. 4 course was opened, Pinehurst became the first resort in the world that could offer its patrons seventy-two holes of first-class golf.

In the evenings during his winters at Pinehurst, Ross relaxed by laying out golf courses on the topographical maps of properties that Pinehurst regulars had bought in their home towns. Many of them wanted to have a real Donald Ross course themselves, and they weren't the only ones. From 1912 until his death, shortly after the Second World War, Ross was the busiest and the most famous golf-course architect in the country. In the middle nineteen-thirties, Donald J. Ross Associates had in its employ three thousand people who, under the direction of five construction superintendents, created excellent golf courses from Maine to California. In all, Ross built over six hundred golf courses in the United States and Canada, and in the period between 1919 and 1926 six of the eight United States Open championships were held over Donald Ross courses.



ONE of the layouts that Ross completed in 1914 was the Country Club of Rochester, in upstate New York. It was at this club that Walter Hagen first caddied and then served as the assistant professional before becoming the professional and, just about simultaneously, the first great American golfer. All in all, Hagen won two United States Opens (1914, 1919), four British Opens (1922, 1924, 1928, and 1929), and five United States Professional Golfers' Association Championships (1921, 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927). In 1925, Ross designed and constructed the West Course of the Oak Hill Country Club, a little to the east of the Country Club of Rochester, and the following year he finished work on Oak Hill's East Course. Both possessed the standard features of a Donald Ross course: wide, rolling fairways on the par-4 holes, a good percentage of which ranged in length from 410 yards to 430 yards, and which included some perky doglegs; a number of holes that included Ross's famed crown greens, which were created by levelling off the tops of hills; and such other Ross staples as touchy knolls and dips in the areas around the greens, and subtle breaks in the greens. In the early nineteen-fifties, the United States Golf Association, which was always looking for superior courses on which to hold its events, awarded the 1956 Open championship to the East Course of the Oak Hill Country Club.

To prepare the East Course, which would soon be thirty years old, for such a significant event, Oak Hill called in Robert Trent Jones, an inventive American architect, who had gained instant renown for the progressive measures he had used to revise Oakland Hills, another old Ross course, in Michigan, so that in the 1951 U.S. Open it constituted a thoroughly demanding examination for the long-hitting brigade of golfers who had honed their skills on the increasingly competitive P.G.A. Tour. To raise the premium on accuracy at Oak Hill, Jones put new bunkers in the landing zones of the fairways, flashed the faces of the bunkers he had remodelled in the green areas, and recontoured several of the greens. Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the executive director of the U.S.G.A., who supervised the association's role in the preparation of the course, suggested that two of the shorter par 5s be converted into long par 4s for the Open. He also narrowed the fairways, allowed both the primary rough and the secondary rough to grow taller and thicker, and made the greens more difficult to handle by speeding up their pace. Oak Hill, however, proved to be anything but a monster, the name that Hogan had called Jones' revision of Oakland Hills. The field found it a handsome, pleasant, fairly testing Donald Ross course, its fairways lined with oaks, elms, red and white maples, willows, pines, spruces, and lindens.



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The winner of the 1956 Open, Cary Middlecoff, posted a relatively low total of 281, one over par, for his four rounds. Middlecoff, a dentist, who was the son of a dentist, had decided in 1947 to become a professional golfer and see if he had the stuff to prosper in that field. Tall, intelligent, highstrung, and dreadfully slow on the golf course, he had gone on to win the 1949 U.S. Open and the 1955 Masters, and was generally regarded as one of the best golfers in the world. At Oak Hill, he was in excellent form. On the first day, he brought in a 71, one over par, despite a 7 on the fourth hole, a par 5, on which, after he hit two good woods seventy yards short of the green, it took him five more shots to hole out.

On the second round, Middlecoff rained a succession of approach shots close to the flags but missed one birdie putt after another. He had played well enough to have been around in 65 but had to settle for a 70. His total of 141 at the thirty-six-hole mark put him two strokes behind the leader, a young Australian named Peter Thomson, who had won the British Open in 1954 and 1955.

Until 1965, the U.S. Open was a three-day event. The field played eighteen holes on the first two days and thirty-six on the third day, Saturday. On the double round in 1956, Middlecoff was paired with Thomson. He took over the lead on the fifty-second hole, on which Thomson made a double bogey. In the afternoon, Middlecoff's shot-making was not as sharp, but he handled the course shrewdly until he reached the stretch, and then wobbled a bit. He missed his pars on the 441-yard sixteenth and the par-4 seventeenth. On the left-to-right, 449-yard eighteenth, on which the green was perched beyond a forbidding gully forty yards wide and at least twenty feet deep, he continued to struggle. He hooked his drive into the rough. He yanked his recovery over the gully but into the rough on the left side of the fairway, about sixty feet from the flag. He collected himself at this point and played a delicate run-up with a pitching wedge four feet from the hole. He made the putt for his 4, a round of 70, and a four-round total of 281. This kept him in the lead. He walked slowly into the clubhouse and found a quiet spot where he would not be bothered while he sweated out the news about his rivals who were still on the course.

Middlecoff's faltering finish provided just the encouragement that his closest pursuers, Ben Hogan, Julius Boros, and Ted Kroll, needed. Hogan was playing the fourteenth when he learned that Middlecoff had posted a total of 281. Before the championship, Hogan had predicted that a total of 284 would win it. Evidently, the course was playing a bit easier than he had expected. Having started with rounds of 72, 68, and 72, Hogan figured out as he walked down the sixty-eighth fairway that in order to win he would have to play the last five holes in two strokes under par. It took him only an instant to realize that the holes on which he had the best chances of making those vital birdies were the fourteenth, a 327-yard par 4, and the fifteenth, an uncomplicated 133-yard par 3.

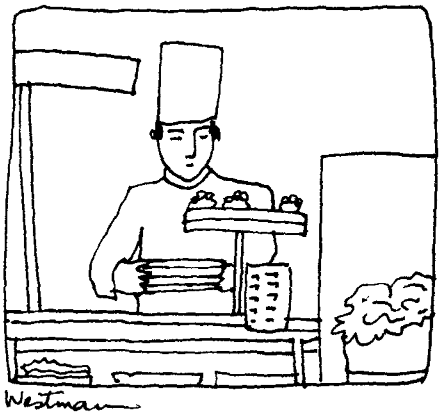
Hogan had captured the U.S. Open for the first time in 1948, at the Riviera Country Club, in Los Angeles, when he was close to thirty-six. After his recovery from injuries sustained in an almost fatal highway collision in the winter of 1949, he had won the 1950 Open, at the Merion Golf Club, outside Philadelphia; the 1951 Open, at Oakland Hills; and the 1953 Open, at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh. Two other men had won the Open four times—Willie Anderson, back in 1901, 1903, 1904, and 1905, and Bobby Jones, in 1923, 1926, 1929, and 1930. Hogan made no bones about his ambition to win the Open five times. In 1954, when the championship was staged at the Baltusrol Golf Club, in New Jersey, he wasn't in his best form and had to be content with a tie for sixth. In 1955, however, at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, when he walked off the seventy-second green his fifth Open crown seemed to be in the bag. The only player still out on the course with a chance of catching him was Jack Fleck, an almost unknown touring pro from a municipal course in Davenport, Iowa. Fleck narrowed the gap with a birdie 2 on the short fifteenth. When he came to the final hole, he still needed a birdie 3 to tie Hogan. In the end, it came down to whether or not Fleck could hole the slippery, sidehill, seven-foot putt he had for his 3. He rolled the ball into the center of the cup. The next day, playing flawlessly, he beat Hogan by three strokes in an eighteen-hole playoff. Hogan's disappointment was deep and abiding.

At Oak Hill, Hogan looked the way he always did on the golf course. His flat white golf cap brought out the gray-blue of his eyes. His lips, as usual, were set in an enigmatic half smile. Before each approach shot, he walked fifteen or twenty yards down the fairway to check on exactly where the pin was set, and he knew precisely the club and the kind of shot he wanted to play when he returned to his ball. He enjoyed the exigent atmosphere of a tight competition. On the sunny afternoon of the final day, there was no change in his expression when he learned that he would have to play the last five holes in two under par. After a fine drive on the fourteenth, Hogan lofted his short pitch shot three feet from the flagstick and made the putt for his birdie. To win, he now needed to birdie one of the last four holes. On the par-3 fifteenth, a pretty tee shot left him only a twelve-foot putt for his birdie. His putt slipped by the edge of the cup. The three remaining holes were lengthy par 4s. On the sixteenth, he barely missed his birdie attempt. On the seventeenth, with the pin set at the back of the green, he followed a good drive with an accurate fairway wood that landed between the two bunkers at the entrance to the green. The shot was dead on line, but it was a shade too long, and the ball rolled twenty feet past the pin into the gnarled rough behind the green. He took plenty of time studying his touchy little chip, and then trickled it three feet or so short of the cup. He took his time getting set over his short putt. At the last moment, something disturbed him. He walked away. He then got set again over the ball, and tapped it by the right edge of the cup. A bogey 5. That changed things. Now he had to birdie the hazardous eighteenth to tie Middlecoff. Hogan drove into the rough, but, undaunted, he ripped the ball out of the thick grass and onto the right side of the green about thirty feet from the flag. His bid for his birdie was on line all the way and barely slipped by the left corner of the cup.

Fifteen minutes later, Boros came to the eighteenth. (By that time, Kroll was out of it. He had hit his second shot on the sixteenth under a low-limbed evergreen and had taken a 7 on the hole.) After a perfect drive, Boros, perhaps the most genuinely relaxed golfer of this period, drilled a long iron dead on line for the flag on the right side of the eighteenth green. It finished fifteen feet from the hole. Boros was actually chewing on a blade of grass when he walked nonchalantly onto the green and inspected the line of the putt he needed to make in order to tie for the championship. The ball caught the left corner of the cup and spun out.

Boros came back to win his second Open, at The Country Club, in Brookline, in 1963, but Hogan was never able to win his fifth Open, although he came extremely close to pulling it off in 1960 at the Cherry Hills Country Club on the edge of Denver.

WHEN Oak Hill played host to the Open a second time, in 1968, the course measured 6,962 yards—sixty yards longer than it had in 1956. Par was again 70, and, except for a few minor changes that Robert Trent Jones had devised, the course looked basically the way it had a dozen years before. The 1968 Open turned out to be a cozy three-man championship. Throughout the four rounds, only Jack Nicklaus, Bert Yancey, and Lee Trevino were really in the picture. Nicklaus, who was then twenty-eight, had already come to be regarded as the premier player in the world. Besides his victories in the United States Amateur Championship in 1959 and 1961, he had carried off seven major professional championships: the Masters in 1963, 1965, and 1966; the U.S. Open in 1962, at Oakmont, and in 1967, at Baltusrol, where he set a record low score of 275; the P.G.A. Championship in 1963, at the Dallas Athletic Club; and the British Open in 1966, at Muirfield, in Scotland. The longest straight driver in the game's history, he was still cracking the ball a mile and keeping it in the fairway. Albert Winsborough Yancey was a soft-spoken Floridian of twenty-nine who had twice come very close to winning the Masters. He had one of the prettiest swings in the game. His hip turn controlled the tempo of his swing, and his smooth rhythm as he extended well through the ball brought Jones to mind. Yancey was an authority on the history of the golf swing. Finally, there was Lee Buck Trevino, a Dickensian character if there ever was one.



Trevino had first surfaced in the 1967 Open, at Baltusrol, which Nicklaus won after a memorable duel with Arnold Palmer. Trevino, a golfer no one had heard of, finished in fifth place, eight strokes behind the winner, after rounds of 72, 70, 71, and 70, for a total of 283 and a prize-money check of six thousand dollars. A few facts about Trevino came to light. He was the professional at the Horizon Hills Country Club, in El Paso. He had played in the 1966 U.S. Open at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, and had made the thirty-six hole cut, but he didn't know how to play bunker shots and had ended up with a pair of 78s. At Baltusrol, he wore a red golf cap with the bill pulled down over his forehead, and he also wore heavy scuba glasses, having grown accustomed to them in El Paso, where the wind incessantly swept dust over the golf course. Because of his commendable showing in the Open, Trevino received a number of sponsors' exemptions and played in many of the P.G.A. Tour tournaments held in the last few months of the 1967 season. A pudgy, black-haired, tanned, talkative fellow who took the club well outside the proper line and then cut across the ball with a lunging movement, he surprised the tour regulars by winning twenty thousand dollars in prize money during those months, a very respectable haul in those days. The following winter and spring, he won about fifty thousand dollars on the tour in the first five months.

Bits and pieces of Trevino's background gradually came to be known. He had been brought up by his Mexican grandfather in a shack without running water or electricity that stood about a hundred yards from the Glen Lakes Country Club, in Dallas. When he was eight or so, he became a good friend of the greenkeeper's son and would play the course with him in the evenings. In 1954, when he was fourteen, he dropped out of school and got a job at a driving range in Dallas that was owned and operated by a local professional named Hardy Greenwood. The next winter he and Greenwood built a nine-hole par-3 course over a twelve-acre plot of land adjoining the driving range. Trevino grew restless the following year, however, and signed up for a four-year hitch in the Marine Corps. He spent most of his time on Okinawa and got to play a good deal of golf with the officers. He performed fairly well in some interservice matches, but he saw himself as just a 4-handicap player who would never amount to much until he got rid of a chronic hook. When he got out of the service, he returned to Dallas and his old job at Greenwood's driving range and par-3 course. He quickly fell into a daily routine. He would get up at dawn and go to Tenison Park, a public course that was a haven for hustlers. He would play a fast eighteen holes by himself and then, more often than not, play a match. After that, he would move to the practice area and hit buckets and buckets of golf balls. He got rid of his hook and learned to play his shots in a low left-to-right parabola. At two o'clock, he would go on to Greenwood's driving range and par-3 course, and he would work there until eleven or twelve, when he shut them down. Trevino's problem was that he quickly became such an accurate striker of the ball that no one would challenge him on the par-3 course even if he played right-handed with left-handed clubs. In desperation, he mastered a new version of golf in which he hit the ball from tee to green with a twenty-six-ounce glass Dr Pepper bottle wrapped in adhesive tape. He could hit the ball about a hundred and twenty yards, the length of the longest hole. He putted with the neck of the bottle, billiards style. He usually went around the nine holes in 29 or 30, two or three strokes over par. For three years, he took on all comers, and he was never beaten.

Trevino's big break came in the winter of 1966. A pro from the P.G.A. Tour had been challenging all the hot-shot golfers in the El Paso area and beating them for big money, and the people at the Horizon Hills Country Club had been trying to think of someone who could stop this predatory hustler. Trevino's name was mentioned, whereupon a man connected with Horizon Hills phoned Trevino and offered to send him a plane ticket and three hundred dollars if he would come to El Paso for two days. Trevino went to El Paso and beat the pro soundly in two matches. About a month later, he got another phone call from the man at Horizon Hills: a well-heeled amateur wanted to play him. Trevino went to El Paso again and beat the amateur decisively. There was one important difference, though. This time, the man at Horizon Hills asked Trevino to stay on as the club pro. His life began to change for the better. He made a good living from his lessons and matches, and that spring he qualified for the U.S. Open. He was ashamed of his poor showing at the Olympic Club, however, and did not intend to try to qualify for the next year's Open, at Baltusrol. His wife sent in his entry and the necessary fee.

ALTHOUGH the 1968 Open essentially involved only three golfers, it was an exciting tournament. Yancey, who was hitting the ball superbly, led after each of the first three rounds, which he played in 67, 68, and 70. Nicklaus was playing strong, impressive golf from tee to green, but, though he is basically a very sound putter, that week he couldn't find his touch. He didn't manage to hole a putt over eight feet until the forty-ninth hole. At the start of the last round, when he trailed Yancey by seven strokes and Trevino by six, he finally mounted a rally. He made good putts for birdies on the third and fourth holes, and, with Yancey and Trevino temporarily experiencing trouble, he moved to within three strokes of the lead. Had he made either of the nine-foot putts he had for birdies on the seventh and the eighth holes, he might have got back into the tournament, but he missed them both. Over the seventy-two holes, by the way, Nicklaus hit

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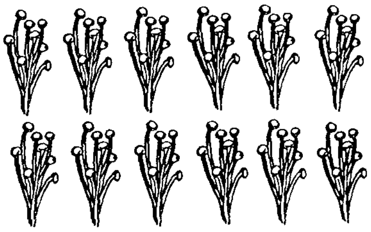

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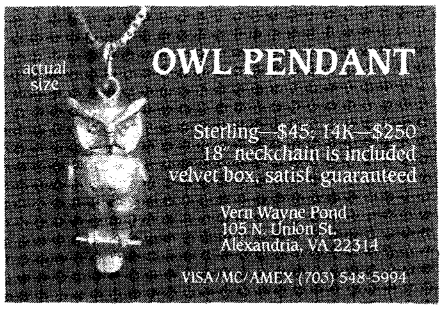

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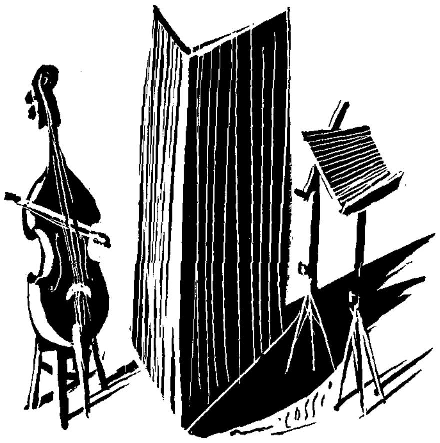
sixty-one greens in the regulation stroke—far more than any other player.

Shortly after Nicklaus's burst subsided, the decisive stretch of the tournament took place. Yancey, who was paired with Trevino in the last twosome, struck a patch of loose golf and bogeyed both the ninth and the tenth holes, to fall two strokes behind. On the short eleventh, Trevino added a stroke to his lead by holing a thirty-foot birdie putt across the green, and he widened his lead on the twelfth when he knocked in a difficult uphill putt of over twenty feet for another birdie. On the long thirteenth hole, Trevino surprised Joseph Dey, of the U.S.G.A., who was following the final twosome, by slapping him on the back and declaring, "I'm just trying to build up as big a lead as I can so I won't choke." He wobbled a bit on the last two holes. On the seventeenth, he saved his par by dropping a fourteen-foot putt. On the difficult eighteenth, where the deep gully of rough grass protected the green area, Trevino hooked his tee shot into the rough at the left. He thwacked his recovery shot a touch too hard, and the ball rolled into the thick rough at the edge of the gully, about ninety yards from the pin. I happened to be standing close to the spot where the ball finished, and could see that the matted rough covered it almost completely. It presented such a hazardous shot that I wondered whether a player as astute as Trevino, with four shots in hand, would size up the situation in a jiffy, turn his back to the green, punch a little recovery shot onto the fairway, and then hit a 9-iron, or whatever club he wanted to play, from the fairway to the green. He did not. He looked at his forbidding lie for an instant, took his pitching wedge, and hit the ball as clean as a whistle in a high arc dead on line for the flag. It finished four feet from it. That was one of the times when it was brought home sharply to me what a huge gulf separates the skillful professional from the average golfer. Trevino made his four-footer, and it was a good thing he did, because his closing par gave him rounds of 69, 68, 69, and 69 for a total of 275, which tied the Open record Nicklaus had set the previous year. At Oak Hill, Nicklaus's four-round total was 279 (72-70-70-67), and Yancey's was 281 (67-68-70-76). Trevino's performance at Oak Hill also marked the first time the winner of an Open had broken 70 on all four rounds.

Trevino went on to win the U.S. Open and the British Open in 1971, the British Open in 1972, and the P.G.A. Championship in 1974 and 1984. The game has produced few players whose talents as a shotmaker and an entertainer have exceeded his.

IT has been the practice of the U.S.G.A. since the nineteen-thirties to take the Open back every ten or fifteen years to certain courses throughout the country that have demonstrated that they can produce a searching test of golf for the world's top players. Oak Hill was apparently expecting to receive word from the U.S.G.A. that the association would like the club to put on the Open again in the late nineteen-seventies or the early nineteen-eighties, but no request was forthcoming. (It is possible, to be sure, that the U.S.G.A. regarded a course that had yielded a 68 and three 69s to the victor in 1968 as an insufficiently rigorous test for the championship.) Meanwhile, the chairman of Oak Hill's green committee called in the golf-course-architecture firm of George Fazio and his nephew Tom Fazio to revise the East Course. In 1975, the Fazios erased a good deal of Ross's distinctive signature from the East Course by using Allen's Creek in a much more flamboyant manner on the fifth and sixth holes, adding a small pond to the right of the green on the short fifteenth, revising the bunkering liberally, and making several other interesting changes, such as moving the eighteenth green forward to the back edge of the gully. This made the eighteenth more difficult, and also made it possible for a grandstand to be erected directly behind the green. The remodelled East Course impressed the P.G.A. Championship Committee, and it was selected as the site of the 1980 P.G.A. Championship. Nicklaus holed an unusually high number of long and sinuous putts to win the championship that year by seven strokes, and, in doing so, he equalled Walter Hagen's record of winning that event five times.

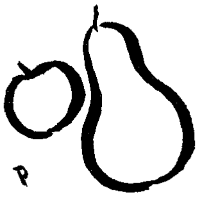


Not long afterward, the U.S.G.A. selected Oak Hill's East Course as the venue for the 1984 U.S. Senior Open, which Miller Barber won, and for the 1989 U.S. Open as well. P. J. Boatwright, Jr., who has been with the U.S.G.A. since 1959 and has served since 1981 as its executive director for rules and competitions, started getting the course ready for the Open three years in advance. For the championship, scheduled to begin on Thursday, June 15, Oak Hill measured 6,902 yards and had the lineaments characteristic of the Open. The fairways, a mixture of bent grass and *Poa annua*, an annual bluegrass, were narrowed in width to between twenty-five and thirty-two yards. They were bordered by an intermediate six-foot strip of bluegrass-and-ryegrass rough about two inches high. The thick primary rough adjoining it was made up of bluegrass and ryegrass about four inches high. The greens, cut to an eighth of an inch, were intended to be very fast. All these preparations became more or less perfunctory, however, because of the weather before and during the championship. The Rochester area had experienced its rainiest May in years, and there was no letup in June. An inch and a half of rain fell on the Monday and Tuesday before the Thursday when the hundred and fifty-six qualifiers were scheduled to play the first round of the Open. At noon on Wednesday, a heavy cloudburst sent everyone scurrying for cover, and the rain continued for quite some time. The forecast called for more rain on Thursday, and there was a distinct possibility that the first round would have to be postponed.

On Thursday morning, however, the first threesome was off at seven, as scheduled, and though it began to drizzle at eleven-thirty and continued to do so through most of the day, the entire starting field was able to complete the round. The only threesome I had decided not to watch was the one that teed off at 9:02 A.M. and was made up of Nicklaus, Trevino, and Jeff Sluman, a local boy, who is a member of Oak Hill and the current holder of the P.G.A. Championship. (Sluman had undergone an appendectomy about three weeks previously, but his doctor had declared that he was fit to play.) This group was bound to attract such a huge gallery that I decided to steer clear of it. However, when the ageless Nicklaus parred the twelfth, a superior drive-and-pitch hole, by getting down in two from a greenside bunker, I changed my mind. Nicklaus had made the turn in 34, one under par, and had then birdied the tenth, and he now stood two under par for the round. He added another birdie on the thirteenth, a 594-yard par 5, on which his third shot, a 9-iron, landed just beyond the pin, rimmed the cup as it spun back, and left him with a tap-in of only a foot and a half. I stayed with this group the rest of the way. If there is a primary key to playing Oak Hill effectively, it is to hit a big left-to-right drive down the left side of the fairway, and Nicklaus whacked one perfect tee shot after another. He finished his round with a run of five sound pars for a 67. (Trevino had a 74 and Sluman had a 75.)

On the opening round, with no wind to speak of, the greens receptive, and their contours easy to read and putt—not to mention the generous relief from difficulty afforded by the application of a rule that allows a player whose ball lies in casual water to move it without penalty—twenty-one golfers scored in the 60s, the largest number ever to break 70 in the first round in the history of the Open. The three leaders, each with a 66, were Jay Don Blake, a former intercollegiate champion from Utah State; Payne Stewart, a tall Missourian with a stylish swing, who has earned over a half-million dollars in prize money on the P.G.A. Tour each of the last three years; and Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, the 1985 Masters champion, who one-putted eleven greens, eight of them for birdies.

On Friday, the weather improved considerably for the second round. Although it was difficult for the spectators to slog through the mucky perimeters of the holes and to cope with the marshes in the low stretches, no rain fell until late in the afternoon, when a cold deluge struck without warning and lasted for about fifteen minutes. It was an odd day at Oak Hill in several respects. Nearly all the players who were jousting for the lead had late starting times, the chief exception being Ian Woosnam, a Welshman, who teed off just before nine o'clock and brought in a round of 68 for a thirty-six-hole total of 138. The consequent general apathy in the press building was broken at about two-fifteen, when John Morris, the U.S.G.A.'s director of communications, announced over the loudspeaker that the Four Aces were gathered in the interview room. Sitting on the dais, from left to right, were Nick Price, Jerry Pate, Mark Wiebe, and Doug Weaver. They were all beaming ecstatically, delighted by their involvement in setting a record that could well last as long as golf is played. In the space of an hour and fifty minutes, between eight-fifteen and five after ten that morning, each of them had made a hole in one on the 167-yard sixth hole. Moreover, each of them had played his shot with a 7-iron.



Weaver, a twenty-nine-year-old West Virginian who now makes his home on Hilton Head Island, in South Carolina, had started the procession. Having begun his round at seven o'clock, he had reached the sixth at about eight-fifteen. The sixth is one of the holes that the Fazios had redesigned. Allen's Creek twists before the green, a rather hectic collection of bumps and swerves. The cup had been cut that morning by Boatwright seven yards or so from the middle of the green. It was situated in a shallow basin that is part of the downslope at the front of the green. "I hit the ball probably about ten feet past the pin, and I knew it was going to roll down the hill to the left," Weaver said when Morris handed him a microphone. "It was a beautiful moment watching it go in the hole, listening to the crowd getting more excited. All of a sudden, it was just like lightning hit."

After answering a few questions, Weaver handed the microphone to Wiebe. A thirty-one-year-old native of Oregon who now lives in Denver, Wiebe won almost four hundred thousand dollars in prize money on the tour last year. It was about twenty-five minutes past nine when he hit his tee shot on the sixth. "I made a good swing," he said. "I hit the ball a little long, it spun back, and all of a sudden it disappeared. The people absolutely went bananas." He furnished some details and passed the microphone to Jerry Pate.

The winner of the 1976 U.S. Open, Pate, who is now thirty-five, has been stoically battling shoulder troubles for almost a decade. His threesome had arrived at the sixth at about ten minutes to ten. "I was aiming to the right of the pin and pulled my shot," he said. "I knew I had to hit it past the hole. The ball landed maybe a foot to the right and eight feet past the stick. The first person I heard scream all the way from the green was my wife. She's a screamer."

Pate soon handed the microphone on to Nick Price, a thirty-two-year-old native of Zimbabwe who now lives in Orlando. Price has been a big winner on the P.G.A. Tour, collecting more than a million dollars in prize money over the past five years. That morning, he had teed up his ball on the sixth at about five minutes after ten. "The marshal there is having the greatest day of his life seeing everyone on the tee really psyched up," he said. "I had a hundred and fifty-nine yards to the flag and hit a 7-iron, which pitched a little right and sucked back into the hole."

The unlikelihood that four golfers in a major championship would make holes in one on the same hole within the space of an hour and fifty minutes can be more clearly appreciated when one realizes that only four times before, according to the available U.S.G.A. records, has more than one hole in one been recorded in a U.S. Open. In the 1954, 1972, and 1978 Opens, two players scored aces, and in the 1982 Open, at Pebble Beach, three players did—Bill Brodell, Johnny Miller, and Tom Weiskopf—but the shots were not clustered like the four at Oak Hill.

As it turned out, the thirty-six-hole cut at Oak Hill came at 145. Price, with rounds of 74 and 72, missed it by a stroke, and Pate, with a pair of 74s, missed it by three strokes. Weaver's ace enabled him to get in just under the wire with a total of 145 (72-73). Wiebe, at 140 (69-71), was very much in the running, for no player had put together two really hot rounds. The leader at the halfway mark was the defending champion, Curtis Strange. Following a 71 on Thursday, Strange was off and flying on the second round. He birdied both the first and the second holes, and on the par-5 fourth he holed a ninety-yard wedge pitch for an eagle 3. At length, he brought in a 64, for a two-round total of 135. That put him a stroke in front of Tom Kite, who has been the outstanding player on the P.G.A. Tour this year; two strokes in front of Scott Simpson, the 1987 U.S. Open champion, and Blake; and three in front of Mark McCumber and Woosnam. Nicklaus, by the way, was only six strokes off the pace at the halfway mark, at 141 (67-74). He had played solid stuff from tee to green, but he had putted like a man of forty-nine, and one got the impression that he would not be a factor in this championship.

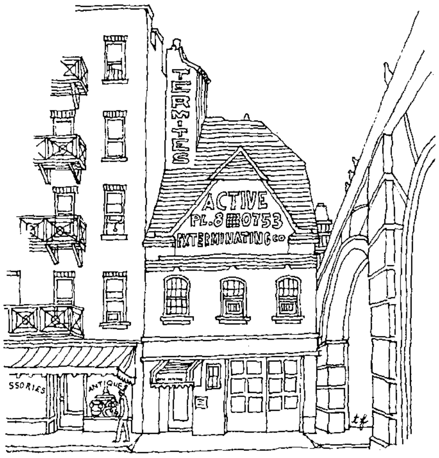
AT ten o'clock on Friday night, it started to rain hard, and it didn't stop until around six on Saturday morning. An estimated 1.9 inches of rain fell on the already soggy East Course. The course was now in such bad shape that it was questionable whether the third round could be played that day.

Shortly after 10 A.M., Boatwright met with the press in the interview room. A tall, slim South Carolinian, Boatwright, outwardly an unemotional man, speaks in a low-pitched voice with a lack of inflection reminiscent of Humphrey Bogart. "I got to the course about seven o'clock, and I was half asleep," he said. "That Mississippi River down number eight woke me up. I talked with Tim Moraghan, our agronomist, and Joe Hahn, the course superintendent. The original prognosis was that we probably wouldn't be able to play, and, if the course dried, we could play about noon. . . . The last forecast we have is a slight possibility of a light shower this afternoon. Our philosophy is that you play when you can."

Boatwright went on to say that the present plan was to send the players out in threesomes at 12:51 P.M., with half of the field of seventy-one players starting on the first tee and the other half starting on the tenth tee. He couldn't recall whether splitting the field like this had ever been done before in the Open. He then went into some detail on the swampy condition of parts of the course. "My understanding is that the superintendent's crew put down some plywood yesterday to help some of the spectators across the wet areas," Boatwright said. "Some of that had drifted down during the night and blocked up the creek. That plywood was removed, and I understand that the drainage off the course is pretty good."

During the next couple of hours, the Oak Hill crew of some fifty ground workers and volunteers, abetted by a pumper supplied by the Brighton Fire Department, pumped up to a thousand gallons a minute out of Allen's Creek so that drainlines could operate under the fairways, bunkers, and greens. The field was able to tee off at twelve-fifty-one. Because of the extreme sogginess of the course, the rule was again put into effect permitting the players to lift and drop a ball that lies in casual water in the fairway or the rough without penalty.

It took until seven-fifty for the last threesome to complete the third round. Under the circumstances, this wasn't bad at all, and the scores ran surprisingly low. Fred Couples brought in a 67. There were four 68s, by Larry Nelson, Tom Pernice, Brian Claar, and Masashi (Jumbo) Ozaki, the bulky, forty-two-year-old Japanese veteran. There were two 69s—one by Kite, which put him in the lead, and the other by Simpson, which gave him a total of 206 (67-70-69). Strange, who had played with Simpson and Kite, was alone in third place after an atypically flat round of fifteen pars and three bogeys, on which his usual aggressiveness was missing. Kite had shown a good deal of pertinacity en route to his 69. He failed to make short putts for his pars on the fourth and fifth holes, and he did not seem to be hitting the ball with his usual serene timing, but his shotmaking became sharper after he sank what he referred to as a "no-brainer" on the ninth green. Putting for a birdie 3 from about thirty-five feet, he struck the ball much too hard, but it caught the right corner of the cup and somehow spun in. If it had missed the cup, it would probably have ended up fifteen or twenty feet past. This birdie enabled Kite to make the turn in 36, one over par, and seemed to bolster his confidence. His play from tee to green was much surer on the second nine. Accurate approaches set up birdies on the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth. He dropped a stroke to par when he three-putted the crotchety green of the short fifteenth. He seemed to be on his way to another bogey on the seventeenth, where he blocked out his drive, but after a fine recovery he got down in two from forty-five yards for his par. That made his round. He finished with a sound par on the eighteenth, which gave him a 33 on the second nine, a 69 for the day, and a three-round total of 205 (67-69-69), a stroke ahead of Simpson and three strokes ahead of Strange.



The headline on the first page of the special U.S. Open section of Sunday's Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* was "MAJOR IN SIGHT FOR KITE." Kite, a native of Austin, attended the University of Texas, and was a pupil of Harvey Penick, the distinguished professional of the Austin Country Club. He is in his eighteenth season as a professional golfer. He and his wife, Christy, and their three children live in Austin during the off-season. This year, Kite had won more than six hundred thousand dollars in prize money on the P.G.A. Tour prior to the Open, and he is on the verge of passing the five-million-dollar mark in his career winnings on the tour. He has changed very little since 1972, his first season as a professional, except to mature in general. Innately polite and thoughtful, very much himself, he acts toward the people he has met in golf as if they had all grown up together in the same town. He has worked diligently on developing a smooth, repeating swing, in which he brings the ball in from the right. Conservative by nature, he amazed his friends on the tour in late May when he began to putt cross-handed, and he continued to do so in the Open. He is only too well aware that a golfer advances to a higher level when he wins one of the major championships. Sturdy players like Abe Mitchell, Macdonald Smith, Leo Diegel, and Harry Cooper never won the British Open or our Open. (Diegel, though, did win our P.G.A. Championship in 1928 and 1929, when it was a match-play event.) The closest Kite has come in a major was in the 1986 Masters, when he needed a birdie 3 on the seventy-second hole to tie Nicklaus. His twelve-foot birdie putt trickled by the left edge of the cup.

ON Sunday, the day of the final round, the sun, inexplicably, was shining. The course, however, remained soaked, and the casual-water rule was again invoked. It was astonishing how crisp and fast the greens were after the beating they had taken.

Kite, five under par for the tournament, was off at two-ten on Sunday afternoon, paired with Simpson, who was four under par. Strange, two under par, and Nelson, one under par, were in the twosome in front of them—just behind Ozaki and Blake, both of whom were one under par. After a shaky par on the opening hole, Kite settled down quickly. On the 211-yard par-3 third, he widened his lead by stopping a 2-iron twenty-five feet to the right of the pin on the raised green and holing a slightly downhill putt that broke sharply from right to left as it neared the cup. He followed this with a copybook par on the 570-yard par-5 fourth. The fifth, a 406-yard par 4, is one of the best holes at Oak Hill. Allen's Creek closely follows the right side of the landing area of the fairway, and then cuts across the fairway just in front of the green. A light wind was blowing from the right, but Kite blocked out his tee shot to the right, and it caught the creek. He took a one-stroke penalty to lift his ball from the hazard, dropped it in the rough, and laid up conservatively with a wedge short of the area where the creek crosses the fairway. He was hoping to stop his pitch close enough to the flag to get down in one putt and escape with a bogey 5. His pitch left him with a putt of about sixteen feet. He came close to holing it but then missed a two-footer coming back. That was a 7.

Kite was annoyed by his poor golf but still seemed to be in a fairly confident mood. Now three under par for the tournament, he led Strange by a stroke. Strange had started the final round with six consecutive pars, but he had not been knocking the pins down with his approaches. On the sixth and seventh, Kite made standard pars, but the picture changed on the eighth, a 430-yard par 4, on which the pin was tucked behind the front left bunker. Here Kite's 4-iron approach ran through that bunker and into the matted rough beyond. When it took him three to get down from there, he was no longer in front by himself. As I waded toward the tenth green, I learned from a scoreboard that he and Strange were now tied for the lead at two under par for the tournament, since Strange had rattled off his ninth straight par on the ninth hole. I also learned from the scoreboard that Ozaki had birdied the eighth to move back to one under par for the tournament. When I arrived at the tenth green, the gallery was applauding Ozaki for holing a good-sized birdie putt and moving into a tie for the lead with Strange and Kite. We had a whole new tournament going.

During the next half hour or so, I commuted between the tenth green, the tee of the short eleventh, and the twelfth fairway, trying to keep track of how the three leaders were faring. Ozaki and Strange were hitting their shots squarely and getting their pars. Kite, however, had made a costly bogey 5 on the tenth. His troubles there began when he pulled his drive into the rough on the left, and he eventually missed the six-foot putt he needed for his par. He made a conventional par on the short eleventh. As I was standing in the swampy rough close by the eleventh tee and trying to decide what to do next, a harried press photographer, who was struggling with her equipment, asked me whether it was true that Ozaki was two under par, and, if he was, where could she find him. I peered over to the left, toward the long thirteenth hole, and saw a fairly large band of spectators hustling spiritedly along the fairway ropes toward the green. "That should be Ozaki coming down the thirteenth now," I told the photographer, and she bustled off. A minute or two later, it finally dawned on me that I should be watching Ozaki play the thirteenth.

The 594-yard par-5 thirteenth is the longest hole on the course. The pin had been placed at the front left of the green that day, and Ozaki was putting, presumably for his birdie, from about twenty feet. He didn't miss it by much. I wasn't able to see him drive off the fourteenth, a 323-yard par 4 to a plateaued green protected in front by three bunkers. It is about the only hole on the East Course that remains essen-

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tially the same hole that Ross built. Ozaki had hit a very bad tee shot into the thick rough on the right. The only way he could make contact with the ball was to back himself into a spruce tree and try to force his arms through some of the lower branches. Thirty feet ahead, directly in his line to the green, stood an oak tree about sixty feet high. Ozaki seemed to be looking for a tournament official to talk to. There was none accompanying him and his partner, Blake, and there should have been, considering Ozaki's position in the tournament and the fact that several players had been given relief from lies in casual water in the rough. At length, Ozaki took a 5-iron, backed into the spruce, and managed to swat a low liner through its branches and through the limbs of the oak. The ball landed on the front edge of the green, rolled over the back edge, and ended up under a television-camera tower at the bottom of the bank. Shortly afterward, tournament officials arrived on the scene. They ruled that Ozaki could drop without penalty to the left of the tower. He lobbed a soft recovery onto the back of the green, but the ball rolled some fifty feet down the incline. He took two putts for a bogey 5. I didn't follow Ozaki further, for Strange was now getting into position on the fourteenth fairway to play his approach shot. After Ozaki's bogey, Strange, alone at two under par, led the championship by a stroke.

What struck me about Strange was how fresh and assured he appeared to be. He had played a 2-iron off the tee down the left side of the fairway, and now he lofted a pitching wedge fifteen feet short of the pin. His putt for his birdie broke to the right of the hole. The 177-yard fifteenth gave him some trouble. He was short of the green with a 4-iron and wide to the right of the cup with his chip, but he got down a ticklish seven-footer for his par. He won the championship on the sixteenth, a 439-yard par 4. After driving down the left side of the fairway, he covered the flag with a sharply struck 6-iron which finished fifteen feet short of the hole. He had a slightly uphill putt, and knocked the ball into the center of the hole. This was not only his first birdie of the day—he had run off fifteen consecutive pars—but his first birdie since he had made one on the sixteenth on Friday's round, thirty-six holes earlier. It had come at the perfect time. Several players in the three twosomes directly ahead of Ozaki and Blake had played sterling golf down the stretch, and there was still work to be done.

On the 458-yard seventeenth, Strange hit the fairway with an excellent drive and then carried his 3-iron approach over the front bunkers and onto the green twenty feet from the pin. His putt for his birdie twisted a few inches to the left. He sustained his dash down the stretch with a long, straight drive on the eighteenth. His approach with his 6-iron was right on the flag but hopped about twenty-five feet beyond and above it. By this time, Strange knew the lowest scores that had been posted. Woosnam and Chip Beck had finished with 68s for four-round totals of 279, and McCumber had brought in a 69 for another 279. (Ozaki, who had bogeyed two of the last four holes, was two strokes further back, after a final round of 72.) Strange, accordingly, could take three putts on the last green and still win, with a total of 278. It was a decided benefit for him to have this cushion. The eighteenth green, which falls from back to front, was now so hard and slippery at the end of the dry, breezy day that one would have thought that not a drop of water had fallen on it for a fortnight. As Strange studied his putt, it was clear that he did not intend to leave himself with a tricky downhiller on his second putt. He carefully rolled his twenty-five-footer about six feet past the hole. He hit his second putt straight at the cup, and it stopped six inches short. He walked up to the ball, got set over it, and tapped it in: 71-64-73-70—278, two under par. Strange, at thirty-four, had become the first man since Ben Hogan, in 1950-51, to win the U.S. Open in consecutive years. It is no small accomplishment. Only four other golfers have achieved it: Ralph Guldahl, in 1937-38; Bobby Jones, in 1929-30; Johnny McDermott, in 1911-12; and Willie Anderson, in 1903-04 and 1905.

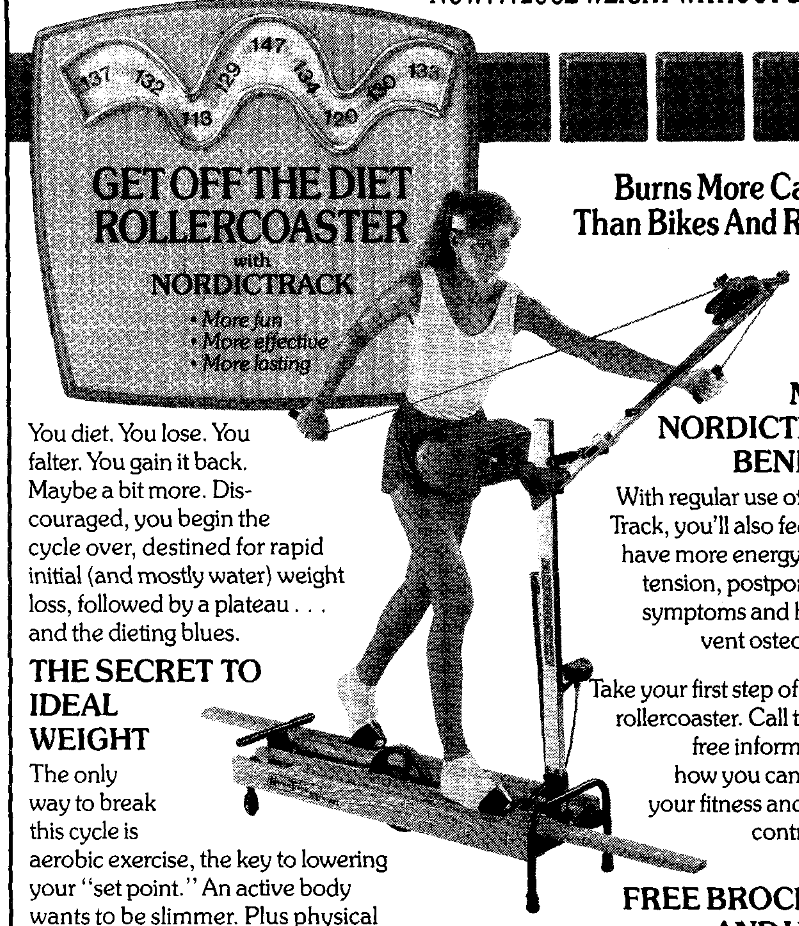
dehrenberg

SHORTLY after Strange had left the last green and was swallowed up by the tournament officials and the television crews, Kite and Simpson came trudging up the home hole. Simpson finished with a 75, for a total of 281, and Kite with a 78, for a total of 283. On the last nine, Kite had taken a double bogey on the thirteenth, where he drove into the rough, and a second double bogey on the short fifteenth, where he found the pond on the right of the green. In the press tent, the writers and photographers were discussing whether or not Kite would choose to come to the interview room. The majority believed he would, and they were right. Kite was composed and patient. "I played unbelievably badly," he said. "I played three holes one under par. I played only five holes over par, but those holes were so costly that obviously it has been a very long day for me. I will survive it, I promise you. It's a bitter pill to swallow. You don't like having a chance of winning any tournament, much less a major championship, and performing the way I did today. I guess the shock of the whole thing is that this will be by far the worst round I will have all year. It is by far the worst round I have had for five or six years." Kite was asked if he had any comment on Strange's achievement of winning back-to-back Opens. "It is a nice feat for him," he said. "He is a nice player and a good friend. I am pleased for Curtis." He was also asked if he had a formula for coping with disappointments. "No," he answered. "I guess the best thing to have going at times like this is good friends and family."

Trials like Kite's remind one that golf may be the toughest game of all for its stars as well as for average players. Hitting a stationary ball from a stationary stance requires incalculable concentration, coördination, and confidence. If you make an error, you're stuck with it. There is no second serve, no third strike, no fourth down.

You're stuck with every bad shot you hit, and that burden keeps mounting. But good golfers somehow survive.

There had been times when I wondered whether Curtis Strange would ever make it big in golf, despite his prodigious talent. The first time I saw him play was in 1975, when he was a member of the United States team that met the British and Irish amateurs in a Walker Cup match at St. Andrews. I thought he had the best backswing I had ever seen. He established himself quickly on the professional tour. In 1985, he set a new record for the most prize money ever won in a season—over five hundred and forty-two thousand dollars. That same year, he led the Masters by three strokes with six holes to play and lost it by needlessly trying to reach the greens of the two short par 5s in two and finding the water hazards instead. Strange did not break through in a major championship until the 1988 U.S. Open, despite his cornucopia of gifts: a repeating swing, power, an unusual aptitude for bunker play, the ability to hole putts, and, it seems, an unquestioning faith in himself. What he lacked may have been just plain stability. On the seventy-first green of the 1988 Open, he managed to take three putts from eight feet and lose his one-stroke lead on Nick Faldo, with whom he was paired. However, on the seventy-second hole, when he was in the deep bunker before the green in two and Faldo was safely on the green in two, he played a valiant recovery, stopping the ball a foot from the hole and making an eighteen-hole playoff necessary. He won it by playing an almost faultless round. In his final round at Oak Hill, Strange, a good-looking man with gray-flecked hair, hit every green in the regulation stroke except two par 3s, the third and the fifteenth, and on both of them he got down in a chip and a putt. I have sometimes wondered whether the extra-wide shoulder and hip turn he takes on his backswing and downswing might endanger the consistency of his timing, but this is probably mere pickiness on my part. I can't imagine anyone hitting three better tee shots on the last three holes—the ball was lined low and hard to position A—and following them with three iron shots ripped with equal assurance. Curtis Strange may go on to be remembered as one of the finest strikers of the ball the game has known. —HERBERT WARREN WIND



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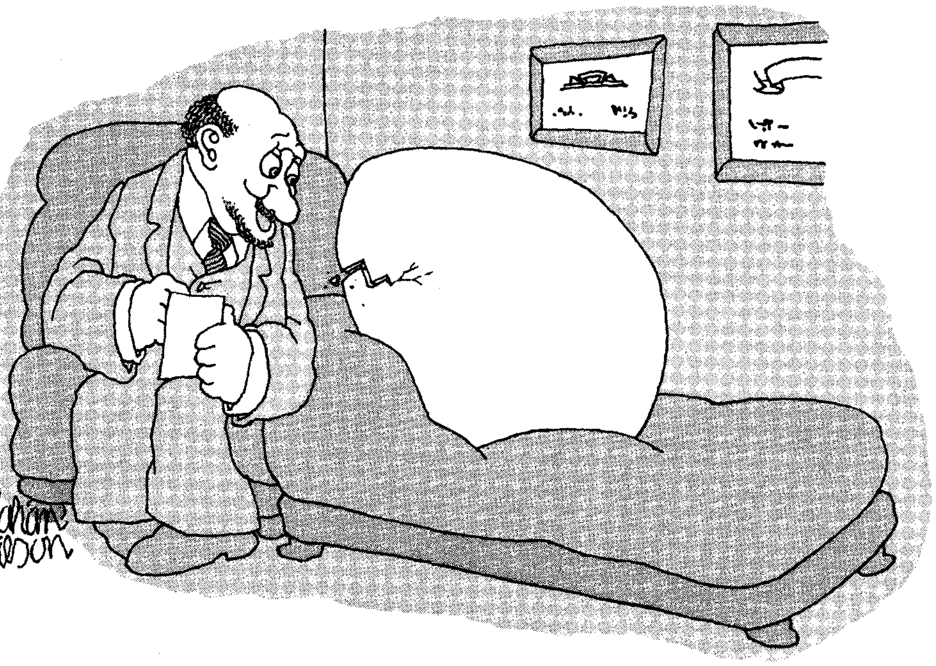
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Open and Shut

IN his first scene in "Do the Right Thing," Spike Lee wears a Chicago Bulls jersey with a big "23" on it—Michael Jordan's number. Mookie, the character Lee plays, is no superstar: he's an ordinary young man who lives with his sister in a Bedford-Stuyvesant apartment, works—just hard enough to hang on to his job—at the pizzeria at the end of his block, and gets along pretty well with everybody. Amiable Mookie as the divinely inspired Jordan—who plays basketball so brilliantly that it sometimes looks as if he didn't need his teammates at all—is a bit of a joke. It's Spike Lee who's the one-man team here: he's also the writer, the producer, and the director of "Do the Right Thing," and, as the most prominent black director in the American movie industry, he probably feels as if he were sprinting downcourt with no one to pass to and about five hundred towering white guys between him and the basket. Lee has all the moves. Since graduating from N.Y.U.'s film school, in 1983, he has managed to get off three improbable shots, all lofted over the outstretched arms of the movie establishment—three movies, made and distributed, about black experience in America. The first, the buoyant and imaginative sex comedy "She's Gotta Have It," seemed to come out of nowhere: made independently, speedily, and on the cheap, it just streaked past all the obstacles, scored big commercially, and earned Lee the chance, almost unprecedented for a black filmmaker, to make entirely personal movies with major-studio backing. On the evidence of "Do the Right Thing," Lee is all too conscious of both the responsibility and the power of his position. (Later in the movie, Mookie changes into a Dodgers shirt with Jackie Robinson's number on it.) He seems willing to do anything—to take on huge themes and assume the burden of carrying them both in front of and behind the camera. He just won't accept being ignored. He turns himself into the whole show, acting like Superman because he refuses, absolutely, to be an Invisible Man.

In "Do the Right Thing" this apparently fearless young moviemaker has, in Hollywood terms, cut to the chase. His two previous films (or three if we count—and we should—his splendid hour-long N.Y.U. thesis film, "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads") tried to dramatize what American movies weren't showing us about the real lives of black people in this gruelling, reactionary decade; to find, if possible, a visual style specific to that experience, not borrowed from Hollywood or Europe; and to make it all so funny and vivid that everyone would have to pay attention. That's more than enough ambition to sustain a filmmaker through an entire career, but Spike Lee's no ordinary artist. Eager to keep things moving, to force the tempo of the game, he has decided to go for it right now, to catch us off guard—again—by rushing head on at the biggest, most dauntingly complex subject imaginable: racism itself. Who's to stop him? He's got the talent, the passion, the crew, the cast, and the money. But he stops himself: the gigantic theme ultimately exposes his weaknesses, overshadows his strengths. In the end, he takes what looks like a big risk, goes for the killer shot, and blows it.

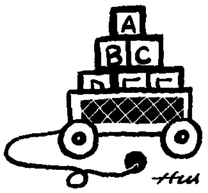


"This is very good, Mr. Carter!"

By now, everyone must know that "Do the Right Thing" is about racial tensions in a black neighborhood on a punishingly hot day; that the focus of the action is the pizzeria where Mookie works, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block (there's a Korean market across the street); and that the movie's climax is a full-scale riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. The film's tortured message has been debated in the pages of the *Times* and *Newsweek* and the *Village Voice*, and on "Nightline" and "Oprah"; the movie has become, by virtue of both its explosive subject and its rather slippery point of view, a real cultural event, and if you haven't seen it yet you might almost feel that you no longer need to. Despite the interpretative deluge in the media, you *do* need to see it for yourself. It's a very unusual movie experience—two hours of bombardment with New York-style stimuli. You feel your senses alternately sharpened and dulled, as on a sweltering midsummer day, when the sights and sounds of the city are dazzlingly clear individually yet somehow unassimilable as a whole, overwhelming, brain-fogging, oppressive. Lee is nimble-witted, and he's always on the offensive; he stays in your face until you're too exhausted to resist. You have to watch your reactions closely or he'll speed right past you, get you to nod assent to an argument you haven't fully realized he was making. Most American movies just want to knock you senseless immediately and get it over with; "Do the Right Thing" tries to wear you down, and its strategies are fascinating.

In form, "Do the Right Thing" is a multi-character, portrait-of-a-community movie. When this sort of picture is done skillfully, it can be exhilarating: Renoir's "The Crime of Monsieur Lange," Altman's "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," and Scorsese's "Mean Streets" come to mind. The pleasure of community movies is their open-endedness, the (relative) freedom they allow us to observe the particulars of relationships in small, self-contained social units; they seem unusually responsive to the ambiguity and variety of experience. For long stretches, Lee's movie is enjoyable in this way. Characters are introduced, and while we wait to find out what they'll have to do with each other we can take in an abundance of atmospheric details—the lack of air-conditioning in the apartments, the way the sunlight looks sort of hopeful at the beginning of the day and then turns mean, the street wardrobe of T-shirts, bicycle shorts, and pristine Nikes—and listen to the casual speech of the neighborhood's residents, learn to hear in its varied rhythms how people who have lived too close for too long express their irritation and their affection. As we get our bearings, the movie has an easy, colloquial vivacity, and a sensational look. The superb cinematographer Ernest Dickerson (who has worked on all Lee's movies) gives the images a daring, Hawaiian-shirt glare: if the light were just a touch brighter, the colors a shade bolder, we'd have to turn away, but Dickerson somehow makes these clashing sensations seem harmonious. Lee's script seems to be trying to do something similar, but, despite its ingenuity, it doesn't succeed. As the long, sticky day goes on and the exchanges between the characters get edgier, nastier, more elaborately insulting, we begin to feel something ominous creeping in, which at the time we may take to be our realization that racial violence is inevitable, but which later on we may identify as our intuition of a different kind of disharmony—the jarring incongruity of Lee's "open" manner and his open-and-shut argument.

When the smoke clears—from the screen and from the insides of our heads—there are only two characters who really matter in "Do the Right Thing": Mookie and his boss, Sal (Danny Aiello), who go one-on-one at the end. The rest of the characters are there to represent something or to move the plot along. There's an old drunk known as Da Mayor (Ossie Davis), who gets no respect from the younger people on the block but retains a certain wobbly dignity, and the sharp-tongued, independent-minded Mother Sister (Ruby Dee); they stand for the older generation, whose cynical, "realistic" attitude toward living in a white society may have kept them from finding ways out of their poverty but may also have helped keep them alive. The next generation is represented by a trio of middle-aged gents who sit on the corner in kitchen chairs and provide, for anyone who wants to listen (only themselves, as it turns out), a running commentary on everything from neighborhood events to the melting of the polar ice caps. They're completely useless—their major occupations are drinking beer, boasting about sex, and coming up with new ways of calling each other "fool"—but their confident, vigorous inanity is very winning. Lee lets their routines run a little longer than they need to, just because the three actors (Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and the wonderful Robin Harris, who plays the one called Sweet Dick Willie) get such sizzling comic rhythms going; these are the movie's loosest scenes. As examples of younger women, Lee supplies a responsible one, Mookie's sister Jade (played by Lee's sister Joie Lee), and a wilder one, his girlfriend Tina (Rosie Perez), who also gets to stand for unwed mothers and Hispanics. The young men consist of three mad-prophet figures: Smiley (Roger Guenveur Smith), a stuttering weirdo, who hawks photos of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X shaking hands; Radio Raheem (Bill Nunn), a rap fan, who walks the streets with a mammoth boom box (it takes twenty D batteries), playing Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" over and over; and Buggin' Out (Giancarlo Esposito), a loud-mouthed "political" type, who wants to boycott Sal's because the pictures on its "Wall of Fame" are all of Italians. The whites are Sal's sons: Pino (the overbearing John Turturro), who's a virulent racist, and Vito (Richard Edson), who isn't. (Vito just looks passive and dim, actually.)



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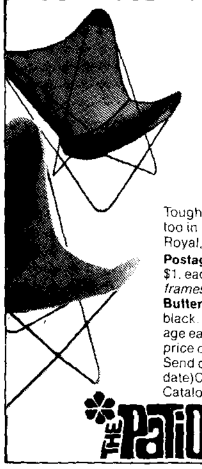

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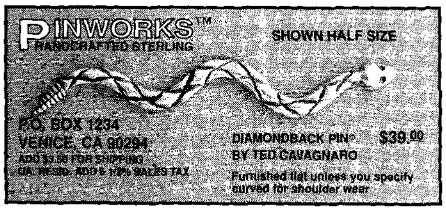

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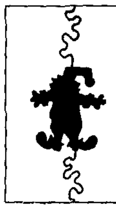

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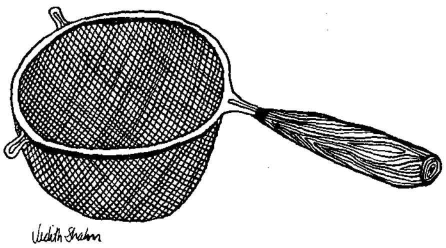
isn't a big problem for the first hour or so, while the tone is still mostly light and comic. Lee is showing us types, but at least he gives us a lot of different ones (Hollywood movies rarely seem aware of any diversity in the black community), and their encounters are often funny. It's only later, when the whole crowded movie reduces itself to the symbolic confrontation between Mookie and Sal, that his approach lets the audience down. At its most basic, Lee's intention in "Do the Right Thing" is to demonstrate how in the context of a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations—the heat, some casual slights, bits of anger left over from old injuries, the constant mild abrasions of different cultural perspectives rubbing against each other—can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie—to show us the everyday texture of racial misunderstanding. But Lee wants to go further, to prove the inevitability of race conflict in America, and he can't do it, because no filmmaker could: movies aren't very good at proving things. The obvious inspiration for the story is the appalling incident in Howard Beach, Queens, in 1986: three young black men, stranded by car trouble in that very white neighborhood, were attacked outside a pizzeria by a bunch of youths armed with baseball bats; one of the victims, Michael Griffith, ran in front of a car while trying to escape and was killed. From this tragic event Lee has retained the charged iconography—the pizza parlor and the baseball bat—and changed everything else, with a view to making its significance larger, more general. He wants to create an event that can't be explained away as an isolated incident. And he's not about to let us believe that racism comes only in the form of teen-age thugs.

So in "Do the Right Thing" it isn't Sal's vicious son who precipitates the violence but Sal himself—a man who, despite a fairly limited imagination, isn't an obvious racist. For most of the movie, Sal is a sympathetic figure: he's proud of the place he owns and proud of having fed the people of the neighborhood for twenty-five years, and he won't listen to Pino's suggestion that he sell the pizzeria and get out of Bed-Stuy. ("I've never had no trouble with these people," Sal says.) But in the end he becomes the enemy, and Mookie—the most easygoing and most rounded of the young black characters—becomes his adversary. By pitching his battle between the two most likable characters in the piece, Lee makes room in his story for the big statement: that in this society blacks and whites, even the best of us, are ultimately going to find ourselves on opposite sides. It's like a political rationalization of his aesthetic practice: eventually, everyone reverts to type. The final conflict begins at the very end of this long, hot day, as Mookie and Sal are trying to close the pizzeria for the night. They stay open a few minutes longer to serve slices to a group of neighborhood kids, and in walk Buggin' Out and Radio Raheem; Buggin' Out starts yelling at Sal again about the absence of black faces on the wall, and Raheem's radio, turned up to earsplitting volume, is playing "Fight the Power" (which is also the movie's theme song). After the day he's had, Sal can't take it anymore, and goes berserk; he launches into a tirade, during which the word "nigger" slips out, smashes Raheem's radio with a bat, and a fight breaks out. When half a dozen cops (all but one of them white) arrive, they go straight for Raheem, and subdue this large, strong-looking man with a choke hold, which kills him. The cops drive away, and the neighborhood people are all gathered outside Sal's, stunned by the tragedy. Mookie, who has been standing next to his boss, crosses the street to join his neighbors, picks up a garbage can, hurls it through the pizzeria's window, and the riot begins. Sal's is destroyed, as retribution for the death of Raheem.

In part, this powerful climax—and it *is* powerful—seems to come from Lee's sense, as a filmmaker, that he needs a conflagration at the end, a visually and emotionally compelling release for the steam that has been building up throughout the film. His model is clearly the Scorsese of "Mean Streets" and "Taxi Driver," but in Scorsese's films the final bursts of violence are generated entirely from within, from the complex internal dynamics of the communities and individuals we've been watching. Lee's climax only seems to have that sort of terrible inevitability. In order to believe it, and to find the characters' behavior in these disturbing scenes wholly comprehensible, we have to accept a proposition that's external to the terms of the movie, an abstract notion of the kind that no movie can truly demonstrate: that we're all bigots under the skin. Lee prepares us for this with a sequence in which various characters—Italian, Korean, Hispanic, and black (Mookie)—shout racial and ethnic slurs directly into the camera. Sal's exasperation with Buggin' Out and Raheem, after he has spent twelve hours standing next to pizza ovens on a ninety-eight-degree day, doesn't seem a particularly racist response—until he says "nigger." (Being driven out of your mind by blaring rap music doesn't have to have anything to do with race. At that volume, Def Leppard or Philip Glass would have the same effect.) Raheem certainly doesn't deserve his fate, but without that inflammatory racial epithet Lee would have a tough time convincing any audience that Sal deserves his.


Judith Shahn

Does Lee really believe that, as he says in his published production diary, "sooner or later it comes out"—that any white person, pushed hard enough, will betray his contempt for blacks? Does he believe, for that matter, the tired notion that anger brings out people's *true* feelings? And does he also think that lashing out at Sal because he's white and owns a business and is therefore a representative of the racist power structure of the American economy is a legitimate image of "fighting the power"? If you can buy all these axioms smuggled in from outside the lively and particular world this movie creates, then "Do the Right Thing" is the great movie that so many reviewers have claimed it is. But if you think—as I do—that not every individual is a racist, that angry words are no more revealing than any other kind, and that trashing a small business is a woefully imprecise image of fighting the power, then you have to conclude that Spike Lee has taken a wild shot and missed the target. He ends his movie with a pair of apparently contradictory quotations—one from Dr. King, advocating peaceful change, and one from Malcolm, advocating violence (in self-defense). The juxtaposition suggests an admission that he doesn't know all the answers, but the movie, perhaps inadvertently, gives the lie to this confession of ambivalence. The imagery of the riot overwhelms the more incidental truths about human relations in the rest of the film, and Lee pays the price of all the little feints and evasions necessary to give his movie a socko ending: the half-truths add up, too. By the end, when Sal and Mookie are standing toe to toe in front of the burned-out shell of the pizzeria, and Mookie accepts his back wages, and more, from his employer, Lee actually seems to be saying that although Sal may not be the worst oppressor around, *someone's* got to pay; the implicit message to the small businessman is "Too bad it had to be you, but what did you expect?" I think audiences, black and white, have the right to expect something more thoughtful than this from one of our best young filmmakers.

The "power" isn't guys like Sal, even though they benefit, modestly, from the biases of the economic system; they're just guilty by association, responsible for the deaths of young blacks like Raheem only in the most theoretical, distanced way. Although Lee must know this, he's clearly willing to sacrifice some political clarity for the sake of movie-style power. In order to make himself heard, he has chosen to adopt the belligerent, in-your-face mode of discourse that has been the characteristic voice of New York City in the Koch years. Spike Lee's movie isn't likely to cause riots (as some freaked-out commentators have suggested), but it winds up bullying the audience—shouting at us rather than speaking to us. It is, both at its best and at its worst, very much a movie of these times. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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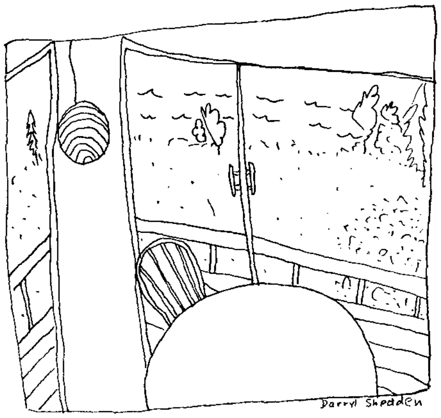
AROUND CITY HALL

It Ain't Over

WHEN George Bush spoke at a Republican fund-raising dinner here last month, he described the job of mayor of New York as "the most powerful local office in America," happily talking it up although only three members of his party have been mayor here in this century and no one has been elected on the G.O.P. ticket since John Lindsay, back in 1965. It was evident that Lee Atwater, the chairman of the Republican National Committee and Bush's henchman, had been bending the Presidential ear with the message that the chairman has been peddling around the country, sometimes accompanying himself on his R. & B. guitar, sometimes not: that this is the year the Republicans will capture New York's City Hall. At a meeting of the United States Conference of Mayors, in Charleston, South Carolina, last month, Atwater predicted that the G.O.P. would establish a "political beachhead" by defeating the Democratic incumbent, Edward Koch—who he seemed to believe would be the Democratic nominee, although all recent polls indicate otherwise—and from that highly symbolic victory would move on to conquer other big cities that have traditionally been Democratic strongholds. Governor Mario Cuomo, hearing of this threat and recalling the waves of unsightly infectious waste that washed up on local shores last summer, said that if Atwater—best known in some political circles as the man who in the 1988 Presidential campaign made Willie Horton's name and dark visage household familiars and thus helped elect a kinder, gentler President—establishes a beachhead here "we'll have to clean up the beaches all over again."

Of the six major contenders in the 1989 New York mayoral race, two are Republicans, and both, of course, were on hand for the big June 22nd fundraiser at which the President was the featured draw. One of them, Ronald Lauder, who is the son of Estée Lauder, and who puts his assets at three hundred eight million dollars, was invited to a pre-dinner reception reserved for heavy G.O.P. contributors. Lauder, a tall, wooden-faced man, is so uncertain of his abilities as a communicator that most of his campaign commercials—on which he has already spent close to four million dollars—use hired actors to convey his message by voice-overs. Money talks in more ways than one. The other major Republican contender had been invited just for the dinner, though most of the guests well understood that when Bush urged them to pitch in and turn into reality the "real good chance" that a Republican mayor would be sworn in here next January the man most likely to pull this off was not Lauder but dark-haired, gleaming-eyed Rudolph Giuliani, whose five and a half years as the local United States Attorney—a post he resigned in January—gave him an eminently salable high-profile public image as a gangbuster type: a buster not only of organized-crime figures but of Wall Street inside traders, drug lords, and prominent municipal grafters, including Koch's close political ally the former Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman.

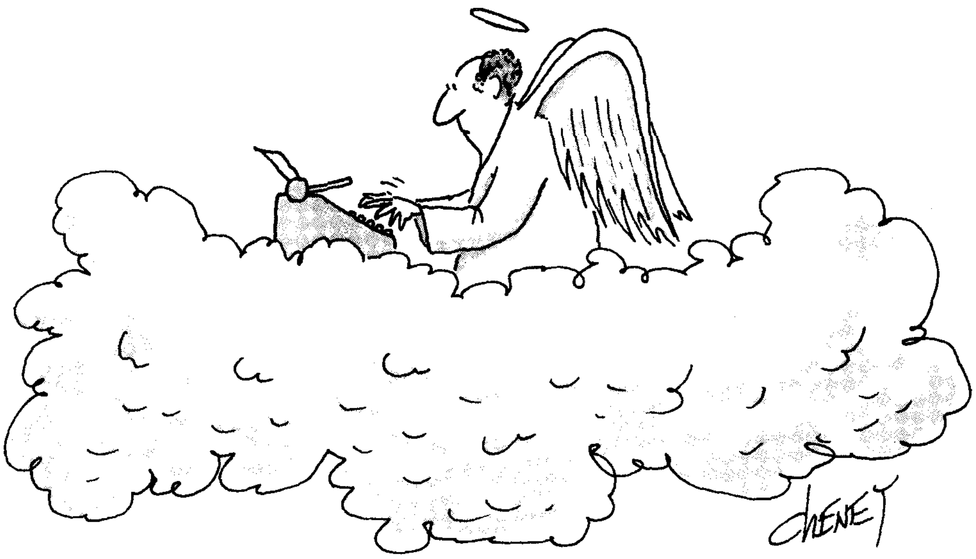
A few days before the President's visit, a *Post* poll gave Lauder his best showing to date against Giuliani: only thirty-seven points down. On the other hand, no one in the room needed to be reminded of the political advantage in a television age of great wads of money. In early 1982, for example, one could travel up and down most streets in New York State without finding a soul who recognized the name of Lew Lehrman, a chain-drugstore multimillionaire, who became that year's Republican candidate for governor. Half a year and almost fourteen million dollars later, he came within four points of defeating Cuomo, and during the last weeks of the campaign when he drove through areas of this city such as the South Bronx little kids would run toward his car shouting "It's Lew! It's Lew! It's Lew!" So far, no one in the South Bronx has been caught shouting "It's Ron! It's Ron! It's Ron!" Indeed, a recent press conference that Lauder's staff scheduled for him in that area may have proved to him the wisdom of concentrating his campaign's attention on television commercials. Present for the occasion, besides the candidate, were two bodyguards, a very nervous-looking Bronx State Senator Guy Velella, one reporter—Adam Nagourney, of the *News*—and a photographer. A picture of the occasion, printed in the *News*, could become a classic memento of the mayoral campaign. It showed Lauder, in what appeared to be a Savile Row suit, coming down a flight of crumbling steps and picking his way through ankle-deep piles of garbage, dry and wet. One of the bodyguards worried that the candidate might be bitten by a rat. Instead, he encountered a human predator—a drug dealer being arrested—which spoiled any Lauder plans to denounce the Koch administration as letting criminals run wild. A few residents of the neighborhood—it turned out that he didn't know what neighborhood he was in—stood about watching the candidate, but they did not speak to him nor he to them. Anyhow, it seemed unlikely that they were registered to vote in the September 12th Republican primary.



The prospect that Lauder might concentrate all his efforts on television commercials was not welcome to Giuliani backers. Lauder's first goal is to defeat Giuliani on September 12th, and many of the commercials claim that the former United States Attorney's reputation as the scourge of criminals is largely phony and that he is in fact soft on crime. Some of them conclude with the ominous words "Rudy Giuliani. A liberal." Lauder advisers doubtless have firmly in mind Bush's effective use of the word "liberal" as a pejorative in last year's campaign. However, there is a political label that many in this town consider even more disabling: "Republican." No Republican Presidential candidate has carried the city since Calvin Coolidge, in 1924, and, for that matter, not Bush but the sneered-at liberal Michael Dukakis won New York State last year, as Cuomo, who directed the state campaign, had predicted all along that he would. Moreover, the Liberal Party has a permanent line on the election ballot in New York, right up there with the Democrats, the Republicans, the Conservatives, and the Right-to-Lifers. Lauder's commercials are accurate: Giuliani is a Liberal candidate in the capitalized sense. Weeks before his formal entry into the race for the Republican nomination, he arranged to have the support of the leaders of the Liberal Party. Over the years here, many Republican candidates, including Jacob Javits and John Lindsay, have taken the precaution of also running on the Liberal Party line, and doing so made it possible for them to gain the votes of New Yorkers who are psychologically incapable of—or, anyhow, deeply resistant to—pulling the Republican lever. Moreover, if a candidate should be beaten in the Republican primary the Liberal line is available in the general election. In 1969, Lindsay, an incumbent Republican mayor, lost the primary and went on to win reëlection on the Liberal line. This is a precedent that will be relentlessly invoked if Giuliani loses the Republican nomination this year.

For the moment, Giuliani is content with another precedent. When he announced his candidacy as a Republican, on May 17th, he said that he was doing so "in the spirit of Fiorello LaGuardia," who was, incidentally, New York's first Italian-American mayor. Giuliani called him "a people's mayor"; indeed, because of LaGuardia's populist reputation many New Yorkers forget that he was a Republican. Giuliani's literature identifies him as a "fusion" candidate, and that was the party label preferred by the Little Flower. LaGuardia ran not only on the Republican line but on that of the American Labor Party, which made it possible for him to be endorsed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then in the White House. A decade or so later, a branch of the American Labor Party broke away and formed the Liberal Party. Access to the Liberal line is not available just for the asking. Koch tried for it in 1981 without success. After his rejection, he referred to the Liberal leaders as "slime." By state law, at least fifty thousand votes must be cast on a party's line in a gubernatorial election or the party loses its permanent place on the ballot. Last January, Cuomo spoke of Giuliani as one of his "favorites," explaining that he welcomed the political progress of any fellow Italian-American. After the Liberals got ready to back Giuliani, however, Cuomo said that he might not run on the Liberal line in next year's race for governor (assuming, of course, that he makes that race, and doesn't have other political plans). This snub by the big-vote-getting Governor could cause the Liberals to lose the ballot line, which is their only real source of power (as well as of some patronage). It was a bullying tactic, which did not fit in with Cuomo's image as a frequent quoter of Thomas Aquinas and other saints. Though he later said that it had all been a misunderstanding, there was a sense that the prospect of there being another politically powerful Italian-American in the state was, after all, not entirely welcome in Albany. Similar sentiments may have had something to do with the decision of Alfonse D'Amato, New York's first Italian-American United States senator (Cuomo is the first Italian-American to be elected New York's governor), to back Lauder rather than Giuliani. In addition, D'Amato and Giuliani have developed an intense mutual dislike, and, besides, D'Amato is believed to favor a Republican mayoral candidate who would pose less of a challenge to the reëlection of his good friend Koch, who in 1986 endorsed D'Amato over his Democratic opponent. D'Amato has expressed a keen interest in running for governor—though not against Cuomo. "I don't have a death wish" is the way he put it last year. If Cuomo were for some reason to vacate the governorship, and D'Amato were to go for it, the presence of a hostile Mayor Giuliani at City Hall would be an inconvenience.

Despite this speculation about the future influence of a Mayor Giuliani—at this point he has never been elected to any office—supporters face the more immediate question of whether Lauder's negative commercials might do him so much damage that even if Giuliani should win the Republican primary he would be somewhat crippled in the general election. On the day of Bush's visit, a WCBS-*Times* poll indicated that the commercials had had some effect: whereas Giuliani's negative rating had been four per cent in January, it was now twenty per cent. There was also an increasing uneasiness about the ineptitude of the Giuliani campaign. Looming was the worrisome possibility that just as, on the national scene, the Democrats keep frittering away early advantages and ultimately lose the White House, Republicans here might cross themselves up one more time and miss their chance to move their man into Gracie Mansion. As far as crowd response goes, however, Giuliani has been riding high. Whenever he appears in the company of some of the other mayoral candidates, he gets two or three times as many cheers as they do. He is greeted on the street with such noisy cries of "Rudy! Rudy! Rudy!" that, local reporters have marvelled, he



"Day 3,762: Still dead."

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might as well be a big sports hero or a rock star. As he arrived at the hotel on the night of the recent Republican fund-raising dinner—there were about a thousand guests, and the take was over a million dollars—it was "Rudy! Rudy! Rudy!" again. When the President introduced the candidates in the coming Republican primary, he had no trouble with Lauder's name, but it was a different story with the Republicans' great urban hope: Bush called him "Giu . . . Ger . . . Giovanni . . . Gerlani." Asked afterward if other people had trouble pronouncing his name, Giuliani said, "Italians don't." Some of the dinner guests, as they filed out, noted that the President has never been caught stumbling over the name of his chief of staff, John Sununu, whose White House lapses have on occasion caused some Washington reporters to refer to Bush as being "in deep sununu." At the dinner, Lauder said of Bush's gaffe, "He has trouble with those liberal names." But, of course, the President was not in deep sununu just because he had muffed Giuliani's name. After all, it was in this town that—at the 1976 Democratic Convention—Jimmy Carter referred to "the Eyetalians."

"THE most exciting mayoral race in the city's history," Richard Emery, a prominent local civil-rights lawyer, called the current campaign a few weeks ago. His judgment may have been influenced by the fact that "exciting" is the word for the kind of year that 1989 has been for him. Emery brought the suit charging that the voting provisions of the city's powerful Board of Estimate were in violation of the one-person, one-vote principle. The United States Supreme Court agreed, in a unanimous decision on March 22nd. Since then, a Charter Revision Commission has devised what amounts to a new city constitution. New Yorkers thus have had one more reason than other Americans had to be reminded in recent weeks of the immense powers of the judicial branch to shake up other branches of government and to change the lives and stir the passions of many ordinary citizens. The fate of the new constitution—that is, charter—will, according to present plans, go before the voters on November 7th, the day when the fate of the candidates in the municipal election will also be decided. Whether or not the mayoral campaign is the most exciting in history, it does have some notable aspects besides the Republicans' brighter-than-usual chances. One of the four Democratic candidates, Richard Ravitch, whose net worth is about eighteen million dollars, is the richest man to run for mayor after Lauder—and perhaps after William Randolph Hearst, who, early in the century, ran unsuccessfully for mayor, governor, and President. (Money doesn't always talk.) Ravitch, who made his money in the construction and real-estate business and has since served in several high-level state positions, ranks in the polls at between three and eight per cent. A few points higher than Ravitch is City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, who has served longer in that post—sixteen years—than anyone else. He is the man in the race who is clearly the most knowledgeable about city government, with the exception—as Koch would surely point out—of the current mayor, who is also, of course, a candidate. If Koch should win in November, he would be the first New York mayor to be elected to a fourth term. And if Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins is elected, he will be the city's first black mayor.

IN spite of all these firsts—and the imminence of the primary, less than two months away—the campaign for the most powerful local office in America hasn't fully captured local attention. Last spring, note was taken of the phenomenon that although this is a city of seven and a half million people, anyone relying for news on the front pages of the tabloids here week after week might fairly conclude that there were only about half a dozen New Yorkers whose lives were worth reporting on—for example, George Steinbrenner, John Cardinal O'Connor, Mike Tyson, Donald Trump, John Gotti, the Reverend Al Sharpton, and the Mayor. The only addition to the superheadliners' roster from among the mayoral candidates has been Giuliani. ("RUDY: KOCH IS BAD FOR CITY'S IMAGE" or "ED DUMPS ON 'EMPTY SUIT' RUDY AGAIN." Sometimes the Mayor has seen Giuliani not as a man in an empty suit but as Salome in her seven veils: "Every time you take a veil off, you find some putrescence.") None of the headliners has formally endorsed a candidate. The Cardinal has been busy weighing in on the Supreme Court decision on abortion, which promises to play a major role in the race, since Giuliani, the only Roman Catholic candidate, is the only contender who has said in the past that he favored the repeal of Roe v. Wade. Among the least lurid headlines about Mike Tyson have been those that dealt with his shifting of allegiance from one longtime manager to boxing promoter Don King. During some of these negotiations, Trump, serving as unofficial adviser, was constantly pictured at the champion's side. Of the near-daily headlines featuring the name of Trump, a recent State Supreme Court ruling that the city had overtaxed him between six million and nine million dollars on the Trump Tower made him especially happy, since it would make Koch unhappy. A couple of years ago, the Mayor's response to Trump's calling him "a moron" was to call Trump "piggy, piggy, piggy!" According to the court ruling, it was the city that had been piggy this time. At one point last year, Trump said he was prepared to spend five million dollars defeating Koch this year. Nothing has been heard lately of a project on that scale, but in May he co-chaired a luncheon that raised eight hundred thousand dollars for Giuliani.

John Gotti, the reputed head of the Gambino crime family, whom the courts have failed to convict on a number of charges in the last few years, beat the law again this month. For July 4th last year, Gotti, a chunky man who is a snappy dresser and is often referred to in the press as Dapper Don, scheduled his nineteenth annual party, complete with a large display of fireworks, for his neighbors—mainly Italian—in the Ozone Park section of Queens. He did not have the required city permit for the fireworks, and a delegation of a dozen city policemen reminded him of the fact. He put on the show anyhow. This year, a hundred and twenty cops were on hand to make absolutely certain that the rule of law would prevail in Ozone Park. The fireworks went off anyhow, as four thousand of Dapper Don's delighted neighbors chanted "Gotti! Gotti! Gotti!" Some of them called the city un-American for trying to stop the fun. It did not seem likely that there were many prospective Koch voters in the crowd, but then the mayoral election wasn't noticeably on their minds, as is true of many New Yorkers. A few days before, the Mayor had been electioneering in the area of Queens—the borough that, early in the campaign, he had called "the heartland" of the city, on whose vote the election would turn. Since then, however, Thomas Manton, the Democratic boss of Queens County, has endorsed Ravitch, and a number of district leaders have come out for Dinkins. Some of the residents insist that as Koch shook hands with prospective voters in Ozone Park on his recent visit one of the hands the law-and-order Mayor eagerly reached for was that of Dapper Don.

The Reverend Al Sharpton made his biggest recent headlines on June 30th, the day after the bulky, wild-haired churchless preacher was arraigned in Manhattan State Supreme Court on a sixty-seven-count indictment brought by State Attorney General Robert Abrams. Sharpton and the two lawyers who, like him, served as advisers to Tawana Brawley—the black teenager who in November, 1987, claimed to have been kidnapped and raped by a band of white men—had been at loose ends since last fall, when a grand jury concluded that the whole story they told had been a hoax. Many months earlier, Sharpton had arranged for the teen-ager to be visited by Mike Tyson, who on the spot peeled a thirty-thousand-dollar watch off his arm and gave it to Tawana. The sixty-seven-count indictment against Sharpton last month charged that he had stolen a quarter of a million dollars from the National Youth Foundation, an informal organization he had set up with the avowed purpose of steering young people away from drugs and training them for jobs. According to the indictment, the only substantial beneficiary had been the Reverend Al. Among those who had generously contributed to his alleged scam were the boxing promoter Don King and Donald Trump. "It ain't over till the fat guy sings," Sharpton said in court. Although he has often said that there could be no justice for blacks as long as whites ran the show, he has urged blacks in the city not to support the black candidate in this year's mayoral race, on the ground that Dinkins had attacked Tawana. Dinkins didn't do

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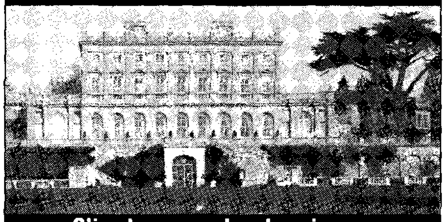

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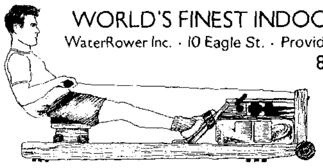

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that, but he did criticize her advisers. Nevertheless, C. Vernon Mason, one of her two lawyers, who is fighting the possibility of disbarment because of his tactics in the case, last month announced his support for Dinkins—who pointed out politely that the endorsement was unsolicited. He responded very differently to his endorsement early last month by Koch's immediate predecessor, Abraham Beame, and to one a few weeks later by Lindsay, New York's mayor before last. Lindsay, still handsome at sixty-seven, said he was making the endorsement because "the city needs David Dinkins badly." He declined an invitation to dwell on the failings of the present mayor, however. At City Hall that afternoon, when Koch was asked to comment on how helpful the Lindsay endorsement would be to Dinkins, he noted that Dinkins had also been endorsed by C. Vernon Mason. At the endorsement ceremony, Lindsay was reminded by reporters of one of his 1965 campaign slogans, "He's fresh—and everyone else is tired." He said there had been a modification: "I'm tired—and everyone else is dead."

NEW YORKERS often don't begin to give a mayoral election their serious attention until the final weeks of a campaign. An August 25, 1977, poll, taken by the *Times* and published on its front page, showed Koch as fourth in that year's Democratic primary—then only fourteen days away—behind Beame, former Representative Bella Abzug, and Cuomo. Copies of the 1977 clipping are being happily handed around by candidates who are way down in this year's surveys. As proof of the unreliability of polls, the clipping is also prized by supporters of Koch, who, in fact, twelve years ago came in first in both the primary and the general election. In his victory pictures that year, he had twice the hair and weighed fifty or sixty pounds less than he does now. All major polls this spring have shown Dinkins from ten to twenty points ahead of Koch in the primary, with Giuliani then beating Dinkins by at least eight points in the general election. The *Times* poll on June 22nd, its first of the campaign, showed that thirty-one per cent of New Yorkers gave Koch a favorable rating, while forty-eight per cent rated him unfavorably, and that Dinkins—whose numbers were forty per cent favorable and thirteen per cent unfavorable—would defeat him in the primary by thirteen points. The bad news for Koch, who, as mayor, has been a *Times* favorite, had now been certified by the *Times'* own poll. However, the story did not make the *Times'* front page, or even the first page of its Metro, or B, section; it appeared on page B4. Just below it was a headline relating to another aspect of the poll: "NEW YORKERS ARE DIVIDED OVER ANY MAYOR SOLVING CITY'S WORST PROBLEMS." A possible interpretation was that probably no new mayor could do any better. Curiously, the story on the poll did not feature its real news: it showed Dinkins as being only a single point behind Giuliani in the general election. An article having to do with the campaign did make the *Times'* front page eight days later. The headline was "RECORDS PROVIDE FRESH DETAILS ABOUT DINKINS'S TAX LAPSES." Back in December, 1973, Dinkins revealed that he had not filed tax returns for the years 1969 through 1972. It was a big story at the time, and has frequently been referred to since. He paid up most of the taxes, along with substantial interest and penalties, within a few weeks. The records on which the June 30th *Times* story—a very lengthy one—was based had all been provided by Dinkins, and all dealt with the nearly sixteen-year-old revelations, which, the article indicated, had been resolved to the satisfaction of the tax authorities. Nevertheless, a fast reader of the *Times* could well have concluded that Dinkins was in bad trouble with the law once again. The article looked like the best campaign present the Mayor could have received. If anyone had expected that the story would be a big setback for Dinkins, though, the damage was not immediately apparent. A poll taken between July 5th and July 8th for the weekly New York *Observer* showed Dinkins defeating Koch by a larger margin than ever—forty-five per cent to twenty-three—and in a dead heat with Giuliani. Polls published on July 13th and July 14th in the *News* had similar numbers. Nineteen eighty-nine may not be the year of the Republicans, after all, but the year that a black moved into Gracie Mansion. Still, many New Yorkers, who have had twelve years of Koch's bobbing, weaving, bad-mouthing, backstabbing, and famous resilience, will believe all this when they see it.

—ANDY LOGAN

BOOKS

Levels and Levels

THE Dutch writer Harry Mulisch is best known in the United States as the author of a small, perfect novel, "The Assault," about a brutal incident in the Second World War and its continuing reverberations. A surprisingly excellent movie was made from the book, and won an Oscar for Best Foreign Film in 1987. "The Assault," lucid and subtle in its telling, performs many tasks expertly: it is a detective story, unravelling the complex truth of what happened on a night in the winter of 1945, when the Steenwijks' house in Haarlem was burned down in reprisal for the Dutch Resistance's assassination of a collaborator; a psychological novel, plumbing the repressions that the Steenwijk survivor, Anton, has imposed upon himself; and a study in the workings of time, as the postwar decades gradually transform the physical settings and remove the living witnesses of the brief central event. This last aspect, conveyed by visual images of a changing, modern Holland, came through even more powerfully in the movie than in the book, stunning the viewer with a sudden sensation of the profound abyss of the past—unchanging yet productive of ever fresh installments of emotion.

Mulisch's new novel, "Last Call" (translated from the Dutch by Adrienne Dixon; Viking; $18.95), in its best and clearest moments evokes this same awesome dimension of reality, as experienced by the seventy-eight-year-old hero, Willem (Uli) Bouwmeester, a long-retired cabaret performer—the ignominious last of a distinguished Dutch theatrical family—who is unexpectedly cast as the star of a contemporary play, "Hurricane," to be performed by a modernist playwrights' collective that occupies the Kosmos Theatre in Amsterdam. The drama, which concerns a turn-of-the-century performance of Shakespeare's "Tempest," has levels and levels, and so does the novel; still, like "The Assault," it is rooted in a wartime incident—in this case, Uli's discreditable but not extraordinary collaboration with the Germans. The facts are set forth early in the novel, as if casually but with Mulisch's typical circumstantial precision:

> Like virtually everyone else in cabaret (and not only in cabaret) he registered with the Chamber of Culture and continued cheering up audiences until 1943, even playing for Nazi organisations such as Winter Help and Front Fare—also after his Jewish colleagues had been deported and gassed—and finally even in Germany. In the following year all German theatres were closed (the end of the beginning of the end); he spent the last winter of the war in Amsterdam with his wife and dog, and in May 1945 he was arrested. His life had run aground for good. After a few weeks in the House of Detention he spent about six months as a kind of political detainee in a number of internment camps. He was never prosecuted, not having been important enough (perhaps the fact that he had a German mother counted as a mitigating circumstance)—but nevertheless, he was finished and that at the age of forty-one.

In the fall of 1982, then, while living out a moldering senescence with his sister, Berta, in a housing estate in a recently reclaimed polder, he is called back by "Hurricane" to the excitements of life; his triumph is spoiled by a television interview in which the young interviewer, whom Uli in too expansive an interviewee mood calls a "Jewboy," revives the buried wartime facts. A commotion ensues. A fellow-actor attacks the interviewer: "You bastard, taking on a man of eighty! Who do you think you are, coming here to act the judge?" The answer is simple: "I'm not having myself called a Jewboy by someone who has entertained the SS."

The jacket copy of "Last Call" tells us merely that Mulisch was born in 1927 and is "regarded as Holland's foremost author," whereas that of "The Assault" revealed Mulisch to have been "born in 1927 to a Jewish mother whose family died in the concentration camps, and a father who was jailed for collaborating with the Nazis." A heritage of intensely conflicted feelings forms part of his artistic capital. "The Assault" extends sympathy not only to the son of parents killed by the German occupiers of Holland but to the son of the collaborationist policeman slain by the Resistance. The page-by-page fascination and eventually excessive muddle of "Last Call" stem from the author's rich sense of moral ambiguity, his search for categories less simple than those of good and evil. The reader is thoroughly immersed in the consciousness of Uli Bouwmeester without totally liking him; there is much about him that is unpleasant, from his casual anti-Semitism to an impulsive ruthlessness, a "something malicious" that destroyed his modest postwar career as a director of working-class amateur theatricals. While a performance he had purposely misdirected was collapsing onstage, "the suppressed fit of laughter finally burst out of Uli Bouwmeester, as an almost physical hurt, a thing that somehow no longer had anything to do with the show." His behavior both past and present has a self-defeating streak, a scornful recklessness. He takes a young actress, Stella, to dinner at a restaurant without telling her he has insufficient money and, indeed, refuses her repeated offer to pay; faced at last with the bill, he leaves in hock to the restaurateur a precious silver-plated wristwatch that is the only memento he has of his father. He then arrogantly comes to redeem it after the appointed time and finds that the restaurant has moved. Later, in a string of surreal nocturnal adventures, he loses an elegant art book he has just been given and, more crucially, loses a good night's sleep on the eve of his play's dress rehearsal. Meanwhile, the author mislays the issue of Uli's wartime collaboration: the television interview's threat to the success of the production and to continued state sponsorship of the theatre dissolves in life's own theatre of the absurd, as the geriatric actor is slowly exhausted and emptied by a welter of bizarre events and vivid memories. The graspable, suspenseful question of war guilt and its consequences gives way to an ambitious, all but chaotic attempt to find, in a barrage of images from every point of Uli's life and consciousness, an objective correlative for the experience of dying.

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modernism. As in "Ulysses," many threads and characters are cunningly interwoven, and a perfect memory is demanded of the reader: a dog's death at the end is explained by a kick casually given on page 27. The novel is arranged in five so-called acts, some scenes are described like stage scenes, and the reader is not infrequently addressed directly: "Honoured spectators! Let us enter. The die is cast." Artifice is open and as complexly folded as a piece of origami; the skeptical and playful moods of Pirandello, Nabokov, and Calvino take on a certain Dutch solidity. The play within the novel, with its play within a play, has been thoroughly thought out, and its verse speeches are amply quoted, along with Shakespeare's. The double role Uli plays—Shakespeare's Prospero being acted by the turn-of-the-century thespian Pierre de Vries—possesses and annihilates him, and Pierre de Vries becomes the hero of a chapter of "Last Call," the play within the novel popping up to the level of the novelistic reality. In what we take to be Uli's dying delirium, a lengthy allusion to Poe's "The Narrative of Gordon Pym" plunges Uli and an imaginary child called Pim together into the cosmic whirlpool. All this, and lots of information about Noh drama and downtown Amsterdam, too. It is too much, and there is even more, I don't doubt, than met my eye. The basic emotional action—an old, failed man is called back into life and crushed by the stimuli—seems itself crushed under the sheer multiplicity of arresting, studied effects. There are too many hallucinatory scenes, too many artistic characters, too many pointed hints that "we are such stuff as dreams are made on," as Prospero too famously says. "The Tempest" is an adventurous text for a European writer to elaborate upon, but in English its best-known speeches border on the hackneyed. It, and the world of theatrical illusion, and Amsterdam's civic carnival of freedom all seem a bit lush, a bit quick to yield symbolic fruit. The sum of "Last Call" seems less than its parts.

But what parts they are! Uli's memories of his life, preponderantly his sexual life, have a mythic size and savagery. As he remembers his first copulation, with a cabaret dancer: "The headboard falls on top of them, but they notice nothing, nor hear the furious shouting of the neighbours below," and when it is done "he is wet all over, including his hair, as if he had just come out of the sea, even the panes in the skylight are misted." A homosexual encounter, in an air-raid shelter in wartime Germany, leaves his hand "wet, as if he had dipped it into a bucket of wallpaper paste." Sweating and shaking, Uli escapes the shelter:

> Outside there is the suffocating night, aflame, frenzied, crackling, the firestorm, the shrieks of people and the sirens of ambulances and fire brigade, houses collapsing in towers of dust—he lets himself fall headlong in the grass: God almighty, what times were these!

Mulisch has said, "It isn't so much that I went through the Second World War; I *am* the Second World War." He was a teen-ager in the years 1940-1945, and his reconstructions of those dreadful times have a glow of nostalgia, of reëntry into a hellish paradise. Just as the hero of "The Assault" is piecemeal led by the accidents of his postwar life back into the primal flame of that winter assassination and conflagration, so Uli Bouwmeester is led, by a monstrous encounter with a transvestite whose male genitals have been surgically transformed into "something terrible, something not of this world," to recall the scene, which he witnessed as a three-year-old child hidden behind costumes and props in a dressing room, of his mother's death in childbirth: "With both hands she tries to hold something back that is coming out of her, a large thing that splits her apart in the crotch far too wide." The visceral, psychological plot of "Last Call" splits apart, as it were, the folds of its stagecraft, its ultimately arid postmodern self-reflectiveness. Mulisch is a rarity for these times—an instinctively psychological novelist. He knows our psyches are spun of blood, and builds his plots with a dense and slippery architecture. The persistence of *trauma, the rapacity of eros*, the fragility of our orderly schemes, the something monstrous at the heart of being alive: "Whereof one cannot speak," his novel concludes, "thereof one sings."

—JOHN UPDIKE

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